

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.
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JULY 1913



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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which is combined and consolidated
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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July, 1913

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Crums of Comfort

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.
No one is happy who does not respect him-
self.
He who has most of heart, knows most of
sorrow.
Where we cannot invent, we may at least
improve.
Oblivion is the rule and fame the exception
of humanity.
It takes a certain amount of blow and bluster
to raise the dust.
The mob is men voluntarily descended to the
level of the beast.
Don't scold your children; they need example
more than precept.
Only action gives life strength; only moder-
ation gives it charm.
Many a man looks down on his neighbor who
is head and shoulders above him.
It is but a step from companionship to slav-
ery when one associates with vice.
There is no gain so certain as that which
arises from sparing what you have.
When life is ruined for the sake of money,
the ruined life cares nothing for the money.
The woman and the soldier who do not de-
fend the first pass will never defend the last.
The harder a soul strives to struggle out of
sin, the harder the devil struggles to keep it
there.
He that has no real esteem for any of the
virtues can easily assume the appearance of
them all.
When alone we have our thoughts to watch;
in our families our tempers; and in society our
tongues.
Only he, who determines to rise superior
to what is commonly called destiny, will ever
achieve success.
Politeness is an air cushion which, although
there is apparently nothing in it, eases our
joits wonderfully.
Each succeeding day is the scholar of that
which preceded it and should be the teacher of
that which follows.
Let the thought of self pass inward and the
beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom
from a soiled flower.
As we may look without seeing and listen
without hearing, so we may work without ac-
complishing anything.
Lost wealth may be regained by industry and
economy; lost knowledge by study; lost health
by careful living; but lost time is gone forever.
Man is a plant, not fixed in the earth, nor im-
movable, but heavenly; whose head, rising, as
it were from a root upwards, is turned towards
heaven.

White Slavers Still At Work

It is largely through ignorance, easy-going in-
difference or neglect of mothers who don't
know, don't take interest enough to in-
form themselves, and so don't teach and
warn their young daughters of the dan-
ger, that the white slavers are able to ply
the nefarious trade so successfully, year after
year gathering in their annual death's harvest of
over sixty thousand innocent girls in spite of all
that is being done by the federal government, the
states and the various humane societies to sup-
press this monstrous evil.
The following bold attempt of a white slave
agent, and

Narrow Escape of a Girl Who Knew

Illustrates the surprising audacity with which
the traffic is carried on and the danger to which
young girls are exposed even in the most public
places, and shows the necessity of their being
instructed and ever alert to be on their guard.
A young woman entered the waiting-room of
a large railroad station in New York City. It
was about twenty minutes to train time. The
girl loitered about in the crowded room, looking
over the books and magazines on the stands, and
finally she walked over to the soda fountain and
ordered a glass of lemonade.

A man sauntered up and stood beside the girl.
He, likewise, called for lemonade. The man
behind the counter passed the girl's glass to her.
As he did so, the man customer reached forward
and drew the glass toward him.

The girl, somewhat surprised, turned and
looked at the man, who had taken her glass
of lemonade, whereupon the man, seeing his
mistake, smiled, apologized and showed the glass
back to the girl, saying, "I beg your pardon, I
thought that was mine. I ordered lemonade
also."

The girl inclined her head, and drank the
lemonade. As she swallowed the last mouthful,
something hard slipped down her throat.

The girl put down the glass and walked
straight to the ladies' waiting room. There was
a colored woman in charge. The girl drew the
woman aside and spoke. She said:

"I just drank a glass of lemonade at the soda
fountain. A man beside me touched my glass,
seemingly by mistake. With the last swallow
something hard went down my throat. It felt
like a lemon pit. Possibly it was a lemon pit.
But, I want you to take care of me, if anything
happens. Keep me right here, and you will be
well repaid."

In less than ten minutes, that girl was in a
dead stupor on the couch.

A man came to the door, summoned the wait-
ing woman, and enquired for a young woman; he
said:

"My wife was to wait here for me." He
continued, "That's she, there on the couch."
The woman looked him in the eye, "You get out
of here," she said, "and be quick about it or
there'll be trouble!"

Without one word, the scoundrel turned and
left the place.

The girl recovered her senses after a time, and
went home. This girl was one of those who
knew. One of those whose mother, or someone
to whom she was dear, had enlightened her.

What if she had been unsuspecting? What if
after she had swallowed the lemonade with the
dope, she had seated herself with her magazine,
and presently had fallen asleep? What if the
man, hovering near, and waiting for this, had
stepped forward, said this young woman was
his wife, perhaps ill, and had taken her out?

This girl's honor, and life's happiness were
saved, because she knew.

The young lady who had this experience is
not a country girl, nor a working girl; she is
a college girl attending a New York college,
and the incident as narrated, is vouched for by
Elizabeth R. Carpenter, who sent us the fore-
going account of it.

What the Mothers Say

We have received a number of letters from
mothers expressing their appreciation and
thanking us for the much needed warning con-
tained in our editorial "Beware the Traps of
the White Slavers" printed in May COMFORT.
As we have not space to print all these interest-
ing letters on this subject we give our readers
the following from Mrs. L. R. Overlees of
Edgeley, N. Dakota, as a sample.

"EDITOR COMFORT:

"I read your article, 'Beware the Traps of
the White Slavers,' and am glad there is
another editor not afraid to print such a
warning, the best I have yet seen in any
paper. I wish every paper in the U. S.
would copy it and spread it broadcast among
the people; it should arouse them to action."

"It is a disgrace beyond belief that a
nation that professes Christianity, should
tolerate such a foul, loathsome sacrifice of
innocent girlhood. I have spoken to several
women about this horror before now, and
they did not know anything about this
'national' evil. They were good, hard-work-
ing mothers, but seldom read any of the
papers and knew little of what was going
on in the world about them. I am especially
glad you gave that warning in your paper
for in some homes yours is the only one, ex-
cept perhaps a local and some farm paper.
I have taken up enough of your time and
perhaps more than I ought, but I felt as
though I must tell you how one mother ap-
preciated your paper."

"Yours most sincerely,
"Mrs. L. R. OVERLEES."

Some mothers, like Mrs. Overlees, already un-
derstood the subject and were awake to the
necessity of action while to many others our
editorial was a startling revelation of almost
unbelievable facts and unsuspected peril.

We have also received the thanks of some
of the young girls who work in the cities and see
the shameful, wicked vice of destruction being
perpetrated openly and defiantly about them.
Here is what

A Pittsburg Working Girl Who Knows

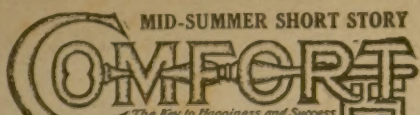
Writes Us

"COMFORT EDITOR,
"I feel that it is my duty as a true
Christian girl to compliment you on your

A Feast of Fine Fiction

Mid-Summer, Short Story COMFORT

will give our readers a treat of bright, smart, snappy short stories
such as have made our August number famous and will sustain its
reputation of being the most interesting, entertaining and delightful
summer reading.



August Stories

"HOWDY," a first-class Indian story of the far
West, telling of a fierce encounter between Indians
and white settlers in which woman's bravery equals
the men's and rivals in love fight side by side.

"THE SUMMER MAN AND HIS NYMPH," a be-
witching vacation romance of high life at a fash-
ionable summer resort, with the young college man who
wears his heart on his sleeve, the gay summer girl
and the mysterious, airy fairy of the lake.

"THE FREEZER," a ludicrous comedy of errors
and laughable incidents caused by a ridiculous
blunderer at a picnic party.

"COMMON STOCK," the story of a bold stroke in
love and a dashing business venture.

"HUFF LAYS THE GHOST,"—running down a
ghost mystery and a lover too.

"THE TESTING OF MARGARET HAMILTON,"
a most beautiful human interest story that grips at
the reader's heart strings.

"THE MAGNET OF LOVE," a strange and
teaching story of love so strong and constant that its
wonderful telepathy holds heart-to-heart communion
with its affinity on the other side of the world and at-
tracts by an unconscious, irresistible influence.

DON'T MISS THESE STORIES

all begun and finished, all complete in next month's COMFORT with all the regular de-
partments and lots of other good things. Some will miss it if they don't renew their
subscription at once.

Quite a number of subscriptions run out this month.

IS YOURS AMONG THE NUMBER?

Look at the Figures

over your name on the wrapper in which this paper comes. If
the number above your name is 298, or any less number, it
means that you should renew your subscription at once, two full
years for only 30 cents, the old subscribers' special low renewal
rate. Use the coupon below for renewal only. Take no chance
of missing

Mid-Summer Short-Story COMFORT

New subscribers pay regular subscription rate of 25 cents for 15 months in U. S. and Cuba; 35 cents
a year in Canada.

Please send silver or 2-cent Parcel Post stamps. Don't send ordinary postage stamps.

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Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.
I enclose 30 cents for renewal and extension of my subscription two full years from date of
expiration. (50 cents for 2 years in Canada.)

Date.....Name.....
P. O. or R. F. D.....
County.....State.....
July, 1913.

most interesting piece ever published in
COMFORT. I believe that never before has
anything published in the reading line in-
terested me near so much as, 'Beware the
Traps of the White Slavers.'

"I have lived in and around Pittsburgh,
Pa., all my life and I work every day in a
store in this wicked city. I am so glad
to see this warning put in such a way that
it can and will be read by most everyone.
"We thank God that there still are some
good people left here on earth to warn and
protect us. Let each and every COMFORT
reader join in the good work which COM-
FORT is doing.
Yours truly, I. M. N."

She signed her full name, but we print only
her initials to save her from being deluged by
impertinent letters asking for details of her ex-
perience and observation.

We shall be pleased to hear from others who
have opinions to express on this subject, and
especially to receive reliable accounts of any
incidents pertaining to the tricks of the white
slavers that have come within the personal
knowledge of our readers. Anonymous letters
will receive no attention, but names will not
be published if requested not to do so.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

Three Wheel Chairs in June

196 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Three more suffering shut-ins are blessed with the
inestimable benefit of COMFORT wheel chairs in
June. Their names, residences and the number of
subscriptions which the friends of each have sent in
aid of the Wheel-Chair Club are as follows:

Ira Norton, Pirtle, Okla., 8; Maggie Hanks, Linn
Creek, Mo., 79; Henry Dunn, Arcadia, S. C., 79.

All three were in severe need of wheel chairs.
Little Maggie Hanks is only eleven years old. Henry
Dunn is an old man entirely helpless and his son,
who has been getting the subscriptions for him,
writes that he does not see how his father can get
through the summer without a wheel chair.

A number of other shut-in wheel-chair applicants
on our waiting list write that the doctor tells them
that their health, and in some cases even their pros-
pects of surviving the hot weather this season de-
pends on their obtaining a wheel chair. I have
mentioned this before, and I again urge our readers
to help me to relieve these extreme cases of suffering
at once.

In the announcement of the recipients of the four
May wheel chairs made in June COMFORT the re-
sidence of Florence Rosa was given as Okeene, Okla.
That was a mistake; it should have read Charles-
town, S. C.

You will be interested in the letters of thanks and
the Roll of Honor which follow.

Do your best for the shut-ins this month, and may
Providence reward you accordingly.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain
that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in
either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to
COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which
they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to
some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a
large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but
I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.
Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five
or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents
each.

Thinks His COMFORT Wheel Chair Just Grand

MAGNOLIA, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my wheel chair and I think it is just
grand. I cannot find words sufficiently to express my
thanks. May God bless you and Mr. Gannett and
all my friends who so kindly helped me get my chair.
Very gratefully yours,
SILAS HAFER.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Such a Help to Her Little Girl

TABB, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received the rolling chair and think it lovely.
I want to thank you and Mr. Gannett and COMFORT
readers for helping me get it. It proves such a help to
my little girl.
Very truly yours,
MRS. ANNIE HOGGE.

Wheel Chair Enables Her to Enjoy the Sunshine and Fresh Air

WYTHEVILLE, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
My wheel chair arrived safely, and I can never
tell you how pleased I am with it. So when the
weather is fair I can go out in my wheel chair to en-
joy the sunshine and fresh air. May God bless you and
Mr. Gannett and all kind friends who helped me get my
chair. I thank you all. Your grateful friend,
MISS MYRTLE HILL.

Little Crippled Girl Delighted with Her Wheel Chair

GREENWOOD, S. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received the wheel chair all right, and it certainly
is a fine chair. I got up the club to get the chair for
a friend's little ten-year-old girl, who is a cripple,
and if you and Mr. Gannett had seen her delight when
I gave her the chair, you would certainly have felt
rewarded for the noble work you are doing.
Again thanking you and all who helped me get the
chair, I am, Very sincerely yours,
MRS. GERTRUDE GALER.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Enables a Crippled Mother to Get Around and Do Housework

NORTH BRANCH, N. J.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my wheel chair O. K. and am much
pleased with it. It is such a help to me. I can get
around now, and with the assistance of my little
girl do all my housework. I wish to thank you and
Mr. Gannett and all who were kind enough to help
me get the chair.
Your friend,
MRS. JENNIE TRIMMER.

By Means of Her Wheel Chair She Can Get Out in the Sunshine Again

TRIBBET, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I have received my wheel chair and am well pleased
with it. I can get out now in the bright sunshine,
and get around again. I want to thank you, Mr. Gan-
nett and the dear COMFORT readers who helped me get
it. May God ever bless you in your noble work.
Your grateful friend,
MRS. MALINDA FREEMAN.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those
who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of
the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous.
Following each name is the number of subscriptions
sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. Annie M. Manigault, S. C. for Florence Rosa, 100;
Maggie Hanks, Mo., for own wheel chair, 50; Mrs. Lena
Moran, Miss., for her little boy, 50; Mrs. Mary D. Bell,
Tenn., for Conrad A. Bell, 33; Mrs. John Cherry, Ga., for
worthy shut-in, 23; M. A. Norton, Okla., for Ira Norton, 22;
Mrs. Mary Jane Clezwater, Okla., 15; Mrs. Mattie Newman,
Ga., for J. E. Newman, 13; Mrs. H. L. Cook, Ga., for Tom
Brown, 12; Mrs. Hazel Knight, Ohio, for Lizzy Norton, Okla.,
for Ira Norton, 9; Mrs. Harry Banta, Ind., for
Beadle, 9; Ella Womack, Ga., for own chair, 7; Nancy Jordan,
Ala., 5; Mrs. Grace Beadle, Ind., for Bernard Beadle, 5; Mrs.
T. S. Lord, Ga., for Miss Lella Lord, 5; Ida E. McCone, Colo.,
5; E. E. Baker, Okla., for Ira Norton, 5; Mrs. Amanda Patrick,
Mich., 5; Grace Swords, Miss., for Jimmie Swords, 5; Mrs.
J. F. Bentle, Texas, 5.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Working with Raffia

RAFFIA, which is the outer skin of a long leaved palm found on the island of Madagascar, is light, wonderfully strong, tough and pliable; its four foot strands are put up in assorted colored ounce or pound hanks. To COMFORT subscribers who cannot obtain it in their locality we call special attention to raffia club offer on this page. Raffia is particularly nice outdoor work, as one needs plenty of room, for though it is clean work considerable litter is unavoidably made.



SLIP KNOT. FIG. 1.

Many workers use damp or even wet raffia, but this makes the work more difficult and is not necessary; however, sometimes when long strands are needed, as in making a bag, it is a good idea to thoroughly soak the raffia in warm water, then shake out and hang up to dry.

A great variety of pretty articles can very easily be made, some of the simplest ones of braided strands only.

A pretty belt can be made by braiding eight or nine strands. Start by knotting all together and then pin down to the knee or tack to a work-table. If an even number of strands are used, one of the strands on the outside always folds over the next and the other outside one under the next strand to it.

If an even number is used the outside strands will both fold the same way either under or over. The ends may be finished, one turned under to a point and fastened with a belt-pin.

Raffia table mats may be made by sewing a braided strip round and round. Keep as flat as possible and when the desired size finish the edge with a narrow braid sewed in tiny loops.

Two such mats sewed together, make a nice wall pocket for letters, post cards or any small articles.

Raffia is being used, too for embroidering sofa pillows, table scarfs and screens of heavy material, such as canvas or burlap. A dark green with wheat worked of natural color raffia is very effective.

Round or square picture frames are very neat. For a round one, draw a ring on a piece of pasteboard the size of a saucer or perhaps smaller, from the center cut a circle, leaving a piece two or two and one half inches to be wound with the raffia for the frame.

Use long smooth strands of raffia, and keep as even and smooth as possible, finish the outside edge with a braided strip and a loop for hanging.

Paste a piece of paper on the back, leaving an opening in the top so the picture may be slipped in. A piece of cardboard may be attached to the back and bent a little, thus making a rest so the frame may be stood up instead of hanging if preferred.

Raffia Handkerchief Box

A round handkerchief box may be made in a similar way.

Cut two circles of pasteboard about five inches in diameter, in the center of each, punch a small hole. Wrap closely from the edge to the center with smooth raffia. Cut another piece of pasteboard about two and one half inches in width and long enough to meet around the circles, cover by winding with raffia, then sew to one covered circle for the base, attach the other circle for the cover and finish with a silk sachet in the bottom and a bow of ribbon on the cover. Or the entire box may be silk lined.

Ordinary wire coat hangers are attractive and very acceptable gifts when each wire is covered by buttonholing with raffia and the base of the hook finished with a bow of soft ribbon and several sachet bags.

Bags of Raffia and Silk

A very soft yet durable work bag is the one illustrated.

For this long strands of raffia will be needed. Begin by tying a slip knot in one strand as shown in Fig. 1. In this loop the fifteen other strands, using the same slip knot, then draw up the first strand closing the circle.

Now every strand will contain two pieces, on every two strands or four pieces tie eight other strands, one below another, using the knot illustrated in Fig. 2 and Fig. 3.

To make this knot, proceed as follows: Take any four strands, and using the two outside pieces, fashion a knot by passing the left-hand strand under the two center strands, and the right-hand strand under the left-hand strand, over the central strands and under the left-hand strand draw up closely. The next time put the right under, and the left-hand strand over. This knot is the one used throughout the bag unless otherwise indicated. See Fig. 3.

To knot on the eight strands before mentioned, use the two strands as the center strands, placing the new piece of raffia to be knotted in under these and using these as the outside strands, proceed to knot as above explained.

Tie all round in this manner and you will have eight spokes from the center circle, with eight strands of raffia on each spoke.

Next take the eight strands from the first and second spokes and knot all the intervening strands together with the same knot, see Fig. 3.



FIG. 2.

This forms one half of the diamonds, eight of which complete the star in the bottom of the bag. Pin the work to the knee or tack lightly to a board and one will be able to work more easily.

To form the eight points divide the four pieces which form the eight spokes into two strands each. Over two strands tie with an ordinary knot, the eight strands from the center allowing each a little longer until the point is reached. Knot eight strands up to the second spoke making each a little shorter when one point will be formed. Go all around the whole eight points next tying two and two pieces of raffia together with an ordinary knot, to make the work firm.

Next soak a piece of No. 3 reed, splice the ends together by wrapping closely with thread. This circle should be just large enough to escape the ends of the points of the star.

Wrap the reed closely with raffia and tie the ends in a small firm knot. Now lay it down on the bag and hold in place with pins or tacks to a board according to how one is working. Tie each strand to this ring by forming a loop and slipping it under the ring and the end through the loop thus formed.

It will require a little care to get the reed ring in evenly.

Now knot every four threads together, using the two outside threads and tying over the center threads as before explained.

Tie all around in this manner, then in the next row, take two strands of the first knot and two of the second and knot together and go all round hereafter in this way. In each row dividing the knots.



SECTION OF THE BOTTOM. FIG. 4.

Keep the first four or five rows almost perfectly flat and the knots equal distance apart. The remaining rows can be tied a trifle closer as this will shape the bag.

About 10 or 12 rows of knots make a medium-sized bag.

The top can be finished by dividing the strands and working off into spokes. See Fig. 3. Then these are sewed in place just below the drawing strings of the silk lining or the whole bag can be knotted and the top finished off in this way. Select a long, firm strand of raffia and tie each strand to it with a double knot, tying the ends together when all have been tied on.

Using another long strand repeat the process and we have a nice finish which will not unravel when the ends are cut off.

About three quarters of a yard of silk and three yards of ribbon will be needed for the inner bag.

Cover a pasteboard circle the size of the reed ring for the bottom of the bag and to this sew the felled sides.

Finish the top as usual, cut the ribbon and run in the casing.

The top of the raffia bag should come only to the lower edge of the casing of the silk lining. The lining and the raffia bags should be caught together around the bottom and it is also a good plan to catch them here and there under a knot.

Such a bag as this can also be made by repeating the eight points in the bottom and omitting the reed but the finished bag will be softer and less shapely.

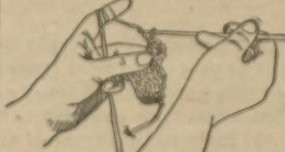
Fig. 4 shows a section of the bottom in detail. Such a bag as this is very pretty made of natural raffia, lined with cream, white or most any light shade or dark green, pink raffia and light blue silk, dark green with scarlet or light blue are also striking combinations.

A flat raffia bag can easily be made by tying thirty-two long strands of raffia to a yardstick.

Double the raffia and tie the middle part closely around the stick with an ordinary double knot. Two ends will hang from each knot. Begin at the left-hand side and take the inside strand belonging to the

first knot and the next strand to it and tie together in the same way, about the width of the stick below the first knot.

Tie all across in this way and then begin the next row, always taking the inside strand or leaving the first strand loose.



SHOWING METHOD OF CROCHETING BRAID.

Tie ten rows of knots not counting the first row which holds the raffia to the stick. In each row there will be fewer knots. After finishing the last row slip out the stick and pin the bag to the knee and knot the loose strands at each end together, the first has two strands or one knot to complete the row. The next four strands and the next six and so on to the last row.

Form the bottom by tying the two sides together knot to knot, finishing with sixteen small raffia tassels. Made in this way, take two pieces of cardboard two inches wide and wind the raffia around six or eight times, slip off the cardboard, hold firmly and twist the long end of the raffia around the loops a short distance from the top. Sew the raffia through this knot several times to hold it and cut the edges of the loops off evenly.

Such a bag as this is fine to use for small bundles when shopping or lined it can be used for any purpose.

Making a Raffia Hat

One of the many ways of making a raffia hat is here illustrated.

It was made by crocheting a braid of raffia, one and a quarter inches in width and sewing it to a wire shape just as a straw hat is made. This results an effective and unusual hat which is not clumsy as are many hats that are made of raffia.

Before crocheting the braid the raffia is made pliable by soaking in hot water and drying.

After the raffia has been softened, each hank should be searched for strands with hard green edges. These must be cut off since they are almost sure to leave tiny splinters in the fingers, while working with them. When this trimming is done, collect the best strands in a bunch, tie them around the middle and double them. Thus all the ends will be together, and they can be made into a loose three-strand plait from which strands may be drawn when needed.

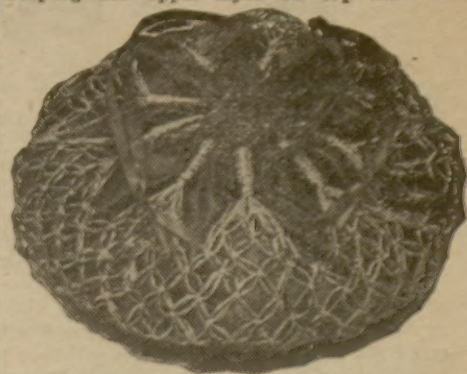
Now you are ready to crochet the braid. Make a chain of eight stitches, turn, and skipping two, put one treble crochet into each of the remaining six chains. At the end make two more chain stitches and turn, making six more treble crochets, one in the upper part of each of the trebles in the last row, as shown in the illustration. Continue in this way until there is enough braid to cover your wire frame.

Care should be taken to have the strands as near the same width as possible to insure an even braid. It is best to make one half to three quarters, lengths at a time, and sew it in the frame as this will relieve the monotony of the crocheting, and you will know when you have enough braid without having to guess at it.

When the first half yard of braid is made, begin at the crown of the hat on the under side of the brim and carry the raffia braid straight out to the edge of the hat and then over the upper side of the brim and to the crown. Lap each row of braid a trifle and sew down securely with an even strand of raffia and a darning or milliner's needle. Tie the end of the raffia into the braid and in sewing catch to each wire of the frame.

When the brim is completed, a piece of braid long enough to cover the crown should be crocheted. Then beginning at the crown

of the hat, sew the braid round and round keeping the upper layer on top each time.



RAFFIA BAG SHOWING HOW TOP IS FINISHED.

In other words slip each row under the last and sew them together, in and out with a rather long stitch underneath and a short stitch on top. Even, fine threads of raffia for sewing the hat will not show as much as either linen or cotton and are as strong. The end of raffia with the hard root-like appearance should be put through the eye of the needle, for if threaded with the other end it will fray out more quickly. If an end appears which is not held by the eye of the needle it should be cut off at once.

The hat shown here is made with a single kind of braid throughout but if one preferred, a braid with a scallop could be used for the edge. This is made as follows:

First make a chain of six stitches, turn and skipping two put a treble crochet in each of the remaining four chains. At the end make three chains, turn and catch in the top of the last treble with a double crochet, then turn back again and make four treble crochets in the chain of three just made and returning over this put one double in the top of each treble stitch and continue across the braid, putting one treble in the top of each treble crochet in the last row. At the end make two chains, turn and repeat the last row. Then repeat from the beginning until the desired length.

A raffia hat when finished is light as air, so flexible it can be easily bent or twisted into a becoming shape, and is fully trimmed if a wing is added on one side. Raffia in the natural color



SIDE VIEW OF RAFFIA HAT TRIMMED WITH WINGS.

is the most artistic kind to use for this hat for which one and a half pounds is sufficient quantity to complete the article.

Raffia Club Offers

To COMFORT subscribers who desire a little assortment of different sunfast colored skeins of Raffia to use in making all-round crocheted or other artistic fancy work, we have arranged special packages which we offer free for small clubs as follows:

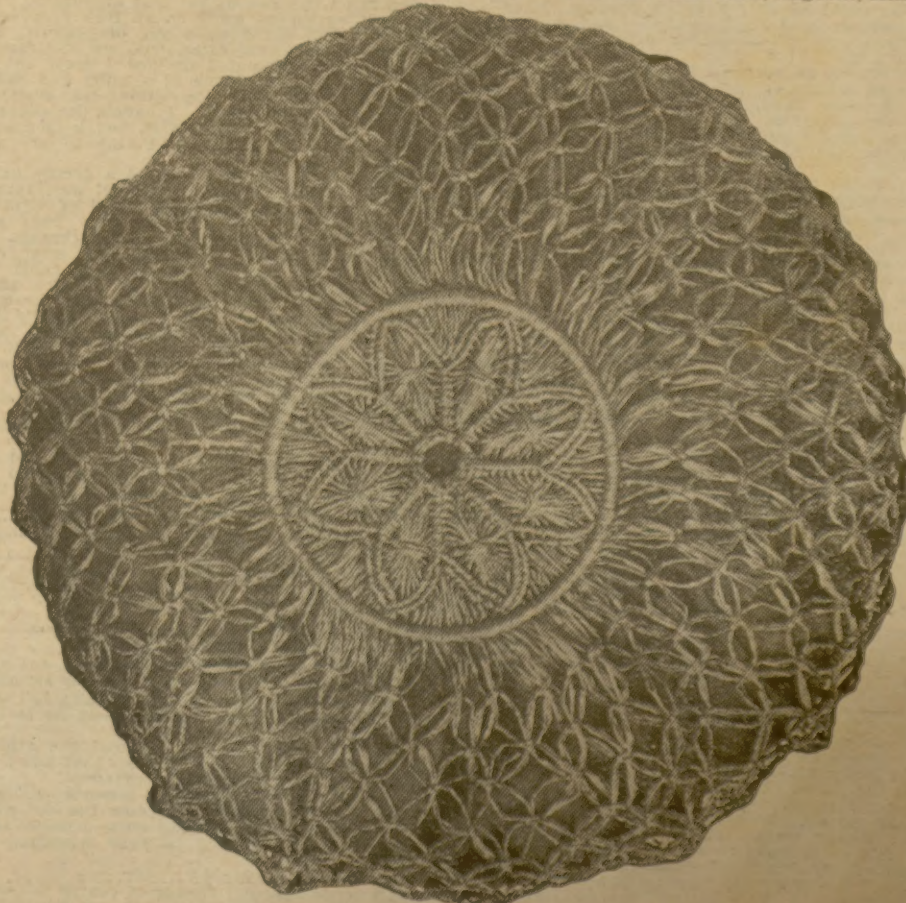
For one new 15-months subscriber to COMFORT at 25 cents (not your own) we will deliver a quarter pound package of assorted colors, blue, red, green, natural. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own subscription or renewal for above lot Raffia.

For Hat. Send four 15-months subscribers at 25 cents each and we will deliver a pound and a half natural raffia, enough to finish hat, also sample assortment of different colors to make some of small articles above described.

Also Raffia in its Natural Color is of great practical use for a thousand purposes about the house or farm as a substitute for strong twine, as it is tough and pliable and not affected by the weather.

Raffia does not break or ravel when folded or knotted and a tie does not loosen; we have contracted with big importers for a supply in order to furnish COMFORT readers first hand with any quantity of this remarkable fiber.

Send club of two 15-months subscribers at 25 cents each for our pound bundle natural Raffia for general household and farm use and we will include sample strands of nine different fancy colors in Raffia Free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



BOTTOM OF SILK-LINED RAFFIA BAG.

A Few Words by the Editor

It will astonish, and doubtless horrify our readers, especially our women folks—to know that girls are sold at auction in the city of New York, by white slave traffickers. Samuel H. London an investigator for the Federal Department of Justice is authority for this statement, and as his information was gathered first hand, the truth of it cannot be questioned. The African slave marts were less atrocious than the present day white slave auctions in New York. Mr. London says:

"In New York City 26,000 white slaves, most of them under twenty years of age are held practically captives by masters from whom they cannot escape if they would."

"They earn at the cost of their lives \$57,200,000 annually for the well fed, gaudily dressed men who have enslaved them."

"Each girl earns \$2,200 on an average. In return she gets a few trinkets, more blows, a few bright colored clothes, and her food and lodging."

But the girls don't get any of the money; their masters get it all. The girls get loathsome diseases and death in hideous form in from three to five years.

Mr. London goes on to say: "Most pathetic of all are the auctions. In the bid the figure and the beauty of the slave are considered as much as the price. At times the auctions are as wild and mad as on the floor of a stock exchange."

"The sweat shops and the stores are the great sources of supply. The agent is oftentimes a woman. A girl is made captive in the coldest, most systematic manner possible. If one agent fails to 'get' her, another tries. Sometimes, I have found, there have been half a dozen working to enslave her."

Mr. London describes how the white slavers have a code by which agents in one city report the escape of a white slave in another. With reference to this he says:

"If a girl rebels against her master, she is forced to submit. I have known of girls who have broken away from men in this city and have gone to another city. The code was used for the telegrams, just as in every other business, and was flashed from city to city. Commercialized vice has its agents on the lookout, and the girl is eventually found and horribly maltreated. It is easier to escape the police than these vigilant agents."

Mr. London, it appears, was in El Paso, Texas, after his graduation, from the New York University law school. After the San Francisco earthquake six hundred white slaves, under the order of three hundred white men, were, he states, forced on the trains and sent to El Paso, so that their masters would not lose anything through the catastrophe. These wretches have little to fear from the police, who in many if not all the larger cities work hand in hand with them in their merciless exploitation of captive womanhood, and share their profits with the ward politicians who protect the whole bunch and it is this trinity of interest between trafficker, police and politician, that renders nugatory the best efforts of the reformers to close houses of ill fame and deal a staggering blow to this vicious traffic. This species of crime could not flourish as a business in any locality where the police and local authorities were determined to stamp it out.

"The good people in each and every town and city must organize and force their officials to enforce the laws against vice and especially against the white slave traffic. The federal government is fighting it but the State authorities must do

their part and the people must assist, for vice is organized, while those who fight it are not. If we would stay the entrance of this insidious evil into our very homes, we too must organize. This evil is confined to no particular district or locality. The roots of the cancer of vice are to be found in every section of our great land. It is a national evil and the whole resources of the Federal Government, backed by an aroused public sentiment, must work with local officials and local organizations, so that a death blow may be dealt to a traffic which is a menace to every home in the land, a blot on our civilization and a shame and disgrace to the American people."

The "Yellow Peril" again looms up big. The invasion of the United States by Mongolian immigrants (Chinese and Japanese) is a national nuisance which in spite of the repressive efforts of the federal government has attained such proportions as to be an intolerable menace to the moral, social and industrial welfare of the citizens of our Pacific coast States.

The details of how the presence of large numbers of the yellow men from Asia with their low standard of living and gross immorality, heathenish vices and organized defiance of our laws imperils the future of the white man's civilization west of the Rocky Mountains cannot be stated here for lack of space. In previous years we have discussed this matter editorially and explained some of its many objectionable phases.

Enough to say that it is already an acute race question, and that those States which are most plagued by it have been compelled, in the interest of self preservation, to make laws to check its progress and mitigate its evil consequences so far as lay within their constitutional powers.

These undesirable immigrants, who because of their unfitness for citizenship are not permitted by the laws of the U. S. to ever be naturalized, are buying up and settling on the agricultural lands of our Pacific coast, and several of the western states have made laws to stop it.

Following this example, California adopted a law, this last spring, which prohibits foreigners not eligible to citizenship under the laws of the United States from buying or otherwise acquiring ownership of agricultural lands in that State. This law, of course, is especially aimed at and hits the Chinese and Japanese immigrants.

Since then Arizona has passed a law prohibiting the ownership of land by any foreigner.

These are good and wise laws, and every state ought to adopt the same policy, for it is one of the worst calamities that can befall a country to have any considerable portion of its land or other natural resources owned and controlled by foreigners whether resident or non-resident, and this is true irrespective of difference of races; but when such foreign ownership involves also a race question the evil is aggravated tenfold.

While the California legislature had this law under consideration Japan entered a vigorous protest with President Wilson and appealed to him to interfere and stop its passage. This foreign meddling with the domestic affairs of an American State is the more impudent because Japan herself has long had a law prohibiting the ownership of land by foreigners.

Furthermore, the law-making power as to the ownership of land within any state is exclusively a matter of state right over which neither the President nor any other branch of the federal government has any control. Nevertheless President

Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan, instead of settling the matter once for all by politely telling Japan to mind her own business, butted in and used all the pressure at their command in an effort to induce the California legislature not to pass the law and Governor Johnson not to sign it.

But the legislature and governor, conscious of their legal right and moral duty, and backed by the enthusiastic support of the people of California, went ahead and enacted the law; and now the President and Mr. Bryan are trying to make it clear to Japan that she has no cause for complaint and that the federal government had no power over the matter.

Our fellow citizens of the far west should have the solid support of the nation in dealing with the "yellow peril," this new race question which is distressing them, and which if permitted to progress unchecked, will overwhelm them and grow to the proportions of a national calamity far worse than the African race question which continues to be such a vexatious source of trouble in our southern states with no apparent prospect of betterment.

Many people and some papers in the eastern States appear to make light of the "yellow peril" and are inclined to jeer at California for her recent action. This is because they neither understand the situation nor appreciate the danger. Southern members in discussing this matter in the present session of Congress expressed their hearty sympathy with California in the stand she has taken,—they know what a race question means. We have a great one that will not down and we cannot afford to permit another incipient race question to become well rooted in American soil.

Our western States are not the only commonwealths that are struggling with the "yellow peril." Like experience has aroused like popular feeling against the Mongolian race throughout the western provinces of Canada, while Australia and New Zealand have guarded against the "yellow peril" and against the possibility of any other race question by not permitting any immigrants except white people to enter their dominions.

The immigration from Europe is in part undesirable and should be restricted, which the last Congress tried to do, but President Taft killed the bill by one of his unwise vetoes. Asiatic immigration should be totally prohibited by law.

COMFORT has always protested against the practice of serving liquors at dinner parties, receptions and other public functions at the White House given by the President in his official capacity, and has repeatedly urged reform.

We are pleased to note that Secretary of State Bryan, in spite of the ridicule heaped upon him for breaking away from the objectionable custom, has dared to set a good example of total abstinence by banishing liquor from the dinner which he recently gave in honor of the foreign ambassadors. Instead of the usual intoxicants expected on such an occasion he served the harmless, wholesome, refreshing, unfermented juice of American grapes.

Mr. Bryan has always been a total abstainer and a strong advocate of temperance, and so is Vice President Marshall who has announced that there will be no liquors at any entertainments given by him.

We sincerely hope that President Wilson will do likewise at the White House.

Comfort's Editor.

Ten Cents Worth of Honor By Anne Winward

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"S O you are my father's new superintendant? You have changed very little in ten years."

The tone was distinctly hostile, and John Brayton sprang from the easy chair where he had been luxuriating and turned in surprise to face the speaker. She stood in the living-room door, an erect young woman with a fresh air of out-of-doors about her from the springy grace with which she poised herself on well-shod little feet to the bright, burnished hair which waved buoyantly back from her wide, open brow.

At sight of her, Brayton flushed. "Yes," he answered, "and I'm glad of it—gladder now than I was before," he added defiantly. "Why do you mind?"

"You have perhaps forgotten," the girl suggested cuttingly, "the last time we met."

"I could swear this was the first time," returned Brayton, recovering his self-possession. "I'm sure I should never forget. In fact, the flush on his tanned cheek grew deeper. "If I remember correctly, it was a time we did not meet. Didn't you refuse to let me be introduced at the Harvard Commencement in Ninety-Blank? I thought I was quite the whole thing then, and it made me, as the boys say, pretty sore."

The girl's laugh stung. "So you have forgotten," she retorted, "the Easter before that, when you stole your breakfast on the train from Chicago to Boston?"

"So you were that girl," said Brayton slowly. "I've always wondered who she was. You had on a thick blue veil, you know, and never saw your face. And that was why you turned me down at that dance? I've always wanted to meet you to explain. It was all just a boy's game of bluff, you know. Do sit down and let me tell you all about it. I really wasn't a professional dead-beat."

He smiled winningly.

"It was all so many years ago," said the girl. "It's hardly worth while to explain."

"But you remembered it," urged Brayton. "and you ought to give me a chance to square myself. It's only fair. Besides," he added audaciously, "you really began the acquaintance you know. Do sit down."

The girl had a sense of humor; the corners of her mouth relaxed, then she seated herself. "Well?" she enquired encouragingly. Brayton bent forward boyishly.

"It was all a grand lark you see," he explained. "Very naturally you didn't understand. It was my senior year at college and I was 'dead-broke.' Credit was strained to the breaking point and nearly every fellow I knew was down to his last sou. Then I had a perfectly fine invitation to a house party out in Cleveland. There was a girl out there too, a wonderful girl she was—married my chum since then. Well, I just had to go! So the crowd chipped in their last dollars enough for my round trip ticket and a little over and sent me off. Well the fun certainly was worth it; money wasn't any particular necessity, so I felt quite carefree and enjoyed myself to the top of my bent. The last day came, though, and I found myself face to face with a serious situation. I had in my pocket just money enough for my sleeping car and meals on the trip—and there was my hostess! It was a hard

proposition, but I had always prided myself on being a 'thoroughbred sport' so I went down town and spent every penny I had on the showiest flowers I could get for the price, and such was the tact of the lady that I went away feeling mighty good."

"The whole crowd came down to the station to see me on the train, but of course I couldn't bother about finding my car, with all those farewells on my hands, so nobody discovered that I didn't take a sleeper."

"In spite of my rosy thoughts, the night was distinctly uncomfortable, for when I finally did get sleepy and dozed off, the car would give an awful lurch and nearly break my neck whether I had it on the arm of the seat or hanging over the back or tucked away on an inch of window ledge. I had dined on a bag of peanuts, and by the time morning came, with us still several hours out of Boston, I decided I must eat or die. So I made a sketch of a toilet and boldly made my way into the dining-car where I ordered a good breakfast. I hadn't the slightest idea how I was to pay for it, but I thought a little food might help my brains to act and any way I was starved."

"While I sat there, I noticed a family party filling two tables just in front of me; father, mother, several children and a girl of eighteen or so with her back towards me. That was you, wasn't it? The father hurried through his breakfast, paid for everything and went out, and I noticed that the tip he gave made the nigger show his ivory for ten minutes after. I saw my chance right away. That party certainly needed a grown-up son, so I ate rapidly and went right after them. When the waiter came running after me with my check, I held the door open for the girl and turned upon him with my most lordly air. 'Father paid the bill for all of us,' I said grandly, and escaped on a flood of apology. I thought that was very funny at the time, rather clever in fact—most of the fellows did."

"Yes," answered the girl coldly. "I heard the story several times. Let me correct you on one point, before your next rendition. The lady with the children was my aunt. Is that all of the story?"

"Yes, that was all," replied the man, "until a small whirlwind of scorn, wrapped up in a blue veil, walked up to me in the Boston station and banded me a dime. 'Here's your carfare,' she said hotly. 'Do buy yourself ten cents' worth of honor by paying that.'"

"I walked out to Cambridge," he added, smiling, "and I wore that coin on my watch chain for years. I always meant to meet that girl some day and return that dime and tell her all about it, but I never dreamed she was Honora LaFarge. And that was why you wouldn't meet me at that dance?"

The girl nodded briefly. "Yes," she replied, "but why do we trouble to discuss that now? It's not of the very slightest importance."

"It's of the very greatest importance," corrected the man quietly, "for now I'm not going to be satisfied with gaining mere acquaintance. I mean to be admitted to your friendship as well."

She raised her chin haughtily.

"An acquaintance I cannot of course refuse to my father's superintendent, but my friendships are of my own choosing."

"Yes," he agreed gently, "but I mean to be chosen. Our lives may be more closely bound together in the bundle of fate than you realize. Oh, yes, I know what ideals you stand for, Miss LaFarge, I know that the name all your friends give you is Honor, and that you pride yourself upon living up to it; but are you, for all that, playing quite fair with me? Is it quite just to assume that because, ten or twelve years ago, I followed the boys' code: 'all's fair that's done in sport,' I have developed into a man with so small a sense of honor that I'm not worthy of your friendship? Is that fair, honestly now, without giving me the slightest chance to make good?"

The girl hesitated. "I didn't mean to be unfair."

"Then will you let me tell you the inside of the story?" he urged gently, "that really belongs to you more than the other."

The girl looked puzzled, but she nodded graciously. "Tell me, then," she answered.

"At first," began the man thoughtfully, "there was only the excitement of the adventure, the breakfast, and the girl, and the dime as a witness, and my cub pride was only up in arms at the idea of taking money from a woman. The other fellows all agreed with me in thinking I'd been mighty clever, and even the girls too, when they heard of it. But the little remark about the ten cents' worth of honor rankled and stuck in my mind more than anyone dreamed of and many a time I spent a dollar or two just to taste the fine after-flavor of scrupulous honesty. By and by I began to feel such resentment when anyone criticized the standard of my little veiled lady that I stopped telling the story, and one day I woke up to the fact that I was judging my own and other people's conduct, but particularly my own, by her delicate sense of honor and by what I felt must be her fine code of truth and right-dealing. The dime I can return to you, but the 'ten cents' worth of honor' which it has brought me from time to time, and the ideal it has built for me, are my own and the most vital part of me, though I am proud to accept them at your hands. Do you see now why your friendship means more to me than almost anything else in the world? And will you give me the chance to show myself worthy of it?"

The girl extended her hand. "Of course I will," she said simply, "and will you forgive me if I have been unfair? It was silly of me to judge a grown man by a boy's prank, especially as I wouldn't now be so hard on the boy. It would be poetic justice, wouldn't it, if we should get to be great friends after all?"

"We shall be, I am sure of it," answered the man gravely, with her hand still in his. "And more, please God," he added, in the silence of his soul.

Upon this tableau entered Honora's father, a tall, gray-haired man with the benevolent aspect of the wise financier.

"Just getting acquainted?" he inquired. "That's all your fault, Honora, for staying so long in Europe. Brayton's been here a year now, and I don't know how we could get along without him. If you'll excuse him tho', daughter, I'd like to talk over a matter of business."

From that conference Brayton emerged with a troubled look in his eyes and an anxious frown on his usually clear forehead. As the days went by, he was called more and more frequently to the house on the hill, often to confer with some

prosperous-looking visitor whose name he recognized as a powerful one in the financial world.

Honora watched him as he came and went, and she noted with surprise that while her father's look of anxiety grew lighter after these colloquies, the shadow in Brayton's eyes deepened.

No unhappiness, however, could long resist Honora's sweetness and charm, enhanced by her generous desire to make reparation for her momentary injustice, and their friendship progressed as rapidly as even Brayton could have dreamed. Whenever he could spare an afternoon from the works, they galloped through the October woods and meadows or explored every nook and cranny of the LaFarge estate, gathering nuts and autumn leaves like two children on a holiday. More often still they spent an evening over the wood-fire communing on the mysteries of life and love which it illumined and wondering at the ever-recurring miracle of the similarity of their thoughts and tastes and feelings.

Suddenly one day at luncheon, Mr. LaFarge inquired: "Is Brayton coming here tonight?"

"Why yes, father, I suppose so. You invited him yourself for dinner. Don't you remember?"

"Very well, then; let him come if I've invited him. But never again, Honora, I remember that! You are not to see anything more of Brayton."

Honora caught her breath in utter astonishment.

"Father?" she exclaimed, "Why, what do you mean?"

"Mean, Honora, mean? I mean that that young scoundrel has insulted me; he has dared to criticize my business methods, to suggest that I, Charles A. LaFarge, am not the soul of honor and integrity. He's almost as much of a crank as you are, Honora. It's all very well for a girl to have hifalutin' notions, but business is business and no young whippersnapper—Say no more, Honora. I won't allow him in the house. Thankless, young rascal! He says he's going to leave me!"

Honora's dazed eyes followed him as he got up and left the room. Speechless she sat among the fragments of her world, and tried to think them together again. A quarrel between Brayton and her father—somebody dishonest in business—never to see him again! At the thought her heart contracted with a sharp, physical pain, but for the rest she could not think.

She was roused by a call to the telephone, and her first feeling of reality came with the sound of the voice she heard speaking her name. "Miss LaFarge? Yes, it is I, John Brayton. You are able to dine with you this evening, but I must see you—soon. When may I come? Right away? No, I have no business today, nothing but the joy of seeing you."

She had expected him to look anxious and troubled when he came; instead, the cares of the past weeks seemed all behind him, and it was with quite a new light in his eyes that he stood waiting to meet her as she came down the stairs.

Hardly pausing for the ordinary greetings, he led her to the wide oaken settle near the fireplace, and seated himself close beside her.

"My little lady," he cried exultantly, taking her hands fast in his own, "at last I'm free to tell you that I love you and to try to win you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

HOW the summer may be spent with a large degree of comfort as possible is a question of prime importance just now. Only with a comparatively few people is it possible to migrate to the mountains and seashore away from dust and heat, but it is possible to change our every-day surroundings in a way to increase comfort and lessen labor.

Beginning with the interior of the home, the first step is to remove all hangings from doors and windows, leaving only the shades. From the doors remove carpets except oilcloths and linoleum, and all rugs except mats at outer doors and in front of beds. Also put away a goodly share of the dust catching bric-a-brac and pictures, leaving just enough to prevent a bare appearance. So far as possible remove upholstered furniture. Everything must be put away clean and properly. When this is done you have converted your home into a place that does not remind you of work from morn till night, and the care-free change will be welcomed by the entire family. None of the comforts will be missing, only the things unnecessary in hot weather. Keep windows well screened and open, and so far as practical, every door in the house should be ajar that the air may freely circulate.

When cool weather comes again housecleaning is a simple matter and it will seem like a new house with all the furnishings restored to place. If you go to a resort, you are more than likely to live in an uncomfortable, unsanitary cottage, built with as little expense as possible. You have slept on hard, uneven beds, lugged water from a distance, used a stove that would not bake, and it is more than probable you will be obliged to do a certain amount of cleaning before you can establish yourself.

Now I do not mean that a change is not necessary to the well being of everyone, for it is, but leaving a comfortable home for an existence in a meager, unsatisfactory quarters is neither a rest nor a vacation. Once wise woman, after going through the above experience several seasons, decided to make her home as summer-like as possible and use the money, heretofore spent in hunting for a cool place, in improvements on her house to be enjoyed the year through.

What to eat in summer requires careful consideration if the family is free from hives and bowel trouble and does not suffer from loss of appetite and heat. Eat freely of vegetables, reserving the water they are boiled in for vegetable soups. Fruit should be eaten with the morning and noon meal, and a fruit breakfast is excellent medicine for many. Fruit with coarse breads and well-cooked cereals eaten with rich milk must be the bulk of the diet on hot days. Fresh caught fish can be eaten, but never that which has been brought long distances on ice. It would be better to discard meat entirely; also coffee and tea for they stimulate and irritate the nerves.

Relaxing several times a day is a great strength savor in summer, and avoid all worrying thoughts as far as possible. An effort in this direction will be worth while. Wring a towel out of tepid water and give the body a good rubbing with it and mark the beneficial effect on the mind and body. Do this in the morning and an hour after the noon meal and lie down ten minutes.

One more thing—dress loosely, allowing the air to get to the body. Avoid doing things that create thirst, as too much water drinking is as injurious as too little.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I haven't seen any letters from this vicinity, so I will endeavor to pen a few words. I am sure I greatly enjoy reading the other letters. But before I begin I hope someone will please cover the waste basket.

I am a farmer's wife, having lived on our farm two years. I greatly enjoy making a garden and raising chickens. My tomatoes were especially nice last year as we had fresh ripe ones to eat the last week in August. That is saying a great deal for this part of the state. I might mention that I planted the "Earliana."

I was greatly interested in Miss Williams' letter. My pupils were especially interested in Oral Language. I myself sometimes taking a part in the stories,—of which I let them dramatize—such stories as "The Fox and the Crow," "Little Red Riding Hood," "The Little Leaves," "Why the Poplar Holds up its Branches," etc.

They also learned to tell the stories of Hiawatha, and illustrated his home by taking little branches for trees, sand, paper taut and glass for a lake. This proved very instructive as well as interesting.

I wonder how many teachers believe in the school garden. It is getting more popular each year in some parts of the state. But I do not think too much time should be spent here.

I suppose a great many of the sisters believe in "votes for women." I think it is a shame that the government is run by such crooks and dishonest men, that the gentler sex has to step in to defend their own rights instead of being a home-keeper only.

I heartily hope they will succeed in stopping the awful crookedness which always leads toward the awful dollar. I also hope the drink curse will be driven from existence forever.

Do you all believe in modern improvements? I for one would hate to get along without the telephone, phonograph, daily and weekly papers, etc. We also have a piano in our home and think music is one of the important essentials.

I must close, giving three cheers to the COMFORT staff. Would like to get letters from the sisters.

Mrs. HELEN G. KOHLER, Bath, R. R. 2, N. Y.

Mrs. Kohler. The teachers of today see the wisdom of conforming to child nature. They realize that a child attaches little if any importance to books; it is the age of play. This principle is enacted through life, for who is there that tries for a thing until they either want or need it? Hence there must be an incentive or a spirit of contest to lure the child to study—in other words to work.

Taking such gems of literature as you mention and causing the child to fancy the characters from description, teaches them to think and to more readily grasp the meaning of what they read.

Here is something one teacher I know has introduced in her school—a five-minute period of relaxation forenoon and afternoon in the middle of study periods. At the sound of the bell, every child drops all study and stretches both arms straight above the head with body thrown against seat back. Then arms are stretched out horizontally, then dropped heavily to side. Then every child stands one minute. These exercises are sometimes varied. At first the exercises caused considerable merriment, which was not unexpected. This was good naturedly received, the remedy being to center attention on the exercises. I forgot to say that a deep breathing exercise with windows open accompanies arm movements.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I have been a subscriber of COMFORT a long time, and I like the paper, especially the Sisters' Corner. It seems to have but one aim, to touch and strengthen some kindred heart. Its object is an ideal one—I, e. to extend a helping hand and become coworkers with all who seek friendship. We all have much in this life to sadden and discourage us, yet there are many we may help in some good word or way. We are not only made happier but better by making some troubled and sorrowing soul happier by our love and friendship. It is then we find "blossoms by the way-side."

The letter from Mrs. Thomas Estes in April COMFORT, being left motherless in early life brought to my mind so vividly my own misfortune; for at the age of twelve I was a motherless child. The loss of my mother was a great sorrow and I did not know how to look beyond it. In the happy days I had with my mother I had no thought a darker day was coming; a night was approaching when a deep gloom would overshadow my future life. As the days passed on, how I longed for the love and counsel of a mother, and when I would see girls who it seemed didn't love or appreciate their mother, I would feel like placing my arm around them, and from pure heart hunger ask if I might love and be a daughter to them. It is only when the iron pierces our own soul that we know the meaning of sorrow.

I have never read a letter from Enid, Okla. I have lived here seven years and like it fine. We came here from Illinois but I like it much better in the great Southwest. The climate is milder. The worst fault I find here is the wind, which blows "wild and high" without ceasing, for sometimes sixteen days. Our windy weather is in the early spring. Sometimes we have sandstorms when the sun is hid for hours. Most any vegetable will grow here. Last year we had lots of fruit. I never saw nicer fruit than that grown here in Garfield county, and nowhere do we see more energy, hustle and thrift than in Western country. Sisters have tried a number of the cooking recipes and all were splendid. I hope that Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie will be blessed with health, wealth and prosperity unlimited, that we may enjoy reading a good paper like COMFORT. All good papers like good books are mileposts that mark each upward step of humanity. It is up to us to glorify good in our lives and to enjoy it forever.

Mrs. LUOT DEMONBRUN, Enid, Okla.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

Wholesome and palatable are the variety of dishes to be made with very little labor. The use of an ice-cream freezer is understood. A good substitute can be made with a deep can having a tight-fitting cover which goes on outside the can, and packed in a twelve-quart pail of ice and salt.

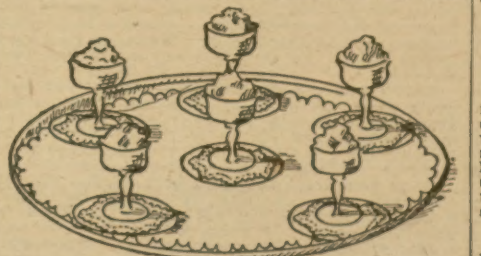
To insure a smooth quality of ice-cream it is necessary to use the ice finely chopped and used in the right proportions, that is, three parts salt, three parts ice to one of salt. The can should be surrounded with melted ice and salt, and it is only when this forms that the freezing process begins. Have the outlet for water just below top of can. Should there be one in the bottom, close it and make one higher up. Do not drain off water until the cream is frozen, and only then when cream is to be kept, in which case the water should be drawn off and the cream packed.

The simplest way to pack cream for freezing is to use a pint dipper, using this full of ice times enough to make a layer of about four inches; on this put one third as much salt as you had ice, and so on until freezer is heaping full. Let stand fifteen minutes, by which time the ice will begin to melt; let cream be chilled. Turn slowly and evenly at first and then more rapidly until you can turn no longer. Remove dasher, press cream down into can and cover, putting a cork stopper into opening of cover. If cream is to be used within an hour or two, probably no more ice need be added, and what is in the freezer will keep longer if something thick like a piece of old carpet is thrown over freezer.

In using a substitute for a freezer, pack the same and after twenty minutes uncover and scrape cream from sides of can, and beat with a wide bladed knife occasionally.

ICE-CREAM.—This is the simplest way to make ice-cream, as well as the most delicious. One pint of milk scalded with two cups of sugar; let cool and add two tablespoons of vanilla. Whip until fairly thick two quarts of cream and then lightly beat in milk and sugar and flavoring. Freeze as above described.

ICE-CREAM CUSTARD.—Bring to a boil one pint of milk. Mix together two tablespoons of flour, a pinch of salt and one cup of sugar, add two whole eggs and beat all together. Add boiling milk and when



ICE-CREAM CUSTARD.

well mixed pour into double boiler and cook twenty minutes, stirring constantly till smooth, and then occasionally. Let cool and add three quarters cup of sugar, one quart of cream and one tablespoon of vanilla. Freeze.

PICKLED ONIONS.—(Requested.) Procure the smallest onions you can, peel and put into strong salt and water for about twenty-four hours; drain and put into fresh water for one day. Pack closely in glass jars and fill with cold vinegar. When packing run a knife around inside of jar several times and after the jars are full make sure there is no air.

Miss PAULINE WACASER, Marion, N. C.

PICKLED PIG'S FEET.—(Requested.) Clean, scald or parch the toes until the water just slips off. Singe the hair off, scrape and wash well and they are ready to cook. Put on in a kettle of boiling water and cook until tender, keeping them covered with water. Salt and pepper while cooking. When tender, remove from kettle, place in earthenware or granite and cover with boiling vinegar. Spices may be added if one wishes. I prefer them plain, weaken vinegar if it is too strong.

CANNED MIXED PICKLES.—Gather cucumbers, wash and soak in salt water over night. In the morning cook string beans in salt water until tender, add cucumbers (one third cucumbers to two thirds beans) bring to a boil. Pack in jars tight, stand on mouth on cloth to drain for one hour. Make syrup of one quart strong apple or cider vinegar (never use acid made vinegar), one pint of water, one cup of sugar, one half teaspoon of spice, one teaspoon of cinnamon and one of whole cloves all tied in a cloth. Boil fifteen minutes and turn up jars and fill with boiling syrup and seal at once. These are fine. Cauliflower and small onions may be added.

Mrs. J. R. ESTES, Plainville, Ark.

SAUSAGE MEAT.—(Requested.) Measure meat in a gallon crock. To a heaping crock of meat add three rounding tablespoons of salt, two tablespoons of

ground pepper and two tablespoons of pulverized sage. Mix well.

Mrs. MAGGIE WHITWORTH, Smithboro, Ill.

BAKED SHAD.—Wash and dry one large shad. Place in pan, ridge the sides, season with salt, pepper, parsley and five spring onions chopped fine. Over the shad pour boiling hot liquor strained from can of tomatoes. Place in hot oven and baste often till brown and tender.

Mrs. D. A. MILLER, Towson, Md.

BUTTERMILK PIE.—(For two pies.) Yolk of four eggs, three tablespoons of corn-starch or flour, one and one half cups of buttermilk, one half cup of melted butter, two teaspoons of lemon extract, and one and one half cup of sugar. Use whites of eggs for frosting. Bake in crust.

Mrs. ROSEBETTA SNOW, Freewater, R. R. 2, Oregon.

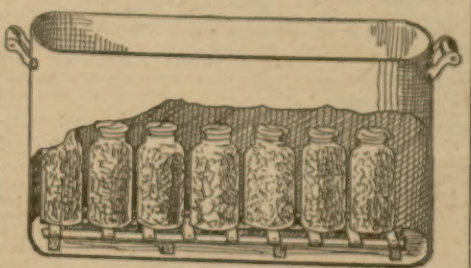
MUSTARD.—One large tablespoon of ground mustard, one teaspoon of salt, three teaspoons of sugar, two thirds of a cup of vinegar, and yolks of two eggs. Mix thoroughly and set on stove until it thickens, stirring constantly. Use when cold. This is fine on either beef or pork.

Mrs. FRED HALEY, Pine Bluffs, Wyo.

YEAST.—To start it, take the water that potatoes have been boiled in; put in a quart fruit jar within two inches of the top, add one half cup of sugar and one cake of dry yeast; let stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally when it is ready to use. When wanted, take half for a baking, then put two tablespoons of sugar in the jar and more potato water, which is all there is to it and the heat or cold doesn't seem to hurt it.

E. ELLIOTT, Fruitvale, Cal.

The accompanying illustration shows a boiler with wooden rack on which to set jars to keep them from bottom of boiler. This rack is simply made of lath, lattice fashion, sufficiently near together to prevent jars from tipping. At each end and at each side of center



WOODEN RACK TO KEEP JARS FROM BOTTOM OF BOILER.

ter are strips of wood supporting rack. One of these are easily constructed and if taken care of will last a lifetime.

In canning, fill jars with fruit and syrup and put on covers without rubbers. When the covers, secured by wires, do not press down; in the case of screw tops only give them two turns. Set in boiler with cold water half way up sides of jars. Cover boiler tightly and time cooking from the time water boils. Have a dish of syrup ready, and when fruit is done, take from boiler, remove covers, put on rubbers and fill jars with syrup and seal. For vegetables, fill shrinkage with boiling water.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—One small cup of sugar, two teaspoons of sweet milk, two teaspoons of corn-starch yolks of two eggs, one half cup of grated chocolate. Beat eggs, sugar, chocolate and corn-starch together and stir into the boiling milk. Cook as thick as gravy and put into baked crusts and frost with the whites of eggs. This makes two pies. For frosting or meringue, beat whites to a stiff froth, lightly whip in a third of a cup of sugar, spread on pie and lightly brown in oven.

Mrs. WALTER WILLIAMS, Hamburg, R. R. 1, Iowa.

CREAM PUFFS.—Put one cup of water with two ounces of butter in a pan over the fire. When boiling add hastily one cup of flour all at once and stir rapidly into a smooth soft dough. Take from fire and when cold break into it four whole eggs, one at a time and stirring vigorously after each egg is added. Now beat five minutes all together and it is ready to bake. Drop in spoonfuls quite a distance apart on a well-greased tin. Bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes.

FILLING.—Boil nearly one pint of sweet milk, take two small tablespoons of corn-starch and beat in a little milk, two eggs beaten and a cup of sugar. When milk boils add this mixture, and boil until thick. When nearly done stir in a piece of butter the size of an egg, two teaspoons of lemon extract. When cold break puffs open and fill at side.

ETHEL MAGNUSON, Mead, R. R. 2, Nebr.

FEATHER CAKE.—Three eggs beaten very light and beaten again with one cup of sugar. Add one half cup each of cream and milk and two and one half cups of flour mixed with two teaspoons of baking powder. Flavor. Bake in loaf or layer.

ICING.—One cup of sugar and six tablespoons of sweet milk; boil three minutes and beat and flavor while cooling; also add a small piece of butter and spread over cake while warm. Very nice.

BUTTERMILK BISCUITS.—One quart of sifted flour, one level teaspoon each of soda, baking powder, salt and sugar mixed and sifted again. Work in one even tablespoon of shortening. Mix with buttermilk. Handle with little flour as possible, kneading very little, cut, and bake in hot oven fifteen minutes.

Mrs. W. WHITTLE, Maryville, Idaho.

BUTTER TARTS.—Two cups of light brown sugar, one half cup of molasses, two teaspoons of water, three tablespoons of butter. Boil fifteen minutes, then turn into a greased pan and pull when cool.

TO USE COLD BISCUITS.—Slice thin and fry brown in hot fat. Place on paper to drip. Serve with milk from which cream has not been removed. Or slice and drop in boiling molasses enough to cover, add a lump of butter and cook till molasses thickens. Serve cold. This is called candied biscuits and are very much enjoyed by the children.

Mrs. BEN ENGLAND, Afton, R. R. 1, Box 85, Okla.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Would like to say to beginners in putting up fruit to fasten the jars as tight as you can while hot and don't have your husband give them an extra twist when he comes, as the hot fruit melts the rubber and makes it air tight, and the final twist when cold loosens it and often makes the fruit spoil where it might not if it were left alone. If in doubt about it, turn jars upside down over night and if they leak air, heat them up again.

E. ELLIOTT, Fruitvale, Cal.

On ironing day try to cook something which takes a long time like beans, dried apples, ham, or steaming brown bread and thus save fuel.

Mrs. BEN ENGLAND, Afton, R. R. 1, Box 85, Okla.

To Mrs. Bettie Wadley: Soak quilt in strong salt water over night, then wash out quickly in lukewarm suds and dry in a shady place. Should be bright and clear as new.

Mrs. LURA GRAVELLY, Bellepoint, W. Va.

If the following method is used, blankets after being washed will be buty, and unless badly spotted from acids look like new. For one pair, use a piece of good white soap about three inches square shaved thin; add to it two quarts of warm water and set on back of stove till all the soap has dissolved (do not let soap cook). Into this put two large tablespoons of borax and a good half cup of household ammonia. Into your tub put cold water to cover blankets and add mixture. To wash blankets, pull them gently up and down and through the water, never rubbing unless there is a bad spot. Leave in tub all night. The next day put through two more cold waters, and to each tub add one half cup of ammonia. Lightly squeeze (never wring blankets) and hang right on line.

To make rose heads: Gather rose leaves, the most fragrant if you desire fragrant heads. Put through chopper, using fine knife, three times a day for one week, keeping them in a rusty iron receptacle; also will ferment and the perfume will be strong. When the paste is very fine and black it is ready to make the heads will be even. If they are to be smooth roll in palms of hands until perfectly round and put a hat pin through center of each head. I stick hat pin in pasteboard box and set in sun to dry. Some make the polished ones but they require a lot of work. After perfectly dry, soak them in glycerine twenty-four hours and dry, then rub each one separately in the bowl of a spoon. These are as black and glossy as ebony and handsome when strung with gold beads up and down.

Mrs. E. S. FERO, 1804, McKenna Ave., Portland, Ore.

If pickles kept in a brine are tied in a sack they will keep much better.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



Hot Weather Dinners

Always Ready—Baked by a Famous French Chef

Scores of factory kitchens are baking beans for the millions to serve in hot weather.

Because women who know are, more and more, serving ready-cooked meals in summer.

One kitchen—Van Camp's—is baking beans very different from the rest.

We want you to know them, then try them. Then judge for yourself if it pays to specify Van Camp's.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

This dish is prepared by a famous French chef, who came from Hotel Ritz.

The beans are picked out by hand, to get them white, plump, even-sized.

The sauce is made from whole, ripe tomatoes. It costs five times as much as common sauce. And we bake it with the beans.

We bake in modern steam ovens, but the steam is kept from contact with the beans. After hours of baking, the beans come out nut-like, mealy, whole. None are crisped, none broken.

The result is a dish which has never been matched—which made this kitchen famous.

We ask simply this:

Buy the beans which your folks like best. Make these ready meals delightful. To settle the question, once serve Van Camp's, then abide by your people's verdict.

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Baked by the
Van Camp Packing Co.

Established 1861

Indianapolis, Indiana

(255)

Creatures of Destiny; or, Where Love Leads

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Laurence Harding, a handsome fisher lad of sixteen, living in the village of Ravensford, is questioned by an old wise-faced man, a gypsy, as to Raven Castle, and its owner Lady Marie Belmont. Deceitful and the nearest road to reach it. Laurence, knowing the short cuts gains the castle terrace long before the man, who gives the name of Snapper, reaches it. In the dining-room of the castle, Mr. Wharton, the family lawyer, is closeted with Mr. Belmont, the legal adviser of the Belmonts and Mr. Wharton relates the romance of the two families. The late earl, Lady Marie's father, was the sweetheart of the late Marchioness of Belmont. There is a separation and the earl marries Lady Normandyke and his first love becomes the wife of the Marquis of Belmont and the mother of Mr. Wharton's client, Lord Belmont. Still loving each other they make an engagement between their children, Lady Marie and Lord Belmont. Mr. Wharton looks over the battlement and sees a young girl, her hair fastened by a diamond clasp. Laurence Harding lies in wait. He knows the gypsy, calling himself Snapper, is there and detects him swoon upon something. Laurence, clasping him on the throat demands what he has stolen and feels a sting on his arm. Throwing the man to the ground Laurence recovers the diamond clasp. He releases his hold and the Snapper disappears. Lady Marie discovers the loss of the clasp. Follows the Snapper, sees that Larry is cut and the knife is found. Giving the clasp to Lady Marie, Larry makes his escape and enters Belmont Park where he meets the young marquis, Lord Belmont. Going home he tells the story to Reuben Payne, who recalls the name, Miriam, of a young gypsy girl, who lived at one of the Hall lodges and married John Gray, a sailor. Lady Marie goes fishing with Larry. Returning to the shore they see a strange boat, two at the oars, and the third Larry recognizes as the Snapper. Turning to answer the questions of one something is thrown over his eyes, his arms pinioned, and he is flung into a boat. Nine years later Lady Marie, returning from London meets Reuben Payne. Inquiring for Larry he gives the only letter ever received and she recalls her promise to marry him. Lady Merston welcomes her home and leaves it for Mr. Wharton to tell why she is glad she is heart free. For the sake of Ravensford and Belmont, Lady Marie decides to marry Philip. On this night there is a shipwreck on the coast of Vancouver. A young man with Larry's face and eyes, answering to the name of Darnley, is saved with Spon, a passenger, who claims a fortune awaits them at that shore. A three days' march and they find a rich ruby mine. Lady Marie is captivated by the mine. She loves Philip as she should. Invitations are sent out for a state dinner, after which Lord Belmont entertains the guests with music, surprising the older ones who cannot remember any of the Belmonts displaying much musical talent. Leaving his violin he returns to the drawing-room and finds Lady Marie there. Seeking solace from his violin, as he walks along, his memory fails him and he begins to improvise, when he hears a voice, "Wrong, wrong!" He nearly stumbles over a man who, taking the violin from Philip's hands, plays the sonata correctly and Philip stands spellbound. The man admits he is a musician by birth, but a gypsy, that his name is Gideon Flack, that he is a gypsy, a man of moods playing when and where he likes and best with only trees and birds for company.

Spon, recovering from a severe illness, tells Larry the romance of earlier years—how he met a beautiful gypsy girl, Miriam by name, who gives her heart to and marries a fair-haired sailorman. He is drowned in the English Channel, leaving a child resembling the mother. Spon and Larry are joined by Linda Hepburn and her father, who is trading and tramping to save his daughter's soul. To protect the mine, Spon offers Hepburn a sixth share. Linda manages the housekeeping, preparing the food Larry likes best.

An attempt is made to rob Lady Marie of a diamond bracelet. Meeting the eyes of the man, defeating the thief, she sees he is not unlike Larry. Realizing the impossibility for her to marry Philip, she leaves a letter for him and Lady Merston, and with her maid goes to Normandyke.

Spon sees Linda's growing fondness for Larry, and his indifference to her. To save the girl's suffering Spon proposes that one of them go to London and dispose of the rubies. They decide upon Larry. Failing to sell them in London he goes to Rouen where he is snatched and robbed of his wealth. A stranger comes to his aid, who is shot in the leg. Larry takes the man to his hotel and calls a doctor. He recognizes his rescuer as Lord Belmont. Philip knows Larry's voice, and to Larry, Philip tells his sad story and implores him to find and bring Lady Marie to him. Larry goes to Normandyke. Strolling along he hears the sound of a horse's step and detects a limp. The rider requests Larry to see what is the matter. The recognition is mutual, Lady Marie and Larry meet and they recall the past years. He admits he is looking for the Countess of Normandyke and Lady Marie wonders why, and tells him she is away for the present. Larry returns to the inn and the two following days they meet for rides and walks. Larry realizes that Lady Marie holds his heart, while Lady Marie in her happiness is stirred with remorse at thought of Philip. A telegram is passed to Lady Marie; she seizes the opportunity, the countess is returning home and will be in the evening. He is ushered into the drawing-room and Lady Marie in full evening dress, enters. Larry is astonished and asks for the countess. "Larry," she says softly, "I am the Countess of Normandyke," and with these words he realizes what he would have said to Lady Marie if he were uttered. To the Countess of Normandyke he tells the story of the robbery, and Philip's attempt to save him, his severe illness from the wound and his desire for Larry to find and bring the Countess of Normandyke to him. Larry insists that they start at once. A terrible storm comes up, and missing the road they stop at a small inn, the landlord of which gives Marie a presentiment of evil. Larry, falling asleep the man makes an assault and Marie averts the blow. Larry bids Marie good by perhaps forever, and she returns to Philip, promising not to leave him and to marry him at an early date. With trembling hands Philip walks to his favorite place and encounters the Snapper, who annoys him by his presence and Philip orders him away. Insolently the Snapper tells a story, which if true Philip must surrender everything—Marie and the vast estate. The mine has no price and Philip unable to believe the story demands his terms—a thousand down and a thousand paid quarterly.

Larry returns to the mine, admits the loss, taking all blame and desiring to make good. After resting he begins work and his companions realize that his cheerfulness is forced. Linda with the intuition of a woman, not asking no questions, knows when a man is troubled and restless if you want the cause search for the woman. Larry is not insensible of Linda's devotion and she realizes that he is working to make her rich as well as the others. She would willingly give up all to see him happy and Larry's heart could care for a man, failing to win the woman he loves, who can only offer the shreds and husks of his heart. Learning the woman is not married Linda asks for time and to tell of her own accord. Linda and her father return to England, he to form a stock company. In the meanwhile Larry falls ill and her physician orders her to London. Linda visits Mary and pleads for Larry—his love for her—his honor and manhood when he learns she is engaged to another. She admits her love for Larry, that it is too deep to see his life wrecked and implores Larry to save him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PHILIP RECOVERS THE RUBIES.

Linda had gone so quickly, so suddenly, that Marie, confused and agitated by varied emotions, scarcely realized that she had gone; when she did realize it, she remembered that Linda had given her no address, so that Marie could not communicate with her.

She ran out of the room and down the stairs, and, to the footman's amazement, tore open the hall door; she was just in time to see a hansom cab turning the corner. She returned to her room and paced up and down.

The visit, the interview, had been so strange, so dramatic, that she could not at first grasp its import. Had she really placed the future of her life in Larry's hands? And what would he say and do; what would he decide? Her heart beat thickly, and the color came and waned in her face; sometimes her cheeks burned hotly. Larry was somewhere in America—how was Linda Hepburn to communicate with him? She would have to write—a cable would not be full enough—and it would be some time before she got his decision. Meanwhile what was to be done about Philip? He was eager for the marriage, would expect the wedding to take place as soon as she was well enough. Should she tell him all that

Linda Hepburn's visit and story had meant?

But if she did so and Larry wrote, rejecting her, she would have broken faith to Philip purposelessly. Under other circumstances, Marie would have felt, as any high-minded girl, that it was her duty to break with Philip; but she had grown accustomed to the idea of sacrificing herself; and, as can well be understood, Linda's example had strengthened the idea. If Larry would not have her—again her cheek flamed—why should she not, at least, make Philip happy? Linda had sacrificed herself for the sake of the man she loved. Why should not she, Marie, rise to a like unselfishness?

Self-analysis and introspection generally lead to such sophistry as this; and in the end Marie came to the conclusion which one might have foreseen. She decided to wait, to let things drift; though, in thus deciding, she felt like a rudderless bark, a piece of jettison and flotsam floating on the wide expanse of an ocean of doubt and uncertainty.

She did not tell Lady Merston of Linda Hepburn's visit; for she knew that Lady Merston would regard the whole story and Linda's conduct, as theatrical, even improper; and that she would urge Marie to a speedy marriage. Indeed, Marie would have found some difficulty in relating the interview, because a bare account of it would lack all the force which Linda's presence and individually, and her way of telling the story of Larry's broken heart and ruined life, had given it.

The excitement of the visit, her mental agitation, the knowledge that her life's happiness hung in the balance, which Larry could tilt one way or the other, threw Marie back to her former condition; and for a couple of days she was unable to leave the house; but on the third she went out for a drive; and be sure, her eyes eagerly scanned the passers-by; but, of course, she did not see Linda Hepburn; and she returned to the house weighed down, yet irritated by suspense.

Meanwhile Philip was leading his lonely life at the Hall. Great as was his passion for Marie, and eagerly as he desired the wedding, he was, to tell the truth, though he would not have admitted it, almost relieved by her absence; for, since the night of the Snapper's revelation, Philip had felt constrained and ill at ease in Marie's presence. He told himself, when he half suspected his embarrassment, that it was caused by the uncertainty, the dread of a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and that he would recover his equanimity and his ease of mind when they were married.

The Snapper had made an appointment for the payment of the thousand pounds, and had come to the Hall one night with a handbag in which to carry it away. The whole transaction smacked of melodrama, and Philip, as he watched, with a moody brow and set lips, the man put the rolls of gold in the bag, said:

"You are now a rich man. What will you do with it? You spoke of going abroad. It would be a good plan; it would relieve my mind; for, of course, I can never feel at ease while you are near me."

"Don't you trouble yourself about that, my lord," said the Snapper, in his soft voice and with a reassuring nod. "I'm thinking of going abroad presently; but I've got a little business to do first. Yes; I rather think of Columbia!" he glanced sideways, with his eyes cunning as a raven's, at Philip's moody face—"and of taking my daughter Miriam with me."

Philip winced and turned away so that his face was hidden from the sharp eyes.

"I've got a little speculation in my eye; and, if it comes off all right, I shan't come back for years. If I forget you, my lord, about me. And if an old man, who has seen a lot of the world, and who wishes you well," he continued, in his slyest voice, and with his eyes narrowed to slits, "might offer a word of advice, I'd say: Get that wedding over, my lord. A bird in the hand's worth two."

Philip turned upon him with an impotent fury, he said to his tongue—and get out of my sight," he said between his teeth.

The Snapper held up his hands deprecatingly, took up the bag, and, with a low doffing of his hat, went out by the window.

For some days Philip did not see him again, though he never went out without peering about him suspiciously and expectantly; and the man's absence was so great a relief to him, that he felt as if the heavy burden with which he had loaded his life had been removed. He went for long walks, always avoiding the heath, and he accepted the invitations to dinner which, compassionating his loneliness, his and Marie's friends sent him. At these dinners he displayed his changed manner markedly, and talked and laughed as the old Philip had never done. So anxious was he to regain his strength that he took all the exercise he could, and he always walked with his head erect, his shoulders square, with an air which suggested defiance of the world and his own fate.

And all the way, on these very long walks, he thought of that which had befallen him, of the cruel blow dealt him by the fate he defied, and hardened his heart in the course he had taken, and was taking, to bask that blow. He wrote to Marie daily, his letters full of love, and always containing a prayer that she would soon recover, and that their marriage might then take place; and daily he received a line or two from her, brief letters which he pored over in the solitude of his own room, and laid aside as priceless treasures.

There were moments of remorse, of course; moments when through the veil which his passion for Marie had woven about him he saw himself as he was, and realized all the blackness of his action. One night he was walking from the Lawleys', where he had been dining. He had been particularly bright and cheerful that evening, and he had left them remarking, congratulating themselves on the change in him; they did not see him as he limped along the road, his head bent, his face pale and lined, his under lip caught in his teeth.

It was a lovely night; the moon was nearly at its full, and lit up his road; the dark firs of the wood stood out against the deep-blue sky; and, with perhaps an unconscious desire to escape the soft but brilliant light, which irritated him, he turned off the drive and entered the wood. It was dark and reposeful here, and he felt soothed and quieted; but even here the fit of remorse which had assailed him in the open still clung to him. He paused a moment, and, resting on his stick, he looked up through the trees at the stars. How often had the old Philip, that Philip who had gone forever, gazed up as he was gazing now; but with a heart at rest, at peace with all mankind! The old Philip had found delight in waking the solemn echoes of these mighty isles to the strains of immortal music; the violin that Philip had played had been shattered the night the present Philip had flung it from him.

With a deep sigh, he walked on lost in somber reverie; then suddenly he stopped, for he saw a small and twinkling light amid the trees a little ahead and on the right of him; it looked like the light of a lantern, partly shrouded. His heart sank, for he had no difficulty in guessing who was there, and he stood and looked broodingly and angrily at the light. It was the Snapper, of course, but what was he doing there? Why did he haunt the place and visit it at night? He had stipulated that he should be allowed to wander about the ground—why? There was something mysterious about the man; he was unlike the ordinary gypsy, who wanders from fair to fair, or

squats upon the common, with a mind on a par with that of the farm laborer, and no ambition which could not be satisfied by frequent visits to the ale house. This old man had an individuality of his own; he had evidently traveled a great deal, and as he said, had seen much of men; that he was no common gypsy, no ordinary man, was proved by the way in which he had influenced Philip and overcome all his scruples.

Philip felt curious as well as angry. He left the narrow path and, winding among the trees, approached the spot where the lantern was burning; and, to his surprise, he saw, as he knelt on the bracken, fully screened by the trunk of a fir, that the old man was bending over a hole which he had dug in the ground. The handbag in which he had taken away the gold was by his side; and Philip relieved, though he knew not why, concluded that the Snapper was burying the first part of his blackmail.

Philip was relieved and somewhat contemptuous; the act was just such as a gypsy would do. The Snapper was evidently unaccustomed to banking, and considered that there could be no surer way of securing his booty than by burying it. After all, he was but a gypsy; and Philip's contempt shifted to himself, where he reflected upon the commonness of the mind and man to whom he had yielded. He was about to go away as noiselessly as he had come, when he saw the Snapper stoop over the hole and bring up a canvas bag, and Philip remained and watched breathlessly.

The old man lifted out the bag, and, untying the string which closed its mouth, thrust in his hand and brought out something. He opened his hand, and the murky light of the lantern fell on its contents. They sparkled and glittered redly; it seemed as if the Snapper held the glowing embers of a fire in the horny palm of his claw. In his amazement, Philip could scarcely suppress a cry; for the things glittering in the lantern light were gems—rubies, Philip thought.

Rubies! Naturally enough the sight of them caused his memory to flash back with lightning-like rapidity to that night at Rouen; the silent street, the dim archway, the lifeless figure lying on the pavement, the man bending over him, with clawlike hands searching the motionless form! The scene came back to Philip as vividly as if it were being enacted before his eyes at that moment.

And more. There was something in the Snapper's attitude at that moment, in the movement of his hands, which connected him in Philip's mind with the thief at Rouen. Notwithstanding that he had been disguised, Philip knew, as surely as one can know anything, that the Snapper was the man who had robbed Larry; and that here, before Philip's eyes, lay the proceeds of that robbery.

Now, the assertion that the mind of man is a complex piece of machinery has been made so often as to become trite and commonplace; and it shall not be repeated here. Extraordinary as it may seem that Philip should have yielded to the temptation to commit a great crime and work a grievous wrong, and yet should recoil with indignation and horror from participating in a lesser crime and a smaller wrong, such was the fact. Every drop of blood in his body revolted against this injustice, this injury to Larry, to Larry, who relinquishing his search for his lost treasure, had stood by Philip in his hour of need, and, regardless of self and his own interest, had brought Marie back.

Perhaps, if he had had time to think, to consider the consequences of this sudden awakening of his conscience, Philip might have hesitated; but the sight of the man gloating over the rubies—Larry's rubies—drove him half mad.

With a cry of rage, he threw himself on the bending form, and seized the Snapper by the throat. The Snapper was so completely taken by surprise that he was borne backward, the rubies falling from his hand in a glittering shower beside the lantern; but in a moment he had recovered himself; with a snarl and an awful oath, he struggled with his assailant, and, being stronger, notwithstanding his age, he succeeded in regaining his feet; but Philip got hold of him, again, and the two men struggled and wrestled, swaying this way and that, sometimes one down, sometimes the other. Philip was silent, but the Snapper found his voice, and, with a volley of oaths, panted:

"You young fool! Let me go! Hands off, you unnatural hound! Do you forget who I am? Let me go or I'll—"

He got one hand free and felt for a knife. Philip was underneath for a moment, and he looked up at the blade gleaming above him.

"You thief!" he gasped. "I know you! I say I know you! I saw you steal those things! I do not care who or what you are—I mean to have them; I intend to bring you to justice!"

The Snapper's claw was at Philip's throat, and silenced him. He felt choking, powerless; the knife gleamed above him; the old man's blazing eyes shone balefully down at him.

"You will, will you?" snarled the snapper. "You'll rob me and send me to jail, ay? I'd rather go to the gallows. You young fool, you've lost your senses. Remember what on are before you venture to interfere with me. Swear to hold your tongue, to let me go my way, or I'll kill you. Swear!"

Philip was endeavoring to struggle; but suddenly he ceased to do so. He was lying on the ground, and sounds were carried to him much more quickly and distinctly than they were to his assailant; and he fancied that he heard footsteps.

"No; you won't kill me," he gasped. "You're too clever, too cunning. You would be traced, would be caught. I'm not afraid. I mean to have those rubies. I mean to have them, let the consequences be what they may—" Then suddenly he put forth all his strength, and, flinging the old man aside, he staggered to his feet, shouting hoarsely:

"Help! Geddon! Geddon!"

The sound of footsteps now broke unmistakably upon his ear; Geddon and a footman came rushing toward the spot; and Philip, calling still more loudly for help, tried to hold the Snapper.

With an inarticulate cry, the Snapper made a lunge at him with the knife; but Philip swerved aside and avoided the blow. In doing so, he stumbled and fell. He was on his feet again in a moment, ready to resume the struggle; but the old man had disappeared. Before he had time to rise, he had kicked over the lantern; and Philip, blundering after him, rushed into the arms of Geddon.

"Great Heaven! it's his lordship!" cried Geddon, with amazement and alarm. "What has happened, my lord? Are you hurt? We heard voices—Are you hurt, my lord?"

Philip leaned against a tree, a moonbeam fell upon his white face; he was fighting for breath. When he had got it, he said:

"No, no! I'm not hurt. I found a man—someone in the wood—I closed with him. There was a struggle; then you came, and—he got off."

The agitated Geddon looked round helplessly. He was speechless with wrath and indignation. Indeed, after a moment or so, Philip was the calmer of the two.

"Give me your arm," he said. "I will go to the house. No, no!" he said to the footman, who began to search the undergrowth. "It is no use looking for the man; he has got clean off for the present."

Leaving on Geddon's arms and followed by the footman, Philip went into the house. Geddon quickly gave him some brandy; and Philip repeated his account of the incident.

"I will send to the police station at once, my lord," said Geddon. "Can your lordship tell me what he was like? They'll want a description of him."

Philip shook his head. "I'm afraid I can't, Geddon," he said. "It was in the dark part of the wood. Don't worry about it any more tonight. It will be in plenty of time if we give notice to the police tomorrow. I've no doubt the fellow was only a poacher. Tomorrow will do."

Geddon yielded grudgingly. "It do make me mad, my lord, to think of you being set on and ill used here, within sound of the house. There has been an old gypsy mooching about the place—"

"This was a young man," said Philip quickly. "I've no doubt we shall find him. Let the matter rest all this morning. I don't want the neighborhood disturbed by such a—a trifling matter. I'm not in the least hurt. And please do not disturb the house. I shall go to bed at once."

Still muttering his indignation, Geddon left his master; but Philip heard him going over the house and searching the shrubbery. But presently all was still, and Philip went up to his bedroom. He remained in bed, lying with wide-open eyes and twitching limbs, until just before dawn; then he rose, partially dressed himself, and, stealing from the house, went to the scene of the encounter.

The hole, everything was there as he had last seen it. He lit the lantern, carefully screening it from the windows of the house, and, with trembling hands, collected the rubies and replaced them in the bag. He threw the lantern into the hole, which he filled, carefully covering the new earth with bracken; then he strewed bracken on the confused footprints, and returned to the house.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LADY MARIE PROPOSES.

Hepburn was a slow man, but cautious. Warned by Larry's loss, he did not carry the bulk of the rubies about him, but, selecting a few specimens, he deposited the remainder in a bank, while he went about seeking a financier to start the company. He put up at a small hotel frequented by colonials, in one of the streets off the Strand. There was something impressive in his solid appearance and stolid demeanor; and, strange to say in these suspicious days, before long he succeeded in hooking his capitalist. As he was employed nearly all day, Linda was left very much to herself; and she found the time hang heavily on her hands, for she was possessed by a spirit of unrest.

She had come away from the interview with Lady Marie feeling that Larry's fate was in her hands. And she had no means of communicating with him. He was slaving away there in the wilds, fighting with his misery, and there was no way to say the words to him that would lift the load from his heart.

Under other circumstances she could have been happy enough, and enjoyed her visit to London; but, as was, she could find no pleasure in the multitude of amusements which the great city offered so liberally, not even in shopping, that chief delight of her sex. Her great desire was to get back to Larry, to tell him that she had seen Lady Marie, and place the decision in his hands, but she knew it would be some time before her father would be able to return; and what might not happen to Lady Marie in the meanwhile?

She thought haunted her by day and night; she could not rest in the hotel, and she wandered about the crowded streets, absorbed in her problem, as Lady Marie had been wont to wander about, absorbed in hers.

One morning she accompanied her father to the city; he had told her not to wait for him, as he might be kept some time over his business appointment, and Linda discharged the cab, and, regardless of the direction she was taking, walked down Fenchurch street. Not a few of the clerks and business men who scurried through that bustling thoroughfare turned to glance admiringly at the pretty girl, who walked slowly and with an engrossed air, as if she were lost in thought. She reached the end of Fenchurch street, and, after looking about her for a moment or two, was about to retrace her steps, when she stopped short and put her hand to her heart. In very truth, she thought she must be dreaming or the victim of a hallucination; for there, not twenty yards from her, on the other side of the road, were Larry and Spon!

She was so amazed, so startled, as to be incapable for a moment of movement; then, at the risk of her life, and to the disgust and indignation of the drivers, she darted across the crowded street and seized Larry by the arm, calling him by name in almost terrified accents. Larry, before he could see who it was, caught hold of her, and drew her out of the press into a shop doorway.

"Is it you, Larry? Is it really you?" she gasped.

"Linda!" he exclaimed in turn. "Yes; it's us, right enough. No wonder you're startled! But you—how is it you are here?"

"Never mind," said Linda, beginning to recover herself. "You know I can scarcely believe I'm not dreaming. What is the meaning of it? Why have you come? Has—has anything happened?"

"Yes," said Larry, rather gravely. "Something has happened."

At this point, Spon, who had not let go the hand Linda had given him, much to the amusement of the passers-by, led her to a confectioner's, and there he took up the tale.

"Something's happened," said Larry, said, Miss Linda. The mine's fallen in." Linda uttered a cry. "Don't be alarmed; we are all safe, as you see—three cups of tea, if you please, miss—it happened two days after you left, and I was down below, and, fortunately for me—he glanced gratefully and affectionately at Larry—"Larry was not far off. That blessed mine would have been my tomb but for him. He risked his life getting me out—"

"Where is your father? Where are you staying?" asked Larry, who was one of those rare individuals who do not like to hear themselves praised.

"Here, in the city; he is forming the company—but he must tell you all that. You must come to the hotel at once! Oh, to think of your being here; and I wanted you so badly, was dying with anxiety to tell you—I mean—oh, let us go!"

They reached the hotel, and found Hepburn already there. In a few words he was informed of the position of their affairs. The mine had collapsed; and it would have been of no use for Larry and Spon to remain there; but the company would have no difficulty in sinking a fresh shaft. Presently Spon, with something like a wink, which was quite lost on Hepburn, took him off to the smoking-room to discuss the details; and Larry and Linda were left alone. There was an awkward silence for a moment; then he said:

"Have you got your answer ready for me, Linda?"

She flushed, but regarded him steadily.

"Not yet—it depends upon a third person."

"A third person?" echoed Larry, staring at her. "How can that be? Who is it?"

"Larry started."

"Lady Marie! You know—you have seen her?"

"Yes," said Linda bravely. "And she wants to see you."

Larry rose; then, as if ashamed of his eagerness, sat down again.

"Yes; go at once," said Linda earnestly. "I will not say another word; no, not another word"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.
NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap, and snuggle down close to the heart that loves you, and I'll explode a few verbal firecrackers in honor of the Fourth of July. According to President Wilson we are to have no panics in the next four years. The gentleman who now occupies the White House has said that he will see that the individual who starts one is hanged on a gallows as high as the one prepared for Haman and if you will refer to the book of Esther in the Bible, you'll find Haman's gallows was fifty cubits high—and that was seventy-five feet by the way. Wall Street ought to have had cold chills when it heard this but gentlemen of high finance, only winked the other eye and went on increasing their bank accounts. John D's Standard Oil Co., by the way, has just declared a special dividend of forty per cent.; that mind you is in addition to the usual dividend. This is what they call cutting a melon. John D's share of the cutting, it is estimated will amount to some ten million dollars, and this is the company by the way that was so badly dissolved, disintegrated and dismembered some while ago by our distinguished Supreme Court. Meanwhile the price of oil is constantly being boosted and gasoline is of inferior quality and its price is almost prohibitive. One would think that with those enormous profits and tremendous dividends, that the voracious "Standard" could make oil cheaper instead of dearer. You, who light your little oil lamp at night or use a gasoline engine are the ones who contributed to that terrific forty per cent. dividend, and the ten million dollars that went into John D's pockets came out of your jeans.

Why in pity's name did Uncle Sam allow any man or any group of men to obtain complete control of one of the great natural resources of our country? Why didn't Uncle Sam brush these individuals aside and say: "Gentlemen, oil is as necessary to the people of the United States as is bread. God Almighty didn't intend that this indispensable product should be monopolized by a few individuals, and be doled out to the people at exorbitant rates, enriching you the while beyond the dreams of avarice. Now I'm going to take over the oil industry, and I'm going to sell the oil at cost, for as it is the property of all the people, I have no right to sell it at a profit, any more than I would have a right to bottle up the air, and charge people for using that. I'm going to pay first-class wages instead of the lowest possible wages as you do, and I'm going to conduct my business, the people's business, in a clean cut, honest, honorable, and above-board manner, and I'm not going to violate the laws, nor engage in such dirty work as you have done."

Now Uncle Sam could have done all that and he could have taken over the oil industry paying a reasonable price for it and he could have sold oil to you at a much lower price than you are paying for it now. If Uncle Charlie had been Uncle Sam that's exactly what he would have done, and what any sane and reasonable government would have done, don't you think?

While the Standard Oil is declaring an extra dividend of forty per cent. the savings banks, where the poor deposit their pennies, are cutting their interest rates from four to three and a half per cent. The Bible hit it on the nail pretty well when it said: "Unto him that hath shall be given, and from him who hath not shall be taken even that which he hath!" You see the Bible knew that men for many centuries—that is until they had sense enough to know better—would stand by like a lot of brainless sheep, and let a crafty, unscrupulous few, despoil them, not only of what they had, but of what they didn't have as well, and that's going some. John D. Junior, a very estimable young man, is publicly pleading for honest business methods, and in visions, we can see John D. Senior, patting his noble, altruistic, idealistic offspring on the head, and with a sanctified smile chortling piously: "Good boy, John, a little more business honesty is what we need, my dear son, but if anyone asks you how your papa got his, just invite him to sing a Gospel hymn, and while he is in the middle of the hymn and inspired with religious fervor, you beat it, hike, fade, hot foot it for home, be on your way, let not the Alfaifa grow beneath thy feet, for it might be inconvenient and decidedly embarrassing to answer." I have been delighted to see that one or two gentlemen in prominent newspapers and magazines, have been kicking about the robber coal trust, which charges exorbitant prices for another of our natural products. Several, who have written to the public prints have suggested that the government bring its own coal in its own ships, from Alaska, where it has an abundant supply, and land it at our Pacific coast cities, and as soon as the Panama Canal is finished, this coal could also be brought to the Atlantic coast and sold at cost. This would make the coal robbers turn blue about the gills, and instead of coal being seven dollars and twenty-five cents a ton in New York, we could get it delivered to our homes for three or four dollars or less. There is a way to bring down high prices and make the trust barons tremble, and stop the fleecing of the public, and it is not necessary to buy them out to do the job. If the gov-

ernment can sell stamps, it can if forced by voracious industrial sharks sell coal and oil, just as the government in France sells matches, the government in Germany railroad tickets, and the government in England telegraph and cable messages, telephone calls and other things. You will say this is encroaching on private industries and stopping private enterprise. My dear friends, when private enterprise and private industries grab the people by the throat, go through their pockets and become arrogant, rapacious, lawless, oppressive and criminal, and when private enterprise even dares to start panics to add to its plunder, then public enterprise must step in and stop private piracy, and it may even be necessary at a pinch to remind President Wilson that it would be a mighty good thing if he would repeat to certain of our industrial pirates the remarks he made about the gentleman who figures prominently in the book of Esther, which as I mentioned before is a part of Holy Scripture.

Do you know what the gentlemen who misrepresent you down at Washington did during the Taft regime? Well, some of these worthy picked pork politicians (gentlemen who maintain their popularity at home and their seats in Congress by raiding Uncle Sam's pork barrel, which is the national pocketbook) got no less than \$3,000,000 for the improvement of a certain river in Louisiana. I don't think. About the only traffic that ever passes up and down on its breast is a half submerged grasshopper. In one year only sixty-two tons of freight were hauled on this stream, and one lone passenger! Uncle Sam's pocketbook, was raided to the extent of \$3,000,000 for the improvement of this profitless ditch. That's the way your money goes, and the individuals who did the raiding were put into office by so-called American citizens, and they will be returned to office by these same so-called American citizens, not because of their patriotism and ability as statesmen, but for their proficiency in burglarizing the national pocketbook. Senator Burton of Ohio said that this was the most extravagant river and harbor bill ever presented to the Senate. He also said that the bill was full of items intended to appease the men whose votes were sought to put it through. There you have a beautiful specimen of corrupt politicians and corrupt and despicable voters banding together, just as the river pirates of China band together, for the one and only purpose of robbing the national treasury, and shaking down the pockets of other American citizens. Surely a brazen and indecent incident of this kind is enough to make high heaven weep, and it ought to make every man who has any pride of country, pride of race, or any sense of honor or decency, hang his head in shame. These are the men who would sell our navy to the junk man for scrap iron, for a five spot, and would dispose of the whole of the United States, including Washington's grave to Japan for a ten dollar bill. It is these pork barrel politicians who have crippled our navy, and left us naked to our enemies, a big fat goose to be plucked to the last feather, by the piratical yellow hordes of insolent Japan. What are the good of palatial post-offices in prairie dog towns and cross roads and villages, if the flag of Japan is to wave on the top of these edifices, and a greasy son of Nippon is to leer at you through the stamp window. Every nation that has revelled in graft and public plunder, and neglected its defences, has gone down to ruin. Is the pork barrel politician determined to send this country to ruin, too?

In Japan's arrogant attitude to Uncle Sam you get the answer. The over-gorged rich of Chicago give an annual so-called charity ball, you will say that is very kind and considerate of them, but wait a little and you'll change your mind after you hear the story. On this occasion the "Sassiety" swells of "Hogopolis" or "Porkville by the Lake" have a royal and riotous time as you may gather from the following facts. The figures I give are taken from the daily papers:

Wealth of families represented,	\$500,000,000
Cost of jewelry worn,	10,000,000
Cost of clothing worn,	1,000,000
Cost of fancy costumes, unsalable after the ball,	100,000
Most costly jewelry worn (chain),	250,000
Received for drinks,	10,000
Total receipts,	43,000
Expenses of the ball,	29,000
Left for charity,	14,000

In this guzzling debauch, where half naked women turkey trotted with booze-soused men, it will be noticed that \$10,000 was spent for liquor, and various brands of alcoholic poison. Girls in sweet shops had to toil overtime at the usual starvation rate of a dollar a day to make the hundred thousand dollars' worth of fancy costumes, which are thrown aside as useless after being worn once. Think of that wanton waste of material, time and money! \$10,000 worth of booze and only \$14,000 for charity. I don't know how this money was distributed, but if it is handled in the usual scientific manner peculiar to up-to-date charitable organizations, ninety cents will go for expenses for every ten cents that is given away. Think of it, "Sassiety" has to indulge in an alcoholic debauch, so that a few dollars can reach the suffering and the poverty stricken. As a matter of fact at these charity balls not a single thought is ever given to charity. There is not one worthy or uplifting impulse at the back of these degenerate revels and booze saturated jamborees. I hope the poor of Chicago, if any of this money is ever given to them—and mighty little of it they are ever likely to get—will spurn the dole and hurl it with contempt in the faces of those who proffer it them. Better the poor should die in their hovels forgotten, than profit by this insolent and degrading form of charity. The conscience of Chicago's princely aristocracy is now relieved—it has helped the poor. Well, if that's what they call helping the needy, may God touch the hearts of degenerate society, and may God have double pity on the poor, for they need pity.

Just a brief reminder that Uncle Charlie's two wonderful books, one of poems and the other of songs, a source of endless joy and merriment which should be in every home, can still be had free; the poems for a club of four, the songs for only two subscriptions. See full description at the end of this department. Don't miss it.

Now for the letters:

BROWNSTOWN, R. I., JULY 1.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have been reading some of the cousins' letters and have decided to scribble a little myself. I am

a little girl four feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds, have brown hair and gray eyes. I keep house for my papa. I have two sisters and two brothers living. My mamma has been dead almost four years. Be good to mother, you don't know how you'll miss her when she's gone. Treasure her while you have her, for you won't have her always. I can bake bread, cook, wash and do most anything else like to ride horseback and help milk. I will soon be sixteen years old. We live on a farm of one hundred acres. I go to Oak Grove school. Well I guess I had better quit for this time. Would be glad to hear from any of the cousins, will answer any cards or letters which I receive.
Your loving niece, MAYME SIDLWELL.

Mayme, dear I am grieved to know that you have lost your dear mother. How terribly you must miss her. It is not until mother has gone forever, that boys and girls begin to realize all that mother has been to them. Youth is thoughtless, impatient, forgetful, headstrong, selfish and unappreciative as a rule. This is especially so as far as boys are concerned. When mother is gone then even the best of us spend the balance of our lives regretting we did not do more for her. On us she lavished the boundless affection of her tender, loving heart. No ache or pain was ours that she did not feel. When we suffered she suffered with us, when we went off on a good time we forgot all about mother, but mother never for an instant forgot about us, and she worried and fretted until we returned safely, and sleep never touched her weary eyes until we were safe in our beds. When we were sick, no matter if the disease was a menace to her life, she nursed us night and day, and though she never seemed to be absent from our bedside the house was as clean as usual and no one went short of a meal. Though every bone in her body ached from excessive toil, and the daggging heart could scarce pump the blood through her exhausted body, she never murmured or complained, but kept her ceaseless vigil until health returned. Never a thought of self was hers, but always of others—of us. When she prayed she knelt before heaven and asked for what? Blessings for the idols of her heart, her children. For herself she asked only strength for her daily needs, strength to toil in the home and out for her loved ones; begging for that grace and light and wisdom which would enable her the better to guide the footsteps of her beloved brood through the perilous pathways of this transitory life. What did we do for mother? Nothing. We drew on the boundless store of her love, but regarded with impatience the kisses she rained upon our cheeks, the caressing hands that soothed our brows. When we could have lightened her labor we only added to it. When she yearned for a caress we turned our heads away and thought her foolish. When our acts were rash and she cautioned and pleaded, we thought her old-fashioned and heeded not her counsel. We saw the lines of care grow deeper on her face, the elasticity depart from her footsteps, the frail form grow daily more frail. At times we saw her face distorted with agony, as pitiless shafts of pain tore through a rapidly weakening body. We saw the old light fade from her eyes, the tears which she could not suppress course down her care-worn cheeks. We saw these things, but to us they meant nothing. Mother was a piece of machinery that could not wear out, she always had been, always would be. Mother would always be in her wonted place, to patch, mend, scrub, dust, clean, plan, provide, fondle, caress and be a slave to us all. Yes, that's what mothers were made for, all they were made for, and so we laughed and sang, acted rashly, adding to mother's cares, giving mother more work and more worry, heedless, thoughtless, selfish, caring nought about anything but self, fun and pleasure. Then came a day. Ah! the memory of that dreadful day. Mother was no more in her accustomed place. There was just time to gather around her bedside and hear her whispered blessing, and then mother was gone—gone where thoughtless, selfish sons and daughters could not worry, and weary mothers are at rest. Gone where our cries of anguish and moaning can never reach. In that moment of agonizing grief, which comes to us all, we realize what mother has been to us, and what we might have been and were not, to her. It is then that we stretch out our hands to heaven and cry from the depths of our seared and sorrowing hearts: "Oh, God, give mother back to us, so that we can make amends for past neglect. Give her back to us so that we may toil for her, and lavish our love upon her, and give her the kisses she hungered for and never received. We did not know that she was sick and suffering. She suffered in silence and told us not. Oh, God, give her back to us for a month, a week, a day, an hour, a minute, so that we can beg forgiveness, and fold her to our hearts just once, as we would have done, if we had only known." But too late, too late. If we had only known! Ah, thousands in this and other lands are standing by mother's side, or by the casket in which with folded hands, she lies peacefully asleep, and are moaning with anguish: "Ah, if I had only known!" Now boys and girls, you who have mother still with you, be good to her, love her, treasure her. You know what mother is, for I have told you. Heed my words, or you too may spend the balance of your life, grief racked and conscience stricken, pitifully and vainly moaning: "Ah, if I had only known!"

FORT TERRY, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: This is the third time I have written and hope you have not gotten tired of me. I won't get this letter. I am in the United States Navy and like it very much. I read "A Day with Uncle Charlie," and thought that it was fine, and also think COMFORT is the best paper in the world. I will now tell you something about army life. Well our work is in the branch of the Coast Artillery Corps, or C. A. C. as it is called. I get up at six o'clock and go to bed at nine o'clock p. m. I will close now hoping to see this letter in print. With love to all, I am your nephew and cousin,
JOHN H. FULTON.

The third time is evidently the charm in your case, John. I am pleased with your photograph. What tickled me the most, however, in your letter, is the intensely interesting and unparalleled description you give of life in the United States Coast Artillery. I have often wondered what a soldier's life was like, what his duties consisted of, how many hours he drilled, what he had to eat and drink, how he amused himself what kind of fellows his comrades were, how he handled his weapons of offence and defence, what wages he got, how many times he went to church on Sunday, and a thousand and one other things connected with army life. But I never knew and never could find out a single thing until our military brother John Fulton, came to my relief and after weary years of anxious speculation, lifted the mysterious veil that hides the defenders

of our country from the inquisitive eyes of the world, revealing to us the two great and startling incidents in a soldier's life, namely: that he gets up at six o'clock in the morning, and goes to bed at nine o'clock at night. Nothing interesting you see in a soldier's life, nothing worth recording except that he gets out of bed at one hour and gets into it at another. Instead of reaping glory on

the battlefield the Coast Artillery of the U. S. A. apparently wins its victories between the blankets in the mystic realms of slumberland. Now if we had a war with Japan, I can imagine if the Japanese fleet appeared off any port where our heroic friend, John Fulton, was doing duty, and commenced firing say at half past eight in the evening, that by the time nine o'clock struck, John's commander would send word to the Japs, couched in some such language as this: "Honored Sir, Will you kindly stop firing, as it is nine o'clock, and we've all got to go to bed." I can imagine too, if the Japs came back and began shooting at five o'clock in the morning, the gentleman in charge of John's battery would put his head out of the window, and waving his nightcap at the Japs, would scream, "Gentlemen, please stop that cannonading. You are disturbing our slumbers. The Coast Artillery does not get up until six o'clock in the morning." After all I think the C. T. C. is showing mighty good sense by getting up early and retiring early, and I hope no enemy will be rude enough to disturb its hours of slumber. I suppose the fact is that John and his comrades are such efficient soldiers and such dead shots that they can win all the battles they want and still observe regular hours for sleep and rest. John, you'll note is "hopping" to see his letter in print. Personally John, I think it is rather undignified for a bronzed, stalwart, heroic soldier, such as you are, to be hopping around on one leg, like a cat on hot bricks, waiting until your letter is published. We won't ask you to do any hopping, you shall have the pleasure of seeing your letter in print without dancing around on one leg.

MARAMEC, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I am not much of a writer. I have had no chance to go to school for the last six years. We live on a farm and had three miles to go to school. But I stayed at home to pick cotton. I am not much of a cotton picker, about two hundred pounds a day is my average. It is hard work and more so I think for girls dragging such heavy loads as some have to do. We live in a rough country, lots of hills, rocks and plenty of timber. There are lots of Indians living in and around here, but all are civilized. All have nice farms. Say Uncle, did you ever see them dance? You ought to come and see them. It is sure a funny sight.

This is generally a warm country, but this winter we have had a few light snows and some cold weather. But oh, in the summer believe me, it is hot enough to roast one. It has sure been tough on the farmer the last three years. We don't raise much, and then get little for what we do raise.

Uncle, I often wonder how you can see life as you do and in no better health than you are; unable to see anything of the world. But I expect you see enough of its misery and wretchedness. It sure ought to be a lesson to the rest of us who are clangers and able bodied. The work that you and our editor

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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FATHEFUL SHIRLEY

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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hear from you?"

"Well, I cannot tell exactly—just as soon as we can get ready for you I will drop you a line. Come, William."

And with frigid and hurried adieus, the husband and wife took their departure leaving Madame Marton to chew her cud of human ingratitude alone.

"I imagine that Blanche's letter to that Lovelace girl was a rather truthful indication of the pulse of the whole family. However, I will not be in too much of a hurry to judge them. I will wait a little, though I am reasonably sure that I shall be a 'queerer bird' than ever, now that I am shorn of my golden plumage."

CHAPTER XXXI.

MADAME FINDS HERSELF CAST OFF BY THE NORWOODS.

Upon her return to the hotel, Shirley was sure that the visit from Madame's friends could not have been a very pleasant one for she found her almost as curt, gloomy, and taciturn as she had been during the last of their stay at St. Sauveur.

She tried to make up for any unpleasantness that might have occurred by being doubly attentive to her, and finally won her consent to listen to a new book which she had purchased while she was out.

Monday came, and with it the commencement of Shirley's duties in school. It was not a difficult grade to teach, and though she would have preferred to be engaged in more advanced work, she was fond of children, and believed that she would enjoy the position.

More than a week passed, and Madame had heard nothing from the Norwoods. She then wrote a note to Mr. Norwood, telling him that she did not feel like incurring the expense of remaining longer in a hotel, and if they were not ready for her to come to them, she must go into lodging in some quiet part of the city.

A day or two later there came a few brief lines in reply, apologizing in an indifferent way, for a further delay, but stating that they had a household of company and it would not be convenient for them to have her at present. They would let her know later, etc.

Madame read this, to her, significant epistle through twice; then, with a flushed and angry face she tore it into atoms, threw the pieces upon the floor and stamped upon them.

"Dear Madame Marton, who has been unkind to you?" Shirley inquired in surprise at her act.

Madame smiled derisively as she met her look.

She observed, irritably: "My dear nephew and his charming wife refuse in a polite and indirect way to open their home to a homeless old beggar, for whom, until now, they have always professed the greatest affection."

"What do you mean, Madame Marton?" Shirley exclaimed, as she regarded her companion anxiously, while she began to fear that she was losing her mind.

Madame thought a moment before replying, then she gravely said:

"I will tell you, child, and here it is in a nutshell: I have been stripped of my entire fortune."

"Lost your whole fortune?" cried Shirley, amazed. "Oh! how did it happen?"

"Well, it is too long a story to tell you now," said Madame, with a shrug of her shoulders; "some time, perhaps, I may explain it more fully to you; suffice it to say, however, I am here in New York today with only about five hundred dollars in my purse."

"I am very, very sorry," said Shirley, simply, but with genuine feeling.

"Now I know what has made you so unhappy of late; it was shameful!" she said, lifting a pill-box to her face.

"You mean that you now understand what made me so cross and disagreeable to you," returned Madame, putting it more pitifully.

"Oh, but you were ill with that dreadful cold," replied Shirley, with kindly consideration.

"Humph! you needn't try to smooth it over, for I am not above calling things by their right names, even when they reflect upon myself," said Madame, with commendable frankness.

She resumed thoughtfully, "It is very evident that I am not to be taken into the heart and home of my devoted nephew, and since I am not going to fritter my money away in hotel bills, it behooves me to bestir myself and hunt up some other place to live in."

Shirley looked up, eagerly at this.

"I know the place," she said brightly.

"Where is it?" demanded Madame.

"It is an apartment house on Ninth street. A lady has taken two suites there and lets rooms for a reasonable amount per week; we can hire them, either furnished or unfurnished, and she also serves meals, if anyone desires. One of the teachers was telling me about the place yesterday, and I thought I should go there to live when you were ready to go to Mr. Norwood's."

"Suppose I run over there this afternoon and see if I can engage a couple of rooms; and then, dear Madame Marton, we need not be separated at all," Shirley concluded, with a bright smile that was like balm to Madame's wounded spirit.

"Why should you care whether we are separated or not?" she curtly asked.

"How can I help caring, when I have been with you so long?" said Shirley, a thrill of pain in her tones because of the implied doubt of her sincerity. "You know that I have no other friends, and somehow, I have been growing to feel as if I almost belong to you; and it seems a little hard to lose you and myself in this great, busy city."

Shirley tried to speak lightly, and completed her sentence with a little laugh; but it only half-concealed the sob that arose to her lips, and fell reproachfully upon Madame's ears.

"Well, I wouldn't have thought it," she said, in a softer tone than she had used for many days, "for I know that you have been a kind of human porcupine, shooting out sharp quills at me ever since you came to me, and I only wonder that you did not fly from me in disgust long ago."

Shirley laughed out musically at this original simile.

"But, you see," she playfully returned, "I am beginning to learn how to receive the quills, so I do not mind them as I did at first."

"Oh, then you did mind them at first," said Madame, with an amused twinkle in her eyes.

"Why, yes; I couldn't help it, you know," Shirley frankly replied. "When you spoke sharply to me, it made me fear that I had done something to displease you, although I tried to be faithful. But," she added, wishing to change the subject, "how does my plan suit you? If I can arrange everything comfortably, will you come with me? There is an elevator in the house, so there will be no stairs to climb; then I can wait upon you mornings before I go to school, the same as we can have really cozy times reading the papers or some interesting books."

"You have a very good head for planning, child, and you have a wonderfully alluring way of tempting people to do as you want them to," said Madame, while her glance lingered wistfully on the fair young face before her. "You may go and see what you can get the rooms for, and find out the price of board," she added thoughtfully; "I must count the cost, you know, or my five hundred dollars will be giving out before I am aware of it."

"Very well," said Shirley, folding up her work; "I believe that I will go at once, and perhaps we can arrange to leave here by the time our week is out."

Madame tacitly assented to this, but as soon as Shirley was gone she dressed herself for the street and went out also.

When she returned her face was pale and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Hamilton Vinling, a wealthy New Yorker, threatened to stop his son's trifling allowance unless he quits the acquaintance of a fast set and gives up his club. Angry words follow and Clifton leaves home with ten dollars—a loan from his sister Annie. Walking aimlessly near the East river, he rescues Shirley Livingstone, a refined, educated young girl from drowning and takes her to her home on St. Sauveur, his childhood nurse, to whom Shirley confides the story of her life. Left an orphan, John Hubbard, a cousin by adoption, assumes control of her money, and promises to befriend her. He loses her money and his family make her life unbearable. Clifton goes to Mr. Norwood, an old friend of his father, tells his troubles and asks for work. Desiring to marry his daughter to Clifton Vinling, Mr. Norwood takes him into his office where he does good work. Clifton visits his old nurse and the more he sees Shirley the less satisfied is he with his life. Through his influence Shirley recovers her clothing and five hundred dollars from John Hubbard. Clifton invites his old nurse and Shirley for a sail. Returning home the steamer takes fire. Shirley displays heroism in saving Abbie Knapp and six children from drowning. Clifton declares his love to Shirley, who admits her love for him. Shirley, taking work home she has done for Mrs. Norwood, renders Hamilton Vinling a favor, by removing a splinter from his eye, for which he begs her to command him if he can ever be of any service to her. Reaching Mrs. Norwood's home she is met by Blanche Norwood, who is overbearing and fault-finding. Clifton calls upon his father and admits his love for and determination to marry Shirley Livingstone. Mr. Vinling objects and swears his son shall never marry her. Clifton secures a position for Shirley through Mr. Norwood, whose aunt, Madame Marton, a most eccentric woman, desires a companion. Mr. Norwood schemes with Mr. Vinling and induces Clifton to consent to go abroad on a business trip with him, and later admits his wife and Blanche will be in the party. Clifton expresses surprise and annoyance. Mr. Vinling prevents Clifton receiving letters from Shirley. Blanche admits to her father of a conspiracy with Lurline Lovering, who is the guest of Lord Wallace. Madame Marton takes Shirley to her home on St. Sauveur, which is cold and cheerless. Shirley wins Madame Marton's heart and she allows Shirley to brighten the home with flowers and rare bric-a-brac. Going for a walk Shirley is confronted by a huge black-and-white mastiff. It belongs to Neil Wallace who is near and he assures her the dog is harmless. She assures him of her respect and he requests the pleasure of showing her Ivyhurst, then he accompanies her home. Madame Marton relates the story of Neil Wallace's life. A graduate physician with wealth at his command he gives his time to the slum of the town. Married to a handsome but unprincipled woman, she becomes the mother of a beautiful boy, who through her neglect is hopelessly crippled and unable to walk. Later she elopes and dies soon after. Lord Wallace and his mother, Lady Wallace, call upon Madame Marton and Shirley. Receiving them with coldness, Lady Wallace takes Shirley to the conservatory and to his child who is in a carriage attended by a nurse. Shirley wins the boy's heart, and he hopes she will come again. Lady Wallace extends an invitation to Madame Marton and Shirley to spend a week at Ivyhurst where she entertains a large party. Shirley has misgivings as to the reception she will receive. Madame Marton shows the way clear and asks to see her wardrobe. Shirley is cordially received by Lady Wallace's guests. Three days later Lurline Lovering and her mother arrive, and when presented to Shirley she ignores Shirley's pleasant greeting and turning to Alice Montclair remarks she is the companion of Madame Marton. Shirley instantly admits her position and Madame Marton's kindness in allowing her to enjoy Lady Wallace's hospitality. Lord Wallace comes to the rescue and relieves Shirley's situation. Lurline incurs Madame Marton's displeasure. Arranging a trip down the river Lord Wallace, unexpectedly meets his uncle's friend, Mr. Alexander Hartman, who recognizes Shirley as the heroine on the burning steamer and learning her father's and mother's name starts so much feeling that suspicion is aroused in Lurline Lovering's mind as to the mystery, believing she may use it to injure Shirley. Returning from the sail, the evening mail is distributed. Lurline Lovering receives a letter from Blanche Norwood, her engagement to Clifton Vinling is soon to be announced. A letter from Mrs. Norwood to Madame Marton and she hopes to have something pleasant to write of Blanche—Clifton Vinling is very attentive to Shirley's faints and with returning consciousness Madame Marton hears the whispered "Oh, Cliff," and with Shirley's recovery she desires to know what Clifton Vinling has to do with her fainting and Shirley unburies her heart to Madame Marton who believes Clifton is all right. Going back to the guests, Madame Marton overhears Lurline Lovering reading a letter written by Blanche Norwood, in which she places Shirley Livingstone in a false light and writes of Madame Marton as a "queer old bird" with lots of money and tolerated for her wealth. Consciousness of the Norwood's position and realizing their apparent friendliness a sham she cannot sleep, and Shirley the next morning, finds Madame so ill she insists that a doctor be called. Refusing Shirley applies such treatment as taught by her mother. Her attitude toward Shirley is so strange that she questions Madame who would like to prove Shirley's genuineness, and she is a trifle less surly, yet trying Shirley by her sharp and malicious remarks. Shirley goes for a walk, resting near the river bank, where Neil Wallace invites her for a row. Admitting to him that she considers Ivyhurst the loveliest place she ever saw he asks her to become his wife. Shirley, realizing the pain she must cause, turns her ring and Neil understands why the refusal must come. Madame Marton and Shirley go home that night. Deciding to return to New York Shirley fears she does not give satisfaction. Madame assures her she suits her better than anyone she has ever had and Shirley thinks she may hear of Clifton from Abbie Knapp. Madame admits the Norwoods are coming home and that Blanche has married her father's secretary. Madame sympathizes with Shirley, and declaring that all men are false tells the story of her early life, her engagement, the wedding day set, her tresson nearly completed, the wedding guests invited, and three days before the long-looked for morning word comes that her lover is false, and this destroys Felice Marton's faith and changes her to a crabbed old woman. Shirley determines she will conquer her weakness.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE "QUEER BIRD" IS SHORN OF HER GOLDEN PLUMAGE.

HAVING partially regained composure, with this determination, Shirley lifted her head with an air of haughtiness that Madame had never seen her exhibit before, and remarked bitterly, although her tone was strained and unnatural:

"Yes, I believe that what you say is true—men are false and selfish! But we will not talk of this any more now, if you please. You say that you are going back to New York, and I would like to know something of your plans, so that I may arrange my own. Shall you return to Mr. Norwood's?"

"Humph! well, I may, after a time—when they are settled, perhaps," Madame thoughtfully returned. "That is," she added with a peculiar smile and a strange gleam in her eyes, "if they will have me. I shall take lodgings in the city for a while, however, and would like to have you remain with me for the present, and she glanced keenly at Shirley as she concluded.

"Certainly, Madame Marton, I will stay with you as long as you desire to keep me," she cheerfully replied; "but perhaps you will not mind if I look for another position meanwhile, so that I may not be without employment when you no longer need me," and the grieving quiver of the sweet lips that accompanied this reference to an approaching separation did not escape Madame's observing eyes.

"Of course you may look about as much as you like; that would be only right," she returned. "I imagine, too, that you'll be glad enough of a change—that you will not fret a great deal over leaving a cross-grained creature like me," and her sharp glance searched the girl's face with more eagerness than she was in the habit of betraying.

"Why will you say such hard things, dear Madame Marton?" Shirley questioned sadly as she lifted her tear-laden eyes to her. "I have been very happy most of the time, since coming to St. Sauveur, for you have been good to me;

but I should have been far happier if—"

"If what?" Madame snapped as she faltered and hesitated. "Out with it! you needn't mind my feelings—my shell is tough, and I can stand most anything."

"Yes, that is just it," Shirley said, with a slight smile. "You do literally shut yourself up in a shell—you are so incased with an assumed hardness that no one can get at your true self to love you, no matter how much one may desire to do so."

"Love!" repeated Madame, with a bitter laugh. "I was never made for any emotion so tender. But why do you use the expression, 'assumed hardness'?" and her small black eyes seemed to bore straight down to the depths of the young girl's heart.

"Because I believe that it is assumed," boldly answered Shirley, determined if possible to probe the woman's nature for once. "I am sure that you have a much kinder heart than you are willing that people should give you credit for; your goodness to me has proved that, and I wish you would open it just a little to me, dear Madame Marton, for oh! I am so alone in the world and just now I feel very forlorn and friendless."

She arose as she spoke, took a step forward and threw out her hands toward the woman with impulsive appeal, while her lips trembled painfully from the intense longing for sympathy which she experienced in this dark hour of her extremity.

Madame was not quite case-hardened, and the yearning words touched her.

Her face softened.

"Child, child," she said, in an uncertain tone, "I don't quite know what to make of you; sometimes I think you are pure gold, then again I am inclined to suspect you, as I do everyone else, so many have proved false—so many have pretended to be fond of me just to gain their own selfish ends, that I have no faith in anybody. But," she added, reflectively, "you and I will not part company yet a while; I'd like to know you a little better and—and you may try to—to love me a little, if you will."

This concession, if such it could be called, was so much more than Shirley had dared to hope for that she was overcome, and, dropping upon the floor at the woman's side, she buried her face in her lap and burst into passionate weeping, her desolate, wounded heart unable to longer contain its grief.

Madame allowed her to weep unrestrained, but sat looking down upon the bright bowed head and flushed face with a peculiar expression in her eyes. It was grave and thoughtful, yet there was a tender tenderness in it which betrayed that she was not so skeptical of Shirley's sincerity as she had appeared to be.

Finally she lifted one hand and laid it on the golden head, and its tremulous touch did more to convince the girl that she was not as hard as she seemed than any verbal expression could have done.

"There, child, dry your tears," she said authoritatively, after a moment, "and I'll try to take you for what you seem, until you show that you are tired of and disgusted with me. Now," she added in a more matter-of-fact tone, "we'll just attend to the business before us and get ourselves ready to go to New York as soon as possible. I have some matters on hand that are troubling me, and I feel anxious to get them settled and off my mind without further delay."

Shirley obediently wiped her tears and arose from her humble position, feeling something of what Madame had suffered, and, owing to her peculiar temperament, the influence it had produced upon her, drying up the springs of affection and steeling her heart against every human being.

She felt that, under the circumstances, she had conceded a great deal in telling her the story of her life, and she began to hope that underneath her sharp and crusty manner there was a feeling of friendliness, if not of fondness, for her.

She begged to be allowed to assist her in the necessary preparations for her departure, and Madame, consenting to this, kept her busy throughout the remainder of the evening.

The next morning, at an early hour, three gentlemen waited upon Madame Marton, and she was closeted with them for several hours.

When they finally took their departure, she went directly up-stairs, where she shut herself into her room and did not reappear until supper time, when, as Shirley looked into her face, she was startled to see it seemed strangely pale, and older by ten years than it had appeared in the morning. She was unusually preoccupied and reticent also; in fact, appeared like one moving in a dream.

Shirley wondered what it could mean; but of course she did not presume to question her, and so the matter remained a mystery to her until after they had been in New York for some days.

Three days later the servants were dismissed, the house closed, and the Madame and her young companion were on their way toward the great metropolis, which was to be their home for the winter at least.

Upon their arrival in the city they were driven to a quiet and unpretentious hotel, somewhat to Shirley's surprise, for, as a general thing, Madame insisted upon having the best accommodations wherever she went.

The next morning she spent three hours in writing a letter, which when completed, she gave to Shirley to post, and the young girl saw that it was addressed to Mr. William Norwood.

That afternoon Shirley had another conversation with the Madame relative to securing some other position for herself.

"If you intend to make your home with Mr. Norwood, as you intimated to me before we left St. Sauveur," she remarked, "that will leave me without employment. I would prefer a situation at a teacher, anything else, and unless I advertise immediately I shall not be able to secure a position this fall. I will not leave you, though, Madame Marton," she added considerably.

"I will stay with you here and do what I can for you, out of school hours, as long as you need me."

Madame did not reply to these suggestions at once. She appeared to be considering the matter with more than her usual thoughtfulness. Neither was she offended, as Shirley half-fared she might be, because of her anxiety to provide for her own necessities.

At last she briefly remarked:

"I reckon you had better put an advertisement in one of the papers right away—this very evening."

That was all there was said about the matter, and, acting upon her advice, Shirley wrote the advertisement and sent it to the paper to be inserted in the next morning's edition.

Shirley received two answers on the following afternoon, much to her surprise and gratification. One was from the principal of a young ladies' private school, where she would be required to teach some English branches, together with French and German, at a very moderate salary. The other informed her that a teacher in one of the public schools was ill and a substitute was desired to fill her place at once.

After consulting with the Madame regarding the matter, Shirley decided to take the place as a substitute, for she reasoned that if the regular teacher should not recover, or be obliged to resign from continued ill-health, she might be able to secure the position permanently.

The next morning she had an interview with the school committee, passed a most creditable examination after which she was engaged on the spot and notified that she would be expected to begin her duties on the following Monday.

This was on Thursday. Friday morning two cards were sent up to Madame Marton.

"William Norwood and his wife have come to call on me; I want to see them alone," she said to Shirley.

"Very well," Shirley cheerfully responded; "then, while they are here, I will run out and do a few errands, if you do not mind."

"Go and stay as long as you like," said Madame; and the girl disappeared into her own room, just as an opposite door opened to admit Mr. and Mrs. Norwood.

Both husband and wife greeted Madame with effusive cordiality, but, after chatting a few moments, Mr. Norwood remarked, as he glanced around the rather meagerly furnished apartment: "I was very much astonished, on receiving your letter, to find that you were stopping at this hotel. I thought the best was none too good for you. What does it mean?"

"It means," began Madame, with some nervousness, "that a complication of circumstances compelled me to come here instead of going to the Hoffman, as usual. You will doubtless be still more surprised, William Norwood, when I tell you that I am a poor woman—"

"A poor woman," repeated the man, aghast, and cutting her short, while his wife caught her breath sharply. "Nonsense, Aunt Felice! That cannot be possible."

"Well, but it is possible, and an absolute fact. I have only about five hundred dollars to my name," affirmed Madame, who had now regained her customary composure and was watching her visitors with the eye of a lynx.

"But your estate—those valuable business blocks in Montreal and Quebec! What has become of them?" gasped her nephew.

"Gone—all gone! Passed out of my hands forever," was the grim reply.

"But I cannot understand it!" repeated Mr. Norwood. "How on earth did it happen? Who is to blame?"

"My lawyer."

"What! Nettleton? You cannot mean it! Was he false to his trust? Why, you have always said that he was the very soul of honor."

"So I have always supposed," said Madame Marton, laconically. "But it is the rule rather than the exception for men to be false to their trust, as I proved years ago, and women are fools ever to put faith in them."

"But can't something be done—can't Nettleton be held responsible? Surely, there must be some way by which you can recover at least a portion of your property, or else make him suffer for his crime," said Mr. Norwood, who was greatly excited.

"Well, there isn't," Madame returned with some shyness. "I had no less than three lawyers out to see me one day last week, and went over the whole ground with them, and you know that I have a pretty good head for business myself; but they all told me that Nettleton had managed things so shrewdly that no one could lay a finger on him, and it would be utterly impossible to recover a pound of what he had made away with."

"I can't believe it—I won't believe it, Aunt Felice," Mr. Norwood angrily exclaimed, as he sprang to his feet and began to pace the floor with nervous, uneven strides. "You shall not be so foolishly robbed; I will myself go to St. Sauveur and look into the matter and see if something cannot be saved from the wreck."

"Thank you," dryly replied his aunt, "but I tell you that it will be only a wild-goose chase. You may rest assured that I left no stone unturned in the matter, for it is no easy thing to give up the home where one has lived all one's life and take up with a single room in a third-rate hotel."

"No, there's just nothing to be done about it but to grin and bear it, as you used to say when you were a boy; so I have come to New York to stay with you," Madame darted a quick, questioning glance into the faces of both her visitors as she said this. "You know you have always told me to come to you whenever I wanted to, and I should have a home with you; so now I am going to take you at your word."

"Ahem!—ah—yes—certainly, Aunt Felice," Mr. Norwood began, somewhat confusedly, while he glanced nervously at his wife, whose face, upon which a mingled anger and dismay were plainly written, was a study for an artist. "Of course you must come to us," he went on, "only the house is all upside down just now, as we have only recently returned, and you will be more comfortable here until we can get your room in order."

"How long will that take?" briefly inquired Madame, with a slight hardening of the lines about her mouth.

"Well, Helen, how long do you think?" the man asked, turning to Mrs. Norwood, for with that look on her face, he knew it would not be safe for him to set any time.

"I am sure I cannot tell," she coldly answered. "We are to have some painting and kalsomining done, and—and we'll have to let you know when we are ready for you," she concluded, turning to Madame.

"Well, let me come as soon as you can, for I am compelled to be saving of that five hundred dollars, you know."

"Yes, yes," Mr. Norwood assented, getting more and more nervous. Then, to cover his confusion, he blurted out angrily: "Blast that Nettleton! I believe I will go to Quebec and investigate this matter, and push him to the wall if he refuses to make some restitution."

"Well, you are welcome to investigate as much as you please, William," said Madame with ready compliance; "but of course you know that it costs money to go to law, and I don't feel like putting out what little I have in my possession on uncertainties. I have made up my mind that those three lawyers knew what they were talking about; so, as far as I am concerned, I reckon things will have to stand as they are."

"It is the most incomprehensible thing in the world," Mr. Norwood remarked, with a gloomy brow. "You have trusted too much to that Nettleton—you'd better have let me manage your affairs, as I wanted to a few years ago; you made a great mistake then, Aunt Felice, for once in your life," he concluded, sententiously.

"Perhaps," the woman grimly replied.

Mrs. Norwood flushed again at this speech and arose.

"Really, William, I think we must go," Mrs. Norwood said, folding her rich mantle about her ample form. "I promised Blanche that I would go out to do some shopping with her. By the way," she interposed, as the thought of her daughter had recalled something to her mind, "what has become of your companion?"

"She has gone out to do some errands," answered Madame, sweeping the woman's face with a searching glance.

"Of course you cannot keep her, now that you have lost your property," Mrs. Norwood observed.

"No; I shall not need her, if I am to come to you," was the matter-of-fact reply.

Her visitor winced; but she asked with evident curiosity:

"What will become of her?"

"She is going to teach," was the brief rejoinder. Then Madame turned inquisitor. "How is Blanche?" she asked. "Happy, I suppose, with that smart husband she has caught?"

"Oh, yes, of course," the mother answered, but she did not look comfortable over this reference to her daughter.

"Is she going to set up a house of her own?"

"Oh, no; we could not spare Blanche," Mrs. Norwood responded, rather hastily. "She and her husband will make their home with us—at least for the present. I am afraid it is going to crowd us a little," she interposed, with a reflective air, "for we have had to give up a couple of rooms to them; but we shall have to manage some way."

"Humph!" grunted Madame, with quick perception; then, sharply: "When may I expect to

Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"You have seen her." His color came and went, he drummed the table with his fingers. "Why have you seen her? What about? I—I have no right to go to her, to force myself on her."

"That may be," said Linda, "but you will go to her."

"She is in trouble?" asked Larry quickly. "Yes; she is in trouble," assented Linda.

Larry rose again, and again sat down; but Linda, after a long look at him, went out of the room. Larry sat there for quite a quarter of an hour staring before him; then, just as he was, in the rough suit in which he had made the journey, he left the hotel, and, calling a cab, was driven to Manchester Square. The footman said that Lady Marie was out, and Larry, with a combined sense of relief and disappointment, was turning away, when the man added: "I expect her ladyship every minute."

Larry was taken into the drawing-room; and he paced up and down, a prey to varied emotions, wherein suspense predominated. Presently he heard a step in the hall—he would have known it among a thousand—the drawing-room door opened, and Marie entered.

She had been for a long walk, and the exercise had brought a touch of color to her face; but the color fled as she saw the tall figure standing, waiting for her, and his name sprang from her lips in a tone of amazement—and was it also joy?

"Larry!"

"Yes, it is I, Lady Marie," he said, striving to conceal his agitation under a light, commonplace demeanor. "I'm back again, like the proverbial bad penny. Forgive me! I heard that you were—in trouble."

"Who told you?" she asked.

"A young lady; the young lady of whom I told you—Miss Hepburn."

"Ah!" she drew a long breath. "You have seen her—she has told you—"

"Nothing but that," said Larry.

His heart was beating fast; so quickly that he could scarcely speak distinctly. The sight of her, the fact that she was in the same room, within reach of him, overwhelmed him.

She was silent a moment, her eyes downcast, her face very pale; then she said, for she knew that it was she who would have to speak:

"She has not told you? I am sorry, for I—I shall have to tell you. But wait! Why have you come back?" she added, with sudden eagerness, with sudden hope shining in her beautiful eyes.

"Through an accident," replied Larry. "A business accident."

Her face fell.

"Do you mean that you have had a loss?"

Larry shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes; I hope I am not ruined, that it will come right; my partners think so; but—I'm not a lucky man. But this trouble of yours, Lady Marie; can I help you? If I can—"

She sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands; then looking at him through her long lashes, she whispered painfully, as if every word cost her a pang of maiden shame:

"Larry, will you marry me?" Then she hid her face again.

Larry started as if he had been shot, and stood for a moment transfixed; then he sprang to her, and laid his strong hand on her shoulder and gripped it.

"Will I—Marie! Will I marry you? Why you know I love you; love you better than life itself. Ever since we were boy and girl together I have worshipped you. You have been like a star to me, something not only to love, but to worship, adore. I have never had any hope; no more hope than the puddle the star shines on; but I have never ceased to think of you day and night. Why, all my life has been yours. And now you ask me—do you know what you are doing? What I am? You are not mocking me, Lady Marie? You can't forget what I am; one of the common people; an adventurer—yet, and a failure! A man not worth your notice; so far beneath you that I might be one of your servants, a gamekeeper, a fisherman—why, I am just that, no better. And you ask me—"

His hand fell from her shoulder; the great, strong man was trembling like a weakling; the room was still spinning round with him; but he saw the bent head plainly enough.

"I ask you," she whispered breathlessly.

He laughed, not knowing that he did so.

"I am like a lost soul who is suddenly offered a chance of entering paradise," he said more to himself than to her.

He fell on his knees beside her, and, drawing her hands from her face, kissed them passionately; and she resigned to him, even leaned forward, consciously or unconsciously, so that her lips were near to his. He sprang up and drew her to him, and she surrendered herself, half dazed with the joy of that surrender, as he kissed her with the kiss which expressed all the longing of the past years.

"No, no; don't go!" he breathed. "It's only while I hold you that I can realize, believe that this is true. I can guess how it has come about—Linda Hepburn! God bless her! She is the best woman—that walks this earth."

Oh, Marie, do you wonder that I can scarcely believe that I hold you in my arms; that you love me—love me!"

Then suddenly, as if his mind had cleared and, in his ecstasy, he remembered something of the past, he said in a low voice:

"But the marquis? Has he—has he—have you broken with him?"

She started slightly. She, too, had forgotten everything except that Larry was here; Larry, who she thought had gone forever; Larry was back, and by some miracle had told her that he loved her, was going to be hers, her very own.

And now, in the midst of her bliss, came this question of his. She had not forgotten Philip, but under the influence of Linda Hepburn's magnetism, she had come to regard his fate as quite secondary to that of Larry's. Her face grew pale, she looked up at him doubtfully, even a little fearfully; for she dreaded that strong sense of honor which ruled Larry.

"No," she faltered. "I have not seen him lately. I have been ill. Oh, Larry, I wanted you so—And they sent me here. Don't look so—so hard! And don't put me away from you, Larry!"—for, half unconsciously, he had made a movement as if to do so. "You don't know—how—how my engagement to Philip came about. We were engaged in our cradle. I was to lose the Castle Ravenford if I refused; and—I could not bear the thought. You know how proud, how fond I am of it."

"I know," he said, in a low voice. "Then—then you never cared for him?"

She hung her head; then she looked up at him—with what a look!

"No, Larry. No, no!" she whispered. "It was only you. You are not thinking of the loss of the castle, Larry?"

He waved the question aside, as if it were not worth consideration.

"He cared for you," he said, almost to himself. "He, too, has loved you ever since we were children. I remember now!" He was thinking of the night Philip had thanked him for saving Marie's diamond pendant. "He loves you still—I know it. And he has your promise. He came between me and the thief that night, at Rouen, perhaps saved my life at the risk of his own; anyway, was badly hurt while defending me—"

She had drawn away from him, and he paced up and down, all the joy gone from his face, which was haggard and drawn again; then he turned to her with his hands outstretched, his agony in his voice:

"Marie, Marie! I can't do it!"

She leaned against the table, her hands gripping it tightly behind her. She was trying to summon all her old spirit to bear the blow, all the harder for this brief moment of joy.

"It is for you to decide," she breathed. "I said I would leave it to you."

He put his hand before his eyes to shut out the sight of her.

"For God's sake, don't tempt me, Marie!" he said hoarsely. "I am like a starving man with the sight of food before him he dare not touch. I can't do it—for your sake. The sight of you drove the marquis from my mind. I thought—no, I didn't think; my love for you, and—your words—"

"I know," she said. "I am not ashamed of what I said; and I shall never be ashamed. You have decided; and I know that you are right, Larry. I'll go back and tell Philip. But he will not let me go. He has known—known that I did not care for him; but he has held me—he will hold me to my promise still. Go now, Larry. I—I don't think I can bear it much longer. I shall be braver when you've gone."

Larry took a step toward her, but she shook her head; she knew that she would break down if he touched her. He stood for a moment looking at her, as he had looked at her at the inn on the road to Rouen; then, with bent head and dragging step, he went out.

Marie remained motionless for a minute or two; then she went in search of Lady Merston.

"I want to go back to the castle at once. We must catch the night mail," she said. "Don't ask me any questions, dear. I am in great trouble; I must see Philip at once."

Larry went back to the hotel like a man in a dream, and, if the truth must be told, with no little bitterness in his heart. Fate seemed to be playing with him with all the cruelty that a cat displays toward a mouse. Some lines of William Watson's dinned in his ears; they seemed to fit his case so well:

"I do not ask to have my fill
Of wine or love or fame.
I do not, for a little ill,
Against the gods complain."

"One boon of fortune I implore,
With on petition kneel:
At least caress me not before
Thou break me on thy wheel."

Fortune had caressed him for one brief moment, and then cast him aside, torn and bleeding. The marvelously true and beautiful lines reminded him of Reuben, in one of whose books he had read them. How ungrateful he had been to him! It had been Marie, all Marie; and there had been no room in his mind, his heart, for anyone else.

He found Spon at the hotel, standing at the window and looking out with interest at the people below.

"I am going into the country, to Cornwall, Spon, said Larry. "I am going to see a friend, a man who has been like a father to me, whom I have neglected too long."

"Cornwall?" said Spon, eying sideways Larry's wan face. "It's a long while since I've been there. I think I'll run down with you, lad."

"Come on, then," said Larry, absently.

"Right!" responded Spon. "Hepburn has run this business very well; and I guess he can get on without us. Cornwall! Yes; I should like it. I'll be ready in a jiffy. Look up the train, Larry."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DENOUNCED BY THE SNAPPER.

Strangely enough, Marie slept through a greater part of the journey; and yet it was not strange that she should do so, for she had been exhausted by the scene with Larry and its tragic ending. On the way from the station to the castle they met Lord Stornaway, who was ambling along on his fat cob.

"You have come back!" he said, as he rode up to the carriage. "And unexpectedly! Well, I trust that's all the better for me; for Lord Belmayne is dining with us tonight; and I do hope you will not be too tired to join us."

Lady Merston was murmuring an excuse; but Marie broke in with almost feverish eagerness. Brave as she had thought herself, she was dreading the scene with Philip, when she should tell him the whole truth, and this dinner party offered a respite.

"Yes; we will be very pleased to come, Lord Stornaway," she said, pressing Lady Merston's hand to enforce her silence.

"But you are tired, dearest," urged Lady Merston, as the carriage drove on.

"No, no!" said Marie. "I should like it." Lady Merston looked at her anxiously; but she made no further remonstrance; for had not Marie forbidden her to ask questions? And Lady Merston was the slave of the girl whom she loved as a daughter.

They were received at the castle with the usual fuss and ceremony of welcome, and Marie went straight to her room; Meadows insisted upon her lying down and taking some rest.

Philip had not left the Hall that day, and he was ignorant of the fact of Lady Marie's sudden return. His state of mind might be described as chaotic. He had broken with the Snapper, had defied him, and there, in his safe, were the bag of gold and the rubies. Philip was, so to speak, at the parting of the ways. Still drifting, like a rudderless bark, he lay at the mercy of wind and wave. One moment he saw nothing before him but a full confession of his knowledge of the facts which the Snapper had revealed and an appeal to Marie's mercy. At another moment he was possessed by the desire to set the revelation at naught, to defy the old gypsy, the whole world, and to stand with his back to the wall, fighting to the last.

In truth, man is compounded of conflicting elements; no man is either entirely black or wholly white; the deep-dyed villain exists only in romance, and has no place in real life. Philip was simply the ordinary type of man, swayed by good and evil impulses, but, in his case, dominated by one great factor—his passion for Marie. He could have let all else go without a sigh, if she remained to him.

He kept to his own room for the greater part of the day, and he did not remember his engagement to dine at the Stornaways' until it was nearly time to dress. He was inclined to send an excuse; but he was still playing a part, the part of a prosperous man, upon whom the sun was shining at its fullest, the happy man who was about to marry the loveliest girl in the county; and he clung to the part, notwithstanding the perilous position in which he stood.

The carriage awaited him in good time; and, as he entered it and was driven off, he leaned back with a sigh of weariness; for he was thinking that, in half an hour or so, he would have to appear bright and cheerful—in fact, play his part. The road to the Stornaways' ran across the moor; and he drew farther back as he began to climb the hill near the spot where he had seen the gypsies' caravan. The night was a light one, and he could see for some distance; but, with a sense of relief, he saw that no human being was near the caravan or tent, which stood partly sheltered in the hollow; but suddenly, as if it had sprung from the ground, a figure stood beside the carriage. In the shadow of the lamps Philip could not distinguish the figure clearly; but he heard a voice emanating from it and addressing the coachman and he recognized the voice as that of the Snapper.

It was not so soft as usual, but hurried and agitated. Philip caught the word "accident," and, jumping to the conclusion that the man was uttering some threat, he let down the other window, and angrily bade them drive on.

At the sound of his voice, the Snapper, who must have been ignorant of the fact that the carriage was Philip's, uttered a cry, a snarl of fury, and, rushing forward, snatched at the door



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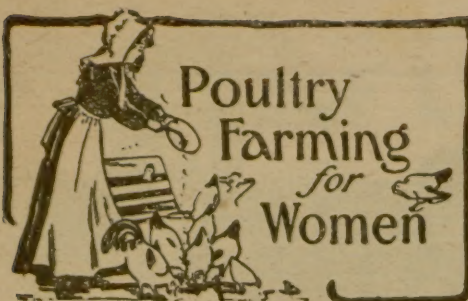
handle; but the coachman had whipped up the horses sharply, and the carriage, having reached the top of the hill, moved on rapidly; so rapidly that the Snapper, missing his hold on the door handle, slipped and fell forward, narrowly escaping the rear wheels. Philip heard him cry out with an oath; but he did not look back, and did not see the old man standing in the road and shaking both hands in the air in a frenzy of passion.

Not a little upset by the accident, Philip was pale and constrained when he reached the Stornaways'. There was rather a large party;

the handsome rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the guests, most of whom had arrived, were moving about or talking in groups in the drawing-room.

Philip felt, dazed by the light, the sheen of the women's dresses, and the glitter of their jewels; for a moment he was the old Philip, shy and shrinking; then he pulled himself together, and received Lady Stornaway's greeting with what seemed smiling composure. It was past the dinner hour by some minutes, the butler hovered about the door; it was evident that they

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

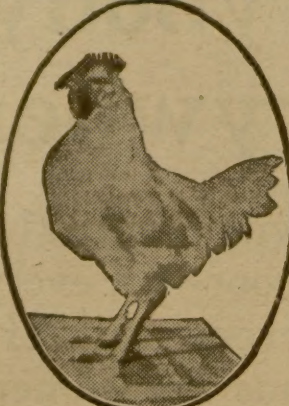


BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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White-Egg American Fowl

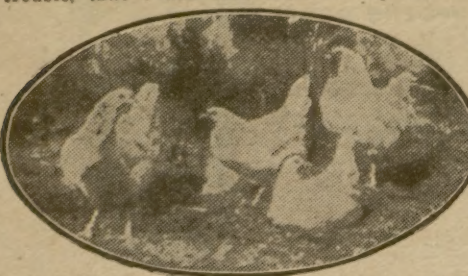
AT last the great aim and desire of practical poultrymen has been achieved. For as expert breeders have been trying to create a new breed of chickens which would combine the advantages of the American with the Mediterranean birds, and after ten years' patient work a man in New Jersey has succeeded in accomplishing what had almost been given up as impossible. The new breed has a large frame of compact conformation, which is easily fattened; white plumage, yellow skin, and a small comb, which makes it an ideal table bird; and with all these, the new bird lays a large, white-shelled egg, a combination which up to the present time has been unknown, so of course it has been hailed as a true utility bird, which will fully double the profits of all market poultrymen. For the last ten or fifteen years,

WHITE-EGG AMERICAN
COCKEREL SEVEN
MONTHS OLD.

White Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds have been our nearest approach to a utility bird. They both have the shape which made them easy to fatten, yellow skin and small comb demanded by the high-class markets for table birds, and are prolific layers, but the difficulty has been the color of the eggs. New York, Philadelphia—in fact, every eastern city outside of Boston—demands white-shelled eggs, and pays from ten to twelve cents more for them than for brown or tinted eggs. So, to reap the best price for winter eggs, people have been compelled to keep their Minorcas or Leghorns, both great layers of white-shelled eggs, but unfortunately possessing such a small frame and active disposition that it is almost impossible to get them up to the required weight at given ages, so the surplus cockerels each year and the hens at the end of their laying period, have had to be sold at a comparative loss, unless the owner had the houses and the ability to give them special care and feed, for I suppose you all know that when a quantity of hens have been kept to produce winter eggs, their most prolific time is over at the end of the first year, when they should be fattened and sold as roasters. When the breed of the bird makes that impossible, there is a dead loss to sustain. With Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds this is an easy matter, and the young cockerels which spring from them make plump broilers when six or nine weeks old, and for that reason many people have given these two birds the preference, trusting to sell their eggs in the winter to private customers who care more for the eggs being strictly fresh laid and good in flavor, than the color of the shell. But of course the man or woman who wants to make their entire living from poultry can't depend entirely on private customers, and therefore must keep a breed of hen which lays the popular white-shelled egg. This new bird being a perfect combination of all the good points of market records in different branches, will undoubtedly double the poultrymen's profits. These wonderful birds were shown for the first time this year at the poultry show in New York City, and breeders from all over the country are most enthusiastic about them. The breeder and owner, who is an old established poultryman, says that for ten years he has been devoting almost all his time to the thought of perfecting the breed, and can now positively affirm that their traits are firmly established and sure to be permanently reproduced in their offspring. He has named them the White-Egg American fowl, and this year has been getting five dollars each for every egg he has had for sale, for the really practical men in the business are quick to see the advantage to be made from the new combination. After much correspondence and coaxing, I have succeeded in getting the owner to have some pictures made of the new birds, so that our readers can see just what they look like for themselves.

Care of Young Chicks

So many of this month's inquiries have been about preventives or cures for gapes and bowel trouble, that I will take them for my text in-



A SMALL FLOCK OF THE NEW FOWL WHITE-EGG AMERICAN.

stead of trying to answer the individual letters. Bowel trouble usually attacks brood chickens—perhaps I should have said incubator chickens—which have been reared in a brooder—more frequently than it does chicks under hens, and the cause is usually want of sufficient heat. Little chicks can't stand being chilly. If you notice even when hens are brooding, they will suffer if the hen happens to be a restless wanderer and a cold, damp spell strikes us late in the spring. The brooder must be warm and well ventilated, and there should be a sheltered yard for them to exercise in for the first two or three weeks. If you are running a heated brooder, use a thermometer, and see that it keeps steadily at ninety-five. If you have adopted the new fireless brooder, put plenty of cotton at the top, and never have less than twenty-five chicks to a brooder, for any less than that number can't supply sufficient bodily heat to warm up the air inside of the brooder. It is also well to cover the bottom of the brooder box with hay sweepings or cut hay which is warm and soft for the little chicks to lie on. It is also very important to see that they go into their brooder at night, for they are very apt to run into some corner and huddle together, and of course become chilled

before morning. Watch the droppings of all chickens, both brooder and those under the hens, and at the slightest indication of looseness of the bowels, remove the drinking water and replace with cold tea or rice water. It is a good precaution to feed boiled rice two or three times a week whilst the chicks are little, and if they develop any serious trouble, keep them under cover; or if with the hen, keep the hen shut into the brooder coop, for then she is much more likely to brood than when allowed to run alone.

Leg weakness rarely if ever develops if the chickens are properly fed. Green food and animal food must form part of their rations. There is a meat meal on the market which is very good if you can buy in small quantities, but it is not safe to buy a large bag which can't be used up within two or three weeks, so it is usually better for the ordinary farm to depend on curd cheese and an occasional hard-boiled egg, chopped up fine without removing the shell. And for green stuff I don't think there is anything as good as young clover and the young sprouts of onions of course, chopped fine enough to be acceptable for little chicks. You are where you can get best liver, it is the best of all animal food when about half boiled and chopped fine and fed in small quantities. If your birds have had any kind of animal meat from the start, it is quite safe; but if you suddenly commence feeding it after four or five weeks, you must go carefully for some time until they become accustomed to it. A rusty nail or two, with a few drops of tincture of iron in the drinking water is a good tonic, and it is advisable to use it if chickens commence to look pale around the gill, or droopy in any way.

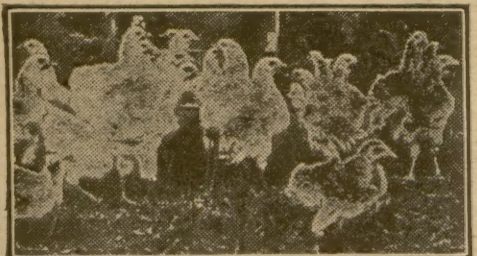
As I have explained before in these columns, gapes is really not a disease at all, but a parasite worm about one sixteenth of an inch in length, and like a thin thread. They lodge in the wind-pipe and suck the blood of their victim. They are supposed to materialize only on ground on which poultry droppings have been deposited for several seasons. For this reason it is best to try and locate the brooder coops on fresh ground each year, or have the ground where they have stood heavily dressed with lime and plowed in the fall. These wretched little worms multiply very quickly if they are not removed from the bird's throat, for the little chicks have not strength to eject them, no matter how much they cough and choke. Some of the remedies are as follows: Dip the end of a small wing feather in turpentine, push it down the bird's throat, turn two or three times quickly, and pull it out. The worm may come with it, but it is so small that it is always difficult to tell. Another is, to mix salt and water, or steep tobacco in water for ten minutes, pour a teaspoonful down the bird's throat; keep the head up and the two holes at the base of the bill covered with your thumb and forefinger whilst you count five; release, and suddenly turn the bird upside down, holding by the feet. It will gasp, splutter, and usually eject the worm. But really, I think it is much better to make it a practice to put the coops on clean ground, for trying to doctor little chicks is a awful difficult work.

Correspondence

R. P. C.—Would you please tell me what is the matter with my little chickens. They are droopy, and pass a watery substance, and in a day or two lose all power of their legs. I feed them corn chow, ground Kaffir corn, corn bread to eat, and give them water and milk to drink. I keep them in doors.

A.—I am afraid your birds are victims of diarrhea. See the latter part of this month's article. You will find it much better to feed young chicks on dry food. There is a specially prepared ground mixture on the market, called chickfeed, which is a combination of cracked grains and small seeds, but if you are in a remote part of the country, where it is not to be had, you can easily make a mixture for yourself. Crack wheat, corn, and hulled oats, quite small, and pass them through a fine sieve which will only allow pieces of the size of mustard seed to go through. Break up charcoal and sieve in the same way. Use equal parts of each, measuring after they have been passed through the sieve, then add malted and white mustard seed and ground animal meal; or, if you cannot buy that, chop a hard-boiled egg on a little lean meat three times a week, and add to the mixture just before feeding.

L. J. H.—When you take eggs out of the incubator to cool them, the disk and lamp go down,



WHITE-EGG AMERICAN CHICKENS EIGHT WEEKS OLD.

and when you put them back in the incubator it still stays down until the heat reaches 102 or 103. Don't you think that stops the air and causes the chickens to smother? Don't you think it wise to open the side slide a little and keep it open, and do you have many bad eggs? I only have about six or seven eggs in a hundred that won't hatch, but the most I get out of a hundred is fifty or sixty. The chickens are there but die for some cause or other. I break them to see. My hens hatch fifteen out of sixteen—never less than twelve, unless I have an accident. I mean when the hen sets right I get fifteen, and have got the whole sixteen. I don't see why I can't get more out of a hundred in the same way. Use equal parts of each, measuring after they have been passed through the sieve, then add malted and white mustard seed and ground animal meal; or, if you cannot buy that, chop a hard-boiled egg on a little lean meat three times a week, and add to the mixture just before feeding.

A.—It is quite right for the disk to be closed tight down when the eggs are taken out of the incubator, and to remain down until the thermometer again reaches 102½ or 103 degrees. The disk has nothing to do with the air in the egg chamber. That is supplied by ventilators in the case of the machine. As to opening the ventilators at the side of the machine, that must be decided by the amount of moisture present in the egg chamber. The usual instructions are to keep ventilators closed for the first five or six days, then open or partly open, according to the conditions, until the nineteenth day, when they should again be closed, except in very exceptional cases. If the air space at the top of the egg is slow in developing, there is too much moisture in the machine. If, on the other hand, the space enlarges very quickly, there is not sufficient moisture, and it will be advisable to close the ventilators. The best way for you to decide is to decide the point is to set a hen at the same time as the incubator, and compare the eggs under the hen and in the machine from day to day, or use a hygrometer, and depend entirely upon that. There can scarcely be too much moisture when the eggs are hatching, so don't worry if it runs up to 104. Heat also can go to 104 or 105, and the hatch will be all the better, for a low temperature at the time when the chicks are breaking through the shell prolongs the hatch and weakens the chickens.

L. K.—Will you please give me some advice in regard to my chickens. They droop and get as though their breath was short. One of my neighbors told me they had the pip, and pulled something off their tongues, then applied pepper and salt. If that be the trouble, is there any other way of curing them without pulling the tip off their tongues? I have some chicks that are about three weeks old that have the same trouble. Is there a preventive? What is it?

A.—Two of our best authorities on poultry ailments differ about pip, one being convinced that the dry condition or horny growth on the tongue is only the result of the feverish breath passing over it, and, of course, there is always fever present when the bird is suffering from roup, or any other form of cold, but he considers it foolish to remove the horny growth, and suggests watching the bird to discover the real cause of the trouble, and doctoring accordingly. But he also suggests that it might be well to relieve the condition of the tongue by rubbing it twice a day with glycerine. The other authority is of the opinion that pip is a real epidemic disease, and recommends removing the horny growth and rubbing the raw spot with a mixture of borax and honey. My advice is, try a combination of both. Shut the bird up in a small coop, and give it a twenty grain dose of Epsom salts two mornings in succession, and rub the tongue with glycerine. Of course the bird should be fed on mash, or better still,

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brood which has been soaked in milk; but it is impossible for it to pick up hard grain and unless it has specially strengthening food, is apt to get sick from mere want of food.

B. C.—I have been a silent reader of COMFORT seven years. Think it is the finest paper I ever read. I read the "Poultry Farming for Women," and find it lots of help. I want to know what the matter with my chickens this spring. In February I noticed one of my hens looked pale and droopy. She could hardly walk, so I killed her and opened her. It would have surprised you if you could have seen her. She was pure fat inside; the fat was an inch thick all over her gizzard, and her liver was extra large, and soft and watery, and looked as though it was rotten. I fed them on Kaffir corn and hard corn. I dug poke-root and put it in the drinking water. Then they began to act as if they had something in their throats. They would throw their heads up and make a funny racket. I got plenty of eggs. I still feed them all the corn they can eat, and let them drink the poke-root. I have the Rhode Island Reds and Brown Leghorns mixed. My young chicks seemed to have the bowel trouble. I have lost lots of them this spring. Their droppings are black mixed with white and yellow, and it sticks to them and stops them up, and they just stand around and stare at you, and seem not to be bothered with it, but die just the same. This morning I found one in the coop, and it was blind. It seemed to be peart enough, but it could not see. It looked like its eyes had been sore and running, and there was some dried stuff around its mouth, and a slimy and watery stuff in its mouth, and it soon died. I have been feeding cornmeal mixed with water, and dry corn chow, and plenty of fresh water. I feed some poultry food once in a while. I live in the country and my chickens run outside. My big chickens roost in a tree, and my little chickens roost in a box on the ground in the yard.

A.—Your hens are too fat. Put a teaspoonful of citrate of magnesia in the drinking water every other day for a week, and as they are on free range, feed only at night, giving them Kaffir corn and oats instead of hard corn. Of course these rations are only for summer weather. In the winter they should have a mash in the morning and a cornmeal cake at night. I fear the ailing, weakly condition of your young chickens is the result of the hens being so fat, when the eggs were laid which you used for hatching. Breeding stock should never be allowed to get too fat, for it always means that the chicks hatched from their eggs will be hard to raise. Read the latter part of this month's article, and answer to R. P. C.

E. L. T.—Will you please inform me where I can get a setting or two of Ancona's eggs. I have read all you have to say on the subject in March COMFORT, and feel sure I should like the birds. I never heard of them before. I will enclose a stamped envelope for reply and thank you in advance. Here is a question I would like to ask, and you can publish the answer in May COMFORT, or whenever its turn arrives. One of my Buff Leghorn pullets died very suddenly. I opened her and found a thing which looked like an egg, but when I opened it there was a lot of white watery substance came out of it. Could you tell me what it was, and if it caused the death of the pullet? I am very sorry that I cannot give you the right positive opinion. Was the substance in the egg duct? You don't say, but if it was, it might just be a malformation. Probably the pullet had been a heavy layer, and had reached the end of a clutch of eggs. If, on the other hand, the substance was in the intestines or abdomen, it may have been a tumor, in which case it may have caused her death; but without more information it is really impossible to say.

A. W. F.—I wish you could tell me what is the matter with my bantam chickens. They have pale combs and look droopy. They get on the nest and come off several times before they lay, and the eggs are thin-shelled and a little bloody.

A.—Is another case of over-fat. Read answer to B. C.

V. K.—As we have bought an incubator from a neighbor, and the book of directions being destroyed, will write and ask you to please tell me what temperature the incubator should be started at, and when and how much it should be raised during the hatch. Also about cooling the eggs. I have never used one, and would like to have complete directions. They had already made one hatch this spring, and only got fourteen chicks out of fifty eggs. I would like to do better than that. Any help you can give me will be greatly appreciated. Answer as soon as you can, as I enclose stamped envelope. There is no name on the machine, so I don't know the make.

A.—Light the lamp, adjust the thermostat, and get the machine running steadily at 103, with the disk above the escape raised the sixteenth of an inch; then put in the egg tray. The cooled eggs will cause the thermometer to run down and the disk to close, but leave things alone, and in a few hours the thermometer disk will have returned to their right position. The machine should run at 102½ to 103 until the last twenty-four hours, when it will not hurt if it goes up to 104 or 105. After the second day, take the eggs out of the machine night and morning, turn, and cool slightly. Of course, during this time the disk of the machine must be closed. Even though the heat will run down and the disk will close, but when the eggs are returned to the machine, the heat will run up again within half an hour. After the morning of the eighteenth day don't open the machine until the hatch is all over, as the eggs don't need turning or cooling during this time, and it won't hurt the chickens to tumble over each other, or pant a little, or any of those things which usually frighten the amateur into opening the machine. Opening the door of the machine during the time the eggs are hatching allows moisture to escape, and often kills a number of birds in the shell.

E. J., St. Louis.—Will you please tell me as soon as possible, what the instructions mean by "dry down eggs." Am I to use an incubator, and am not successful. Heat runs steady at 103. My eleven-month-old pullet hatched ten out of eleven eggs, set at same time as incubator, which only hatched fifty-four from one hundred and seventy-five eggs. I noticed two-inch worms in her droppings. Will pills of asafetida be O. K.? I also put some in drinking water.

A.—I don't know what you mean by "dry down eggs." "Drying down the eggs." I think perhaps it has been a mistake, and should have been "cooling down the eggs." When the eggs are taken from the machine night and morning to turn, most people allow them to cool from five to fifteen minutes, according to the temperature of the room and the development of the egg. You see, moisture is always escaping through the pores of the shell, and so the longer the eggs cool outside of the incubator, the less moisture there is in the machine. For this reason you must gauge the time necessary to air them each day by the growth of the air space at the end of the egg. Read answer to L. K.—Is asafetida a good worm medicine.

L. D. H.—I am a subscriber to COMFORT, and in the April number I read your description of how to make a brooder, and you gave a very accurate description, but am at a loss to know just how to build one. If you know of anyone in your vicinity that could make one, please notify me and give the price, etc., and I will give shipping directions and remit purchase price.

A.—Look through the advertising pages, and I think you will find a fireless metal brooder advertised. There is also a cheap paper brooder on the market which I think you will find advertised.

W. M. S.—I am a reader of COMFORT, and wish to ask you a few questions about my chickens. I am just starting into the poultry business, and I'm having some trouble. The first trouble was with a hen that I thought had roup. She got so bad that she could hardly get her breath, and I killed her. Then it wasn't long when another took sick with the same symptoms; came off the roost one morning with the side of her head swollen. It wasn't but a few days till the swelling was gone out of her head and her eyesight seemed to be affected; then she took some

kind of bowel trouble. The discharges were mostly white and watery. After she was sick a week or so, her comb turned a very poor color, and she died. Now I have another one standing around sleeping. Some of their throats and wattles have been swelling up and turning right black. They would lay right on, and seemed to be in a healthy condition other ways. I would like to know their diseases and their cures. How long should a pen of hens be mated with a cock before I can get their eggs and expect for offspring? Should wheat be kept in hoppers for chickens to eat at their will? I forgot to mention at first what I feed my chickens. I feed them wheat bran and a little corn. When they first began getting sick I was feeding them warm mash of wheat bran and cornmeal at night. I thought that might be the cause and quit it. They have the farm and plenty of woodland for range. I have the White Leghorn and Barred Rocks mixed. Please do your best for me, as I am starting into the pure bred business, and want to get the disease stopped before my pure bred Leghorns hatch out.

A.—It is difficult to be sure from your description whether the birds had roup or not, but I fear they had. If you have any more birds which show the same symptoms, shut them up in a coop far removed from the rest of the flock, as roup is contagious, and may run through the whole flock if you don't exercise care. Get ten cents' worth of permanganate of potassium and dissolve one teaspoonful in one pint of warm water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture with four tablespoonfuls of water, and spray the bird's throat, mouth and nostrils and eyes. It won't hurt if the bird swallows a little. If you have no syringe, use the end of a wing feather. Clean and whitewash the chicken-house, roosts and nests, and clear out all the old litter on the floor. Put a teaspoonful of kerosene oil in the drinking water every day for a preventive.

W. C. F.—I have two splendid Barred Plymouth Rock roosters. One has developed very quickly, the other more slowly. Which is the best to keep for breeding purposes?

A.—Supposing that both birds were equally developed in other respects, the bird that developed first will be the best to breed from.

J. M. K.—I have some good prize chickens which I have paid fifteen dollars a setting for, and now all the people around here would like to have the same, and I sell them the eggs for twenty cents a dozen, for which they do not want to pay more, so I would like to fix the eggs so they will not hatch. Please answer as soon as possible.

A.—The best way to keep some of the hens in a yard without the male birds, and sell only their eggs for table use; then people will know they are buying eggs that won't hatch, and must pay more for eggs from your hens which are mated.

Note.—I have received a great many letters from people keeping the White Langshan fowl, and they all speak in the highest terms of the birds. I asked for this information two months ago in this column, and am very much obliged to our readers who have furnished it, as I am always glad to add to my knowledge, so that I can help our COMFORT readers when they ask me for information. Letters about the Ancona birds have been forwarded to the secretary of the club, who, I am sure, will furnish all the information required.

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Wrong Culture of Corn

A HIRED hand who does not properly understand the work of corn cultivation may do as much damage in one day as his wages amount to in one month. In the old days the hired hand was expected to cultivate nine acres of corn a day, with the walking, two-shovel cultivator and he had to walk fast to get that much done. The erroneous plan of culture commonly in vogue was to let the shovels right down, like plows, so that they turned up the growing at least burrowed deeply, throw out side brace plants, as every observant farmer knows. These braces grow from above the surface level and they join with masses of little fiber roots in gathering moisture and fertility. If you have never done so dig up a lousy corn plant carefully, so as to avoid breaking its small roots and then wash it with water, by plunging it into a pail of water and sousing it up and down gently. It will at once become apparent that many of the roots lie along the surface and this being the fact these roots should not be disturbed, more than is absolutely necessary by corn cultivating implements. The old-time farm hand, and shall we say the farmer also, did not seem to be aware of this fact, and so he grubbed along tearing off the brace and surface roots and unwittingly killing his profits in the doing of this. If a big wind followed such a cultivation of "laid by" corn, down went whole regiments of plants and they never came fully up again. Besides this soil moisture was wasted through deep cultivation and by reason of both injuries the crop failed to produce the maximum yield of grain. The modern method of cultivating corn is to properly prepare the seed bed, have it deep, rich and mellow and then keep surface cultivating before the plants come up. After that, surface cultivation is continued, the aim being to break up the crust that follows each rain and to maintain a dust mulch for the conservation of moisture. Although proper preparatory culture may not have been given it will pay each of our readers to start surface cultivation now, after ridding the rows of weeds, and the hand hoe may have to be brought into use for the weed killing.

Rape and Other Catch Crops

When the cultivators are put through the corn field for the last time and the soil is moist, fine tilled and warm why not throw on a little rape or rutabaga seed? Many do this and find it a good plan. The rape and turnip seed (rutabaga or white turnip) come up quickly, shade the land and furnish an excellent "bite" for sheep and beef cattle in fall. The right kind of rape to seed is the Essex variety. This gives a good growth of green feed and is excellent for pigs as well as sheep. It is especially valuable for the brood sows, as succulent feed is needed for them as a preparation for farrowing. Dairy cows cannot well be pastured on rape, as their milk is easily tainted by strong tasting or smelling feed. The rutabagas are not pastured, but the roots may be "topped and tailed" after the corn is cut and shocked or taken to the silo and cut up for winter feed. It is not generally understood that in Great Britain the purple-topped Swede turnip is a staple feed for sheep and cattle and is largely used for milch cows. It is most commonly fed uncooked to sheep store and fattening cattle; but it is steamed, along with cut hay, straw and meals, for the dairy cattle. If fed after milking it does not usually taint milk. In Scotland half a million acres of land are devoted to this root annually, although not over four million acres may be in crop at the time. This shows the economical value of the crop in that country which has become famous, the world over, for its fine animals. Where corn grows well, and is not used for silage, roots are most useful, if they can be grown, and they will grow anywhere if moisture is plentiful and the nights and especially the fall seasons are cool. The best growth is made late in the season. Another catch crop to this root is corn rye. This makes an acceptable pasture for animals in fall, in some climates or in spring in northern latitudes, winter rye being seeded at the rate of a bushel and a half per acre, or thereabout.

Fodder Corn for Fall Cutting

In any district where the wheat, rye, oat and barley crops come off the land early it may be taken as about certain that the grass fields become dry and barren soon after the harvest season. For this time of the year it is imperative that some supply of green feed should be forthcoming. Such a supply can be had by broadcasting corn on disked stubbles, provided they are sufficiently moist; but if dry, shallow plowing may be done quickly and the corn put in as quickly as possible, by means of shallow disking and harrowing. No crop will supply more green feed than corn, in a majority of districts and climates where there is sufficient heat and length of time before heavy frosts to insure of sufficient growth. Where the season is too short to allow of growing a good crop of fodder corn Hungarian grass or millet will usually make a sufficient development to supply a fair pasture and these crops are commonly employed as "catch crops," on land where the spring seeded corn has been killed by cut worms. This was commonly done last year, when cut worms worked havoc in many northern fields, and the catch crops gave good satisfaction when used early and not cut late as matured seed bearing plants. It should be remembered, or understood, that late cut millet, with matured heads of seed, is extremely dangerous feed for horses, if fed in large quantities for a prolonged period of time without due admixture with other fodders grain and bran. It causes a form of lameness of the hock joints, akin to rheumatism, and no remedy has been found. Much millet seed also may cause abortion, in pregnant animals not gradually accustomed to the feed.

Use of Silage in Summer

Where a sufficient supply of silage is provided for there is little need of catch crops for dairy cows that can have sufficient pasture on moist land to allow them the exercise they need and some grass. Many good dairymen are now feeding silage in late summer, to help out the bare and dry pastures and lack of succulence in the feed. The first attempts to use this feed failed for the reason that the silage molded badly be-

tween feeding times. This was due to the fact that the silos were made extra wide in proportion to their height and so the silage could not be fed off quickly enough to prevent molding. Now the silo is made high and narrow, so that a larger amount of silage, in depth, may be removed at feeding time. The object is to use a layer from the entire surface of the silage at each feeding time. The mold forms on parts that are left exposed to the air for a few days. That occurs when not all of the surface layer of the silage is removed at one feeding time. The silage is made from well ripened corn, allowed to wilt before it is cut and run into the silo. If too dry water from a hose is run in along with the cut corn fodder and so the mass is kept sufficiently moist to settle well and mature properly. Silage made from green corn quickly ferments, becomes acid and is unfit for use in the summer. A little silage also may be fed with benefit to idle horses, brood mares, growing colts, sheep and swine.

Preventing Torture from Flies

It never pays to turn out horses and cattle on dry, bare grass pasture during the daytime in the season of fly attacks. It is cruel in the extreme to allow mares and foals to stand on such pasture without shade and fighting myriads of flies whose attacks prevent all comfort, retard growth and lead to emaciation and disease. Horses should be turned out nights in hot weather, if turned out at all, and where pastures are used for cattle in daytime, there should be plenty of shade and fresh water in each field. If trees are not available for shade, sheds with open sides curtained with gunnysack cloth may be provided for the purpose. It is usual to board up the side exposed to the prevailing winds; but at least one side should be left open to allow free circulation of air. The sacking darkens the shed and so tends to prevent fly attacks, while not stopping the circulation of air. Cattle exposed to flies may be sheathed lightly, or flies may be kept away fairly well by spraying the animals with a commercial fly repeller. It is necessary to spray often if benefit is to result from the "dope." In the range countries cattle are now sprayed by machinery, being made to pass through a chute from every part of which the disinfecting solution or parasite destroyer is forcibly thrown from needle point nozzles. The apparatus is used for the treatment of scab, but incidentally has the effect of keeping off flies. It scarcely pays to make fly repellents at home, so cheap and effective are the advertised or commercial preparations; but the following formula has been recommended by the Virginia Station for the destruction of horn flies which do most harm: Kerosene emulsion was made from a one half pound of yellow soap, one gallon of soft water and two gallons of kerosene oil. The mixture after preparation was diluted again with one gallon of water. This stock solution was diluted just before using by adding one part of it to five parts of water. An ordinary spray pump was used, and piping was so constructed and fitted with nozzles as to throw the spray upon the animal from all directions, but particularly on those parts which the horn fly most frequents. It was found that 15 gallons of the diluted solution was sufficient to treat 100 cattle. Daily spraying for two weeks reduced hordes of flies to a point of insignificance.

Making Kerosene Emulsion

Take one half pound of yellow soap, one gallon of soft water and two gallons of kerosene. Shave the soap fine and dissolve in the boiling water. Place the kerosene oil in a spray pump and add the hot soap solution and thoroughly churn them together. One gallon of water should then be added to the creamy mass, which is to be kept as a stock solution for use as required. Dilute with five parts of water when used. This emulsion is also useful for destroying green bugs (aphids) on growing plants and trees. It also is fairly effective for parasites on animals.

The Kansas Station Fly Repeller

At this Station it was found best to keep the cows in cow stables during daytime during the worst part of the fly season. The stable doors and windows were screened. Grazing was only allowed at night. Where this cannot be done the following fly repeller is advised for use. Resin, one and one half pounds; laundry soap, two cakes; fish oil one half pint; water, enough to make two gallons. This mixture is applied with a brush, or if used as a spray, a half pint of kerosene may be added at time of using. The cost of the mixture is said to be seven or eight cents per gallon, and one half pint is considered enough for a single application to each cow. It was found that at first two or three applications per week were necessary, but later treatment need not be given so often, since the tips of the hairs become coated with resin.

Screen and Darken the Stables

There is nation-wide agitation at present directed against the house fly, and we strongly advocate this good move. "Swat the fly" is merely a "slogan" or "war cry" of the army of reformers. Flies never can be got rid of by the swatting process. That may help; but the first and vital step against flies is to do away with their breeding places. Flies breed in manure and manure heaps. The droppings of all animals should be removed as made and either spread on the land, far away from the stables and houses, or better still, should be worked into the land. If manure must be collected and composted a house should be provided for the purpose, with a cement floor and collecting tank for liquid and the doors and windows should be screened against entrance of flies. All stables should be screened during summer and darkened also to keep flies from biting. If flies cannot be kept out altogether hang big bunches of sweet clover by the roots to the ceiling rafters back of the animals. The clover has a fine odor and also collects the flies that may be in the stable. Use disinfecting solutions freely on stall floors and in the gutters and outside pits and manure heaps should be treated with crude carbolic acid to prevent fly breeding. Remember that the health of the people also is conserved by killing flies. Typhoid is carried by flies and it has lately been discovered that the stable fly, which is the stinging insect, carries the germs that cause infantile paralysis or spinal meningitis. A single fly—every single fly that lights on your pie—carries on its body millions upon millions of filth germs and many

of them disease germs. Swat that fly! Better still provide cheap fly traps and place them where they will do most good. Screen the garbage pails. Do away with all places where anything decomposes and festers. If you do so the flies will be lessened, animals and people made more comfortable and disease lessened.

Marketing Wool

Prof. Coffey of the Illinois Station recently advised that farmers should be much more careful to keep dirt and manure out of wool than they are in many districts. These things are objectionable, but they do less harm than burrs, chaff and litter. All such "foreign bodies" make the wool less attractive and add to the shrinkage in the process of scouring. Tags of manure in wool are very objectionable to buyers. They are very heavy, and since they usually contain much moisture they often cause the wool to mold. There is no excuse for wrapping dung tags in wool if proper care is taken at shearing time, but it is better to handle sheep so that comparatively little dung will cling to the wool. All the sheep in a flock should be docked, and late in the autumn, the wool should be sheared off around the dock. Dung clings to the wool only where the feces are soft or when the animal is scouring. When the animal scours it should have a change of feed and possibly medical attention, so that a case of chronic scours objectionable. Fleece should be tied with a hard, glazed twine, not larger than one eighth inch in diameter. Make firm, hard knots that will not slip. Binding twine and any loosely woven twine injures wool as the fibers mix with the wool and cannot be removed. Paper wool twines are suitable as "India" three-ply size No. four and one half. Pack fleeces of ewes, rams wethers and lambs separate. Store in a clean, dry place; not on bare ground, even though the wool is in bags. If the wool is contracted for before it is shorn and is to be immediately delivered it need not be placed in bags. If it is packed in a clean wagon box and covered with a canvas sheet that will suffice.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as answers to the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are anxious to receive inquiries from all farmers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the same farmer who never asks any more questions. If they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

GRASS FOR COWS.—I bought twelve acres of land in Texas, with the intention of growing Irish potatoes, but they seem to be such a drug on the market, that I have decided to seed it down in grass, and then start dairying. It is first-class soil on the bank of the river. What kind of grass would be best to seed it down with? I have been advised to sow bluegrass, white clover, meadow-fescue, English blue grass. Would these be good grasses to mix? (2) Would the Jersey be the best cow for dairying purposes? (3) Would twelve acres be sufficient pasture for twelve cows? (4) About how much do you suppose twelve cows would bring me in a year by milk and butter, not counting the calves? A. S. S., Buckeye, Texas.

A.—Look around the district and when you have found a field that shows a fine stand of grass ask the farmer to tell you what mixture of seeds he used and with what grain crop he seeded the land. The mixture you suggest would be a good one, if each of the grasses mentioned succeeds in your particular district, and they may be seeded along with oats, barley, wheat or rye according to which of these grains thrives in your district. It always is best to take local expert advice in such cases. If the pasture does well it may maintain three or four cows and if the cows are good ones they may return you fifty dollars a head profit per year. Jerseys or Jersey crosses will prove suitable as soon as you make cream specialty and if the demand is good and the price high a good cow may return more than we have suggested here.

STRONG MILK.—For a while after my cow came in fresh with her second calf this spring I made first-class butter from her, but for the last month or two she has been making old almost as soon as churned. She is in good flesh and gives lots of milk. She is running in the pasture and I feed nothing but a little salted corn meal as she will not eat salt alone. I keep the milk in cool running water in crocks which have been well washed, scalded and cooled. The milk is as good and sweet as any could wish.

Mrs. S. C., Speedwell, Tenn.
A.—Allow the cow free access to rock salt instead of feeding salted corn meal. Substitute for corn meal a mixture of five parts wheat bran and one part cottonseed meal. The corn meal may be old and have become rancid. It is most likely, however, that the milk becomes tainted in the stable or when standing in the crocks. Warm milk absorbs bad odors quickly and the cow may not be to blame at all. Do not let the warm milk stand for any length of time where an odor can be absorbed.

SMUTTY WHEAT, BEAN STRAW FOR HORSES.—Is smutty wheat injurious when fed to hogs? (2) Is there any way in which artificial ice can be made on the farm without the cost being prohibitive? (3) Is bean straw a good roughage for horses?

L. O. McC., Kendrick, Idaho.
A.—Smutty wheat contains ergot, a sort of majority of cases. Ergot takes the form of a small, purple-black fungus spur protruding from the seed hulls of the grain head and if this is seen the grain is deadly to all animals. It also is a common cause of abortion. If you do not mean that kind of smut a little affected grain, along with plenty of good feed, will not hurt fattening hogs; but do not give it to sows. (2) An artificial ice plant would be too expensive for ordinary farm use. (3) No. It is too coarse, rough and bulky. Horses need the very best and most nutritious feed possible as they have small stomachs and cannot care for woody roughage.

BASIC SLAG.—What is basic slag? I see it mentioned in articles relative to the fertilization of crops.

G. P. Canada.
A.—It is a by-product in the manufacture of steel and contains the phosphoric acid originally present in the iron ore. Ground in very fine powder it is now largely applied to pasture lands in Great Britain, and there has been found to stimulate growth of clover. It is applied in fall and is slow in showing effects upon crops. It should contain from 15 to 20 per cent. of phosphoric acid. It is applied at the rate of 400 to 1000 pounds per acre, mixed with one third of kalinite. (Kalinite is the most common potash salt in fertilizer.)

HULLING ALFALFA SEED.—Can Alfalfa seed be threshed out with threshing machine, or what huller be used? B. T. S., Neb.

A.—Prof. E. G. Montgomery of the Experiment Station of your state says that the threshing machine is not found so satisfactory as the huller. The threshing machine may fail to get all of the seed. A skilled operator with an ordinary threshing machine may get all the seed, especially if the threshing is done in cold weather or on a freezing day, but the machine rarely cleans the seed. The trouble is that hullers cannot usually be found in districts where little alfalfa is grown, hence a threshing machine has to be used. The Alfalfa must be thoroughly dry if a threshing machine is to be used. Threshed seed contains a great deal of dirt and must therefore be cleaned afterward. The huller cleans the seed.

DISINFECT STABLES WITH FORMALDEHYDE.—I have heard that the formaldehyde we use for treating out seed against smut is also good as a disinfectant in stables where disease has occurred. Please tell me how it should be used? A. J. F., Pa.

A.—The solution commonly in use contains 40 per cent. of formaldehyde. It may be used either as a liquid or in the form of gas. As a liquid mix four ounces of the solution to a gallon of water and apply thoroughly to all surfaces in the stable. Formaldehyde gas can only be effectively used in a tight room or stable. It is useless in most stables. If the place can be practically airtight then generate the gas as follows: For each 1000 cubic feet of air space place 16 2-3 ounces of permanganate of potash in a wide, shallow pan; then 20 ounces of formaldehyde solution or formalin is poured upon it and the room is kept tightly closed for 12 hours or more. The temperature of the room or stable should be not less than 60 degrees Fahrenheit if the disinfection is to be effective.

BUCKWHEAT ON NEW LAND.—What do you think of buckwheat as a crop for new, rich and rather

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sandy soil? Does it stand frost well? How long does it take to mature? P. R. H., Minn.
A.—Buckwheat is an excellent crop for the land mentioned and is much used in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan by settlers who have what is termed "good potato soil". It readily kills with frost. It matures in 70 to 75 days from the time of seeding. It is much liked by bee men as it supplies rich stores of honey after the clover (honey) blossoms are past. It is chiefly valuable as a grain crop for poultry and hogs, while buckwheat middlings when ground supply a rich protein feed for milch cows. It may also be used as a soiling crop for cows. The varieties usually sown are Japanese, Silver Hull and Common. Of these the first named is most popular and is recommended for use in the West. Seed two to three pecks per acre, either in drills or broadcast, covering two or three inches deep. It will succeed well on any well-prepared, fertile soil.

GROUND LIME AS A FERTILIZER.—Do you advise the use of ground limestone? What does it do in the soil and in what shape should it be applied? J. H. G., Wis.
A.—Yes. Ground limestone is now being used in many states and is giving good results on soils deficient in lime. It acts more slowly, but in time and gradually has the same effect as other forms of lime. It binds light soil and opens those that are heavy and close in texture. It acts upon insoluble potash compounds in the soil, changing them into forms available as plant food. It corrects acidity. This is its most important action. Good limestone should contain at least 90 per cent. of calcium and magnesium carbonate. Its value depends also upon its fineness. Ground limestone should all pass through a sieve of 80 meshes to the inch. Material coarser than that may remain in the soil for several seasons before becoming available. This form of lime may be applied to the soil in almost any quantity without danger, but it is recommended by the Michigan Experiment Station in Circular No. 11 to use it at the rate of 2000 to 2500 pounds per acre.

MARI AS A FERTILIZER.—What is the best way to apply mari? J. B., Mo.
A.—Dig the mari, throw into piles, and allow to stand for some days or even weeks before hauling to the field. By some it is recommended that the mari should be dug in winter. This will allow much of the water in the mari at the time of digging to evaporate. The mari should then be hauled to the field and distributed in piles. When air dries the mari is easily pulverized and distributed. A slanting blow with the back of a shovel will usually reduce a large lump of air-dry mari to powder. If the mari is very rich in lime some farmers mix it with good earth to form a compost which is turned once or twice before taking it to the field. It may be spread by means of a manure spreader.

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Simple Clothes for Summer Wear

By Geneva Gladding

NO. 6206—Ladies' Dress. A charming dress having a plain blouse with drop shoulders and medium-sized collar and a three-gored skirt. In front of the waist there is a straight and narrow panel and the same idea is carried out in the skirt. The closing of both waist and skirt is placed at one side of this band. Two tabs on both waist and skirt button over the panel, and at the neck a wide flat bow is worn with ends pulled under the tabs. Printed crepe, ratine, sponge, challie, serge, linen, gingham and many other wash materials can be used for this dress. Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires five yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5888—This very stylish skirt has three gores. It is high in the waistline and one of the front gores is cut away and a piecing inserted. This insert may be of the same material or in contrast. In crepe skirts these piecings are often of silk and in silk skirts of different colors. The model will be just as handsome in one material and color as in linen, ratine or the like.

Cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; medium size requires three and three eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6218—Ladies' Skirt. This four-gored skirt may have high or regulation waistline. It has an extension tab and a reversed plait at the lower portion of the front gore and in the back forms a panel. It is at one side of the back that the closing is placed. Cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; medium size requires four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6216—Ladies' Dress. This effective model will be excellent for linen, poplin, figured silk and heavy gingham. The design is plain with front closing scalloped and edged with a contrasting color. The four-gored skirt also closes in the center of the front where there is a small plait or tuck. This same idea is carried out in center back seam.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 bust measure; medium size requires five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5858—Ladies' Dress. A simple dress developed in combination of materials. As illustrated, the dress is of white linen with large collar, cuffs, belt and founce of the skirt made of all-over embroidery. This design is also charmingly trimmed with a light color or made of two colors, so fashionable just now; the dress of light tan with collar, cuffs, belt and founce of a much deeper shade. Two shades of ratine would make a handsome dress. Pearl or lace-covered buttons are effectively used.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material with one and three quarters yard of 27-inch contrasting color. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5857—Girls' Dress. This simple frock has two box plaits in front and also in the back with panels in between them. The round neck is trimmed with a pretty collar and the sleeves are finished with ornamental cuffs. A leather or material belt completes the dress. These dresses are made of linen, pique, gingham, lawn and the like and trimmed with embroidery, lace or the same material in a different color.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires three yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5425—Girls' Dress. This stylish frock consists of blouse and skirt. The blouse has a group of small tucks at each shoulder in front and a single rever extending from one shoulder to the belt at the opposite side of the dress. The plaited (or gathered) skirt is joined to the blouse and both open in the center of the back. The neck is trimmed with a wide collar and the elbow sleeves are finished with a band.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires three yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5849—Ladies' Box Coat, or better known as Blazer Jacket this season, is a smart, useful coat, taking the place of the sweater on some occasions. Blazer, flannel, serge, light weight tailor mixtures, linen and poplin are suitable materials for its making. The coat measures thirty inches in length, coming well over the hips. The neck has the usual coat collar and notched revers and the sleeves have a plain finish.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires three and five eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5867—Misses' Dress. A smart model with the familiar sailor blouse in becoming lines. The large armhole, set in plain sleeves and generous collar give the desirable effect of ample fullness. The skirt has four gores. On the right side is a braid trimming; also the braid is carried around collar, belt and cuffs.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; size 18 requires four and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6230—Girls' Dress. One of the latest models for the school girl is here illustrated. The drop shoulder continues from front and back well down over the plain sleeve. The blouse is plain with eyelets for the passing of ribbon which terminates at the front with a square knot and ends. The skirt is in two pieces and gathered at the top.

Cut in sizes four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6141—Boy's Dress. An up-to-date little dress for the small boy, consisting of a simple blouse, belted in at the waist and trimmed with a handsome collar at the neck. There is a removable shield and the sleeves may be long or short. Duck, pique, linen and similar fabrics are used for these suits which are also worn by little girls.

Cut in sizes one, two and three years; medium size requires one and three quarters yard of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6221—Girls' Dress. Simple and new in design is this pretty dress with plain waist and three-piece skirt, both of which open in the front. The neck is trimmed with a shaped band which extends down the entire front. Cuffs and belt match.

Cut in sizes four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires three yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 2144—Ladies' Brassiere. The corsets of today are made so low in the bust that every woman needs a bust supporter and the brassiere here with illustrations is about the best of the many offered. There is a yoke in front and a fitted lower portion, the seams done in French style and wide enough to hold narrow steels in most cases. The backs cross and tie in front. Muslin, cambric, jean, all-over embroidery and ribbon and lace are used for these brassieres.

Cut in sizes 32 to 48 inches bust measure. Medium size requires three quarters yard of 36-inch material, with one quarter yard of inch wide elastic and three yards of edging. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6231—Boy's Russian Suit. This little suit is cut on the graceful, slender lines of the present fashion. The neck is round and a shaped piece takes the place of a collar and continues down the front where the opening is arranged. There is a belt of material or leather as desired, held in place at side seams by straps under which the belt passes. Small knickerbocker trousers complete the suit. Gingham, duck, linen or galatea are durable materials for suits like this. Little girls as well as boys are wearing these two-piece suits and by the practical mothers are found to be very satisfactory. Bloomers are worn more and more, especially with play suits when the petticoat is discarded.

Cut in sizes two, four and six years; medium size requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6165—Lingerie Hats. The craze for lingerie hats is as great as ever and the illustration shows many different styles for them. Linen or plain gingham make becoming, picturesque hats very useful for garden or slip-on wear when a protection from the wind is desirable. In fact, the fortunate possessor of one or more of these hats finds them very useful.

Embroidery designs can be had for two: No. 8263 for the one at top of group, and No. 8262 at the bottom; price, 10 cents each.

The group of hats comes in one size including every style. Price, 10 cents.

No. 8241 T—Corner for Tea Cloth. Small table cloths are extremely useful as every housewife knows, their use extending beyond the conventional tea table. The design here shown is dainty and graceful. The central figure is to be worked in French eyelet, which is not difficult in fairly heavy material and the leaves of the design are to be worked solid, in French style. The same pattern may be used on pillow slips. Coarse lace, hemstitching or scallops are used for edges. Price, 10 cents.

No. 8221 T—Oblong Rose Pillow. Low of unusual beauty. Silk, burial, a natural color linen and plain white may be used for the cover and the design worked in deep carmine tints with brownish leaves.

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and stem, or in some of the brighter reds and also in yellow. The straight band may be darned in or a strip of lace can be used. Price, 10 cents.

No. 11447—Waist Design. The embroidered waist is a strong feature with summer costumes, both as a separate waist or when waist is joined to skirt. As lace and embroidery combine charmingly, it is well to join waist and skirt with coarse lace insertion. If a low or round neck

is desired, use collar design around top; the center part directly in front with remainder on either side. Narrow insertion either side of embroidered cuff would match lace belt and be very pretty. So many of the fine shirt-waists have the yoke effect that this design should be especially welcome. At the upper part there are dots to be worked solid and below this are festoons of small flowers. The blossoms are to be worked in eyelet and the leaves solid or in fine outline. Price, 10 cents.

Questions Answered

COMBINING L. V. ANDERSON. A D. M. O. REN, for a simple light lavender dress showing just a touch of a darker shade, use pattern No. 6216 on this page. From the dark shade put very narrow crossways bands on collar and cuffs and stitch both edges flat. Use piping at waist and skirt joining, also pipe around back strap. Face the scalloped edge

with dark shade, letting the facing extend well back of buttonholes; also pipe buttonholes with dark shade which is not difficult. At the place where each buttonhole is to be made, baste a piece of material on the right side, stitch around the length of buttonhole with about a quarter of an inch between stitchings and cut open, turning the piece onto the back side. Arrange piping so it will just fill space. If a wider piping is preferred, make stitchings wider apart.

COMBINING MATERIALS.—CLARA BELL, Nos. 6206 and 5858 show attractive ways of combining materials, a style very popular this season. I would use No. 5858 for your poplin, using the pink for collar, cuffs, belt and founce at bottom and your white for dress. Yes, girls to the age of twelve years wear full rompers in place of petticoats and drawers. White long cloth or other soft white cloth makes those worn with white dresses or very light ones desirable unless made of dress material. Rompers are not starched. By all means keep very low heels on your children until they are at least sixteen years old. High heels are accountable for many weak backs, to say nothing of large joints which are painful and make it out of the question to wear well-fitting boots through life. The fact is, the foot cannot take a natural poise, and brings the weight of body on the ball of foot and toes.

REMODELING WHITE LINEN.—MRS. E. D. R., to make your four-gored skirt narrower, change the double boxplait at back to a single one. Do the same in front, stitching it at a half inch from edge, and to within eight inches of the bottom, and cut out the surplus cloth underneath from this point to belt. To hold the short loose plait in place stitch through to skirt twice. Remove the soiled cuffs and collar and use red velvet ones which are very fashionable. Make them separately so they may be removed when coat is laundered and tuck on with a long blind stitch. Use white pearl or velvet covered buttons.

LENGTHENING PETTICOATS.—MRS. C. L. M., make your little girl's outgrown petticoats into princess slips. Cut off the binding and even the top and it is all ready to join to a long waist as a ruffle. Cut the waist long enough (or you may find it necessary to take a piece from top of petticoat) to have the ruffle join where the fullness is needed and will not make the dresses too full. You also may decide to take a little from the width of petticoats as several years ago they were made full enough to set the dress out which is no longer the fashion. One ingenious woman made two slips for herself from an old-fashioned, very wide skirt that had a deep ruffle of tucks and insertion.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Get Circular Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

"MADAM: Could you use a 42 Piece Dinner factory at MANUFACTURERS' PRICES? Write us, Blue Grass China Company, Beckley, W. Va."

GOLD FILLED SIGNET Ring, Warranted 8 Years. FREE Send 10c to pay postage, packing and advertising. Any initial engraved free. Ring sent same day money is received. The Auction 19 Bay St., Attleboro, Mass.

VIRGIN SNOW IS NOT WHITER than PEACHBLOOM! YOUR COMPLEXION will be after you have used PEACHBLOOM! the matchless skin bleach and skin food preparation. If your skin is discolored from sunburn, tan, blotches or other causes, once for full particulars and SPECIAL OFFER now being made. MADAME LA FONDA, Suite 10, Washington, D. C.

\$5.00 BEAUTY RECIPE FREE Also Big Book on Beauty, Sex and Hygiene, Hair Goods and Toilet Articles. It is fearless, written in plain English, easily understood. Every woman should have it. Write Today. Now, before they are all gone. E. S. CAMPBELL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR I was gray at 27. After enduring my shame for years I stumbled on the only perfect way I ever heard of to restore it gradually and naturally to original color. Send 2 cent stamp for reply and I will tell you my secret free to anyone. **FREE** MRS. MARY K. CHAPMAN, Suite 137 C, Banigan Bldg., Providence, R. I.

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Roman laid gold plate, soft rich gold finish, in a velvet padbox. We show but two pins to give you the sizes; there is one large pin and three smaller ones, one Neck or Waist Pin and the others for collar, cuff or lace pins, equally useful as Baby pins. We want these pins not to break, which is an exceptional guarantee on a pin subjected to such constant and hard use.

Other uses for such a combination set of Four Pins will occur to every lady reader of COMFORT, and we doubt if there are many who say, "I have no use for them." They are indispensable. Several sets will not be too many to have about, especially if there are children in the family.

Club Offer Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 35 cents for one of these Four Pin Sets Free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own subscription or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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These Superior Transfer Patterns are the best and the simplest on the market. They are instantly transferred to any material by simply rubbing back of pattern with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron on the back of patterns. If transferred by rubbing they can be used about six times and still can be transferred by pressing with a hot iron.

This illustration can show only a few of the beautiful articles contained in this outfit, including Shirt Waist (front, collar and cuffs), Linen Set (collar, jabot and cuffs), Corset Cover, 6 floral designs for underwear, 1 Baby Cap (2 pieces), 1 Baby Bib and Shoes to match, 1 Baby Dress Panel, 1 Picture Frame, 1 Broom Holder, 1 Baby Dress Panel, 12 different floral designs suitable for Scarfs, Table Cover, complete Script Alphabet, 1 complete Fancy Alphabet, 1 complete Old English Alphabet, 1 complete Old English Alphabet, 1 complete Old English Alphabet. Complete instructions for using are enclosed in each outfit. In addition to this bare we are including in our Embroidery and Fancy Work illustrated course with all the principal stitches, with complete description of each stitch, making embroidery so simple that any child can do it.

Remember, all you have to do to receive all these illustrated Embroidery Patterns and this complete course is to send us your name and send us at not your own or send your own yearly sub or renewal and 30c and get one of the above free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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His Red, White and Blue Girl

Holiday Story Cyclis—No. 7—by Joseph F. Novak

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CHAPTER I.

"One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore."
Oliver Wendell Holmes:
Voy of the Gd. Ship Union.

"MARSHALL, may I ask a favor of you?" Miss Adora Swayne, in an extravagant kimono, came into the morning parlor, and after a winking little nod to her caller, she plunged into the matter which was the subject of her early morning call.

"Why," he returned gallantly, "it is customary for me to do favors for you, and feel flattered to be thus allowed. Therefore, why do you ask in such a timid manner?"

"Because, Marshall, it is a favor that I fancy you would rather not grant. Mrs. Buford has been suddenly called upon to entertain Sir Richard Molton, and so has arranged for a short yachting cruise for tomorrow, and for a dance at the yacht club in the evening. She wishes us to be numbered among her guests. I told her of your Fourth of July Launch Party for the lads of the village here, and that I was to chaperone, as it were. She said that she knew you wouldn't mind postponing the affair for a day, so I promised that we'd accept her invitation. You will postpone it, won't you? I really



HE SOON REAPPEARED, CLUTCHING THE HALF DROWNED, MUCH SCARED BOY.

hate to ask you, but—" and her voice trailed off into silence.

Marshall Searles looked up at her, with clear, frank eyes, in which indignation was now slowly kindling. Adora had never seen him angry, nor did she expect to see him grow so now. Nor did she, though he was perilously near to it. He merely said, almost disdainfully, however:

"Who is this Sir Richard Molton, pray whom Mrs. Buford presumes can upset our arrangements with impunity? Is he such a lion that all must listen when he roars? Well, I for one, shall not, and I do not intend to disappoint my boys."

"It isn't disappointing them, Marshall," Adora interrupted, for she saw that he would not be easily shaken, "it is just postponing their pleasure a day, and gives them twenty-four hours more to think about the glorious time coming."

"Well, the fifth of July isn't the Fourth of July, and never can be. I can only say, Adora, that Sir Richard's coming is not going to spoil my plans for tomorrow."

"But Marshall, I'd rather cruise with Mrs. Buford."

"Would you?" he asked, with hurt in his voice. "Very well then, Adora, I'll release you from your engagement to go with the lads and myself tomorrow."

"Won't you postpone the affair?"

"No."

"And you won't be angry?"

"Angry? Why should I be? Do you think I'd insist on having you keep your engagement with me, when I know it would be kept in unwilling spirit? Can I insist when I see your whole thought is to be included in Mrs. Buford's party? And lastly, when you tell me you'd prefer the cruise, can I do otherwise? There's nothing to be angry about."

"You've stated three excellent reasons that would be good cause for anger. But Marshall, dear, you know I've gone boating, canoeing, and tramping with you so many times that I think I'm entitled to be excused this once."

"Well, haven't I excused you?" he asked, his voice gentle, for he knew she had been unusually kind to him.

"Yes, you have, but somehow I don't feel right in availing myself of your kindness. Now, if you'd just be a little vexed, provoked or angry, I'd feel as if I were in a measure punished for spoiling your plans. But Marshall, if I can set off your disappointment by making some arrangement for a frolic or excursion of some sort in the future—"

"Don't bother, Adora. It isn't my nature to accept halfhearted little sacrifices."

"I know I've spoiled your Fourth of July party, but really I can't help it, and I think you could oblige me."

"I suppose I ought to, Adora, but I can't disappoint the lads, if it is only a matter of postponement. Why, the day after, their Fourth of July spirit will have fled. And then too, I don't care particularly about meeting Sir Richard; there will be other opportunities. I am only sorry because I won't have you help me entertain the boys. I've told them of the Red, White, and Blue Lady who was to recite war-time poems and sing war-time songs for them. I told them of the gown you were going to wear, and that I'd wear my uniform. They'll be so disappointed."

"Well, Marshall, why not ask someone of the other girls? There are rafts of them who would be able to sing and recite, and who would fly at the offer of playing chaperone."

"Thanks for the compliment your words imply, but I never make eleven-hour engagements."

He was hurt to think that she should want to forego his party for the boys, he didn't want to be angry, but in his inmost heart, he wondered why she should be so anxious to meet Sir Richard. Well, what affair of his, was it, he continued, in thought. She was not engaged to him, and could he expect Adora, who was belle of the fashionable summer colony known as "Dell-Rocks-By-The-Sea" to be away from the social whirl the coming of Sir Richard Molton would create? Nay.

But he was sorry to see in her, the woman instinct to worship a coronet.

The girl was silent before the unmeant rebuke. Marshall, feeling that the interview was over, rose, and picking up his yachting cap, which he had tossed to the floor, he walked to the door and out on to the porch of the pretty summer cottage on the beach.

At the head of the stairs he stopped, and crossing his wind-tanned arms (for he was in en deshabille, having rowed over from his hotel) he said:

"I don't want you to think, Adora, that I wish to be a boor in this matter, and to prove it, I want you to enjoy yourself, and forget that you had a previous engagement with me. Perhaps I ought to oblige you, and yet I cannot disappoint my boys. If I've been rude, I beg your pardon, but when a chap has been looking forward to an affair for a few weeks, and then suddenly finds his plans 'knocked on the head' he can't be any too angelic. Now, I'll say good-by, and touching his cap, he swung down the walk and out upon the rocky beach, where his small skiff lay."

With contending emotions the girl watched him as he sprang into the little craft and sent it into the deep. Not until he grew an indistinct fleck on the shimmering morning sea did she withdraw her gaze. Then with a little frown, she went back into the cottage.

CHAPTER II.

Pop! Pop! BANG! BANG! BANG! BOOM! These sounds greeted Marshall Searles on awakening the next morning. It was early, but 5.30 o'clock, and the young man, after awakening, for some time lay luxuriously idle in his bed in his room in the hotel, from which place, he, seaward, could see the ocean with its fascinating heaving, or, landward, the flags upon the cottages streaming in the morning breeze.

He thought of the day and what it was to bring. A little disappointment, of course, but he determined to bear it, and not show it before his boys, lest it spoil their pleasure, which was to be a full day's ride in his launch on the ocean, and a display of fireworks in the night.

Near the bed on a chair lay his uniform and hat, relics of his rough-riding days. As he gazed upon the garments, listened to the Fourth of July racket outside, or contemplated the floating flags he thought of the days when the same sounds meant things serious, things not to be rejoiced at. A flood of patriotic sentiment rushed over him, he sprang up to don the old uniform with the same alacrity that he employed in war-time days at the reveille of the bugle.

Dressed, he stepped to the window and looked out upon the morning. Far down the pier, he could see Mrs. Buford's yacht already steaming up, for a light curl of smoke came from her funnel chimneys. A feeling of regret came upon him until he espied a few of his lads waiting away from the wharf, touching off crackers. Then he smiled again, and descended to the dining-room, blithely whistling "Yankee Doodle" to the nervous despair of several dowagers already disturbed from their morning sleep by the booming of explosives.

Breakfast dispensed with, he picked up the newspaper and read until the hour neared eight, at which he was to meet the lads. Then he left the hotel and strolled toward the wharf, gradually gathering in his followers who gazed upon him in his uniform in undisguised admiration.

He greeted them jovially, then they all clambered into the launch, which the man had been cleaning and putting into order. It was gallily decked with flags and bunting, in holiday array.

He admonished the lads to hurry, for he wished to push off before Mrs. Buford's yacht did. But in spite of warning, haste and admonition, they did not get under way as soon as he expected, and then the thing which he least of all wished, happened. Mrs. Buford's guests began to arrive, and among them came Adora, and with her, Sir Richard, who was dressed with all the nicety of an English society man, making Marshall in his khaki uniform and leggings and felt hat, feel slovenly and unkempt.

Adora was dressed in a deliciously cool looking gown of white, with a huge white panama hat on her head. She had discarded the varicolored ribbon that had previously adorned it, and now replaced it with a broad soft-silken band of red, white and blue, with a silver spread-eagle at the knot. Instead of the usual scarf of some dainty hue which the ladies of the yachting party sported, Adora wore a long silken flag of red, white and blue. The glow of the morning was in her brilliant cheeks, her blowing brown hair under the big hat made her altogether delightful.

She nodded pleasantly to Marshall and to the boys, then went aboard the yacht.

"Why, isn't the 'Red, White and Blue Lady' coming with us, Mr. Searles?" one of the boys asked.

"I know you said she wasn't coming, but I thought maybe she was sick? My! She'd look better longed!" you "because you'd make a nice couple, you with your soldier suit and she with all that silk flag stuff."

"Well, Billy, Miss Adora has seen fit to make other arrangements, so we must excuse her."

"But who's going to tell us all them nice poems 'bout Fourth of July?" he persisted.

"Why, we'll have to cut them out, but I'll try, and make it up by telling you war stories."

"O, that'll be grand!"

"All right. Now, are we all ready? All aboard!"

With a grand hurrah, the launch slowly moved off midst the terrific crashing of giant crackers, which, tossed into the ocean threw up fountains of spray. The shouting and racket and banging of exploding crackers kept up as the launch with her proudly floating flags swept with steady swaying into the sun-dappled shimmering on the ocean.

All morning the merry launch sped over the water, sometimes dashing far out into the ocean, again hugging the shore, or exploring bays and inlets. Now and then the happy party disembarked, had glorious pow-wows, attacks, battles, Marshall leading them in their boyish sports. Then at noon they dined gloriously without a thought to proper blending of food and were none the worse for it. They interspersed bites with singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie" while the phonograph vied with them in keeping up the hub-bub.

All wished to drink from Marshall's canteen which had gone through the war, they huzzahed him as he told stories of the battles in which he had been, and though he assured them that his escapades were not acts of particular bravery, still the lads dimly realized that any man who fights for his country who fights with his whole soul, is as much a hero as he who performs the greatest of deeds.

The boys gazed upon their hero, as he, coatless, hatless, with the breeze tearing through his hair, detailed vividly the adventures he had in Cuba and of his affairs in the Philippines.

And so the afternoon wore on, the hour was nearing four, and the launch was again headed toward Dell-Rocks-By-The-Sea. Over the water she shot with the speed of a meteor, dashing through the rolling swells and splattering the spray against the wind shield, leaving in her wake, a white-capped trail.

A great white-sailed yacht, now hove into view, her great boom dipping into the ocean, and it was not long ere Searles recognized it as that of Mrs. Buford. It was coming at a steady pace, and continually gaining.

"O, let's race it!" exclaimed several of the lads.

"I don't think we can, boys," Marshall said, "but if she overtakes us, we'll give three rousing cheers."

He hardly wished to be observed by those aboard the yacht, for he felt he was scarcely an object of beauty. His hat had been off, his face felt coated with salted spray, his hair was

awry from the wind. He was coatless, his army khaki trousers were splashed with spray and here and there with grease.

The great yacht was speedily gaining and it was only a matter of a few moments now when she would be upon them.

"Now, as soon as she comes, wave your flags as if charging the enemy, and yell three good cheers," Marshall instructed, "and just as she reaches us, let us sing the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

With boyish voices, fired with the patriotism of youth, they shouted out the inspiring chorus:

"Then conquer we must
When our cause it is just
And this is our motto:
'In God we do Trust!'
And the Star Spangled Banner
In triumph shall wave
O'er the Land of the Free
And the home of the Brave!"

From the yacht came the clapping of hands, and as it slid alongside, came dazzling smiles from the ladies, while the men shouted: Bravo!

Searles stood up in the launch, then he bowed and turning to the lads, he shouted:

"Now boys, three cheers and tiger for the yacht and all aboard her. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Tiger!"

They yelled lustily. At that juncture, Sir Richard Molton came to the starboard side. Adora was with him.

"Now, boys, three cheers for Sir Richard Molton," Searles cried, and they gave them with spirit, accompanied with frantic waving of flags.

Then—just how it happened, no one knew. There came a scream from Adora. Searles turned about and beheld a small struggling figure in the water.

One of the lads in his excitement, had stood up, and toppled over into the water. Searles saw, quick as a flash he stopped the launch, the next moment he had dived over the railing, and disappeared.

He soon reappeared, clutching a very wet, half drowned and much scared young patriot, who, in spite of everything, was still clinging to his flag.

It was over in a moment, he had the spluttering, coughing boy in the launch in no time, none the worse for his dive.

He picked up his coat and wrapped it around the dripping figure, he shouted a farewell and in spite of his dripping state, sat to the engine and sent the launch scudding off toward land.

But not before he heard a rather grim laugh, and the sound of a voice, which said:

"Ah, a very cleverly arranged program."

It was the voice of Sir Richard.

Searles' cheeks burned. He felt that the rescue had been a rather ridiculous performance.

He sent the launch with venal speed, scudding over the waves, so fast that its sides were almost on a level with the water. Then the clubhouse reached, the lads were taken to his particular room where they washed up, and latterly partook of the lunch prepared for them, after which they sat out on the piazza of the clubhouse overlooking the ocean, while the night slowly fell.

Searles had changed his clothes, he now wore summer flannels, a dark blue coat and yachting cap. He wandered, somewhat restlessly up and down the piazza. Somehow to the lads, he looked taller, more stern and less the jovial fellow of the afternoon, for his boyish mood was gone, replaced by that of the man.

Perhaps the boys dimly realized this, for one observed covertly to another:

"Mr. Searles seems kinder blue-like."

At last it was dark enough, and Searles announced that they would take to the launch again. Timothy was to manage the engine, so Searles sat with the lads and watched the display from the piazza of the yacht-club.

The launch was soon at a little distance from the clubhouse, and it was not long ere the wonderful display began. Searles had hired a man from the city to bring down a magnificent lot of pyrotechnics, and the small lads now watched, almost in awe, the bursting mobs, the clinging stars, the rockets and glaring lights which lit up the water as far as the eye could reach.

The little lad that had tumbled into the sea sat beside Searles. He noted the faraway look in that young man's eyes, noted his seeming stern quiet.

"Mr. Searles," he whispered, "ain't you feeling well? I was wondering if maybe you wasn't sick because you had to jump into the water to get me, and then you sat in your wet things all the way back to the clubhouse."

Searles laughed jovially.

"Oh, I'm not sick," he returned. "I don't mind an occasional ducking. But if I seem to be quiet, why it is just because I'm listening to the music. Isn't it beautiful?" and he directed the attention of the lads to the music that came from the orchestra within the clubhouse, softly yet clearly o'er the water in the midst of the bursting brilliant bombs.

They little suspected that his heart was with-

ing to come invitingly. It stirred his soul. Then he decided to go to the dance. It was Mrs. Buford's affair, and while she might be provoked with him for not attending the cruise, yet he knew he could, by tantalizing flattery, win her over.

The affair was informal, and summer flannels seemed to be the thing, so that he was quite in keeping as to dress.

He entered the ballroom over which a patriotic wave had swept. The favors had been given out, they consisted of flags, banners, silver eagles and the like. Everyone was quite bedecked.

He saw Adora among the throng. She had draped about her, a large silk flag, as had many of the other girls. She seemed displeased, however, in spite of the fact that Sir Richard followed in her train.

But when she saw Searles, she smiled and nodded brightly.

"I'm not making up a card," she said, "but I must keep my promise to dance with you," she finished, as the music commenced.

Some chap approached her, clamoring for the dance. "Your dance?" she queried. "Why, really, you must forgive me, and move your dance one back, for I've promised Mr. Searles that I'd give him the first dance as soon as he came in, though I had my doubts as to whether it would be claimed or not."

They slowly danced to that enchanting two-step, "Jamestown Dixie," and when it was finished, they stepped to the piazza and away from the rest of the guests.

"I enjoyed the dance very much, Adora," Searles began.

"What did you think of me for insisting on dancing with you as I did? You must hate me, but really I had to ask you. I want to know whether you really have forgiven me for deserting your party in the shameful manner I did."

"Why, I told you yesterday that it would be all right. Did you enjoy the cruise?"

"I didn't," she exclaimed. "It was a bore. And then when I saw you among those happy-faced lads who revered you, and then when I saw how unhesitatingly you sprang into the sea—"

"Stop!" he cried, his face crimson. "Don't you, of all persons, remind me of that. I couldn't help that the lad tumbled into the water, and I couldn't let him chance on getting back into the launch safely, could I? In addition to that, I had to stand for the grying of a fellow to whom I had just saved his life, and who was so shocked by his disgust and humiliation choked him."

"I know how you felt," she returned. "When the lad tumbled into the water, Sir Richard never moved an eyelash. I was amazed, but it was no more than I could expect. But after all, I am rather glad it all happened as it did, for—"

She hesitated, and as he looked at her with that look she so loved, she said slowly:

"Mrs. Buford told me that I was favored above all others in Sir Richard's sight. And when she told me that, I quickly ceased being agreeable, for the little incident showed me his character. To become 'Lady Molton' sounds fine, but I hardly think I care to leave the protection of this," and she drew the silken flag's folds, more closely about her.

"Then you mean you want an American chap to take care of you."

"Yes," and her voice grew low.

"And can I be that man?" he cried, as he caught her hand which clasped a corner of the flag.

"Yes, Marshall."

"My own Red, White and Blue Girl," he breathed rapturously, as he gathered her close. His action caused the flag to drape gracefully about them. It was a beautiful tableau.

And then, as their lips met, quite appropriately, floated the words:

"The Stars and the—"

His action caused the flag to drape gracefully about them.

in the clubhouse, that for their sakes he was denying himself a great pleasure.

For the rest of the evening he chatted with the lads, then toward ten o'clock he brought them ashore, and with soldierly step, they marched back to the village and dispersed to their homes.

For sometime then, Searles sat upon the beach, dreaming. Out over the ocean, little gleams of lightning broke, portending a storm.

From the clubhouse the soft music continued

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"I know how you felt," she returned. "When the lad tumbled into the water, Sir Richard never moved an eyelash. I was amazed, but it was no more than I could expect. But after all, I am rather glad it all happened as it did, for—"

She hesitated, and as he looked at her with that look she so loved, she said slowly:

"Mrs. Buford told me that I was favored above all others in Sir Richard's sight. And when she told me that, I quickly ceased being agreeable, for the little incident showed me his character. To become 'Lady Molton' sounds fine, but I hardly think I care to leave the protection of this," and she drew the silken flag's folds, more closely about her.

"Then you mean you want an American chap to take care of you."

"Yes," and her voice grew low.

"And can I be that man?" he cried, as he caught her hand which clasped a corner of the flag.

"Yes, Marshall."

"My own Red, White and Blue Girl," he breathed rapturously, as he gathered her close. His action caused the flag to drape gracefully about them. It was a beautiful tableau.

And then, as their lips met, quite appropriately, floated the words:

"The Stars and the—"

His action caused the flag to drape gracefully about them.

in the clubhouse, that for their sakes he was denying himself a great pleasure.

For the rest of the evening he chatted with the lads, then toward ten o'clock he brought them ashore, and with soldierly step, they marched back to the village and dispersed to their homes.

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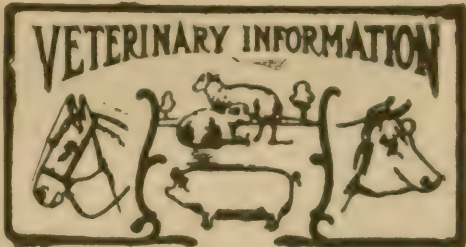
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Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on a question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials in requests.

WORMS.—We have a mare about twelve years old and she is most always gnawing on her trough or some other part of the stable. The mare is not very fat and doesn't seem to be easy to fatten. J. A. McCL.

A.—Worms are the probable cause. Have her teeth attended to by a veterinarian; then mix in the feed night and morning for a week one tablespoonful of a mixture of two parts salt and one part each of dried sulphate of iron and sulphur; then skip ten days and repeat the treatment. Muzzle her when she is not feeding; or smear aloes and oil on the things she gnaws.

LAMENESS.—I have a small mare about fifteen years old. Her back seems to be hurt across the hips; she will hold first one hind leg up and then the other one. It hurts her to go up or down hill, or to pull. She fell on the ice last spring, but I do not know if that was the cause of it or not. She eats good. We feed oat and wheat hay. She drinks very little water. She has always been a good saddle horse.

A.—She no doubt strained the muscles of the loins and external applications do no good in such a condition. She should be turned out to grass for the summer and may then recover. If necessary feed her on grass. If she must be stabled give her a roomy box stall and it needed put slings under her at night.

WEAK EYE.—I have a Scotch Terrier, two years old. Ever since he was a little pup he has shed his hair constantly. He does not scratch any but just sheds all the time. One of his eyes is pink around the rim, it is very weak and waters a good deal. M. H.

A.—Bathe the eye with a ten per cent. solution of boric acid applied twice daily on fresh swabs of absorbent cotton. Have the dog clipped; then wash with coal tar dip solution made according to directions of the manufacturer. It can be bought at the drug-store. Let the dog live out of doors as much as possible and feed one small meal each night.

PINING COW.—I have a thoroughbred Holstein heifer between three and four years old. She came in last August. She and calf did well. She gives a good mess of milk but seems to be losing in flesh all the time, although she has a good appetite. R. B.

A.—Tuberculosis is to be suspected in this case and should therefore have her tested with tuberculin to make sure. Any veterinarian can apply the test. It would be best not to use the milk, unless she is proved free from tuberculosis.

DIARRHEA.—Please tell me what ails my dog. He first started as though he had cold, his eyes and nose run and he coughs quite a bit. He got so he couldn't use his hind legs and they seem stiff. He is fat and eats heartily. I gave him fresh milk and ten drops of niter. Bowels loose. Please tell me what to do for dogs when bowels are so loose. He got burrs up under his leg which made an awful sore before we found the trouble. Do you think it could cause blood poison? Mrs. E. B.

A.—A ten grain dose of sublimite of bismuth, along with five grains of salol every four hours would be likely to stop the scouring. It may well be that he absorbed poisonous matters from the wound. Wash it with peroxide of hydrogen twice daily, then dust with one part each of boric acid and powdered alum and six parts of starch powder.

WOUND.—I have a mare that was cut on a wire fence just in front of the back, about eighteen months ago. The man who owned her put lime on the cut and it has never healed. Her leg is swollen from the cut down to the pastern. She does not limp nor seem to suffer from pain in her leg. Is in good condition and works all right. The upper part of the cut is a lump protruding over the lower part. If she stands still in the barn some days her leg swells more and becomes harder. She is about seven years old and weighs about thirteen hundred.

A.—Work or exercise the mare every day and let her occupy a box stall in stable. Bandage the leg from foot to hock each time she comes into the stable. Wash the wound clean; then paint it once with tincture of iodine and afterward apply twice daily a mixture of one dram of boric acid and one ounce of balsam of Peru. Do not again wash the wound, but wipe it gently with cotton batting, if that seems necessary.

LAMENESS.—I have a fine mare which is lame in her fore legs and feet and her hind legs are affected some. The joints feel inflamed but not swollen and crack considerably when moved. She has been on crack considerably when moved. She has been on mail route for over two years and last fall went lame, then got better and about four weeks ago became worse. I took shoes off and stood her in clay but with no results.

A.—Without an examination we cannot diagnose mysterious cases of lameness; but if she shows fore feet out when standing still and especially when starting to walk it may be found and we would clip the hair from the hoof-heads of both fore feet and blister them with cerate of cantharides a number of times, one at a time, at intervals of three or four weeks.

ORPHAN FOAL.—Will you please give me advice to raise a colt on cow's milk? It is a week old. The mare died two days after it was born from injuries received in foaling. We are feeding it separated milk. Is this right, or separated milk rich enough for it? How much should it be fed in a day? W. T. L.

A.—Use whole milk from a fresh cow; but the milk should not be rich in butter fat. Feed it milk warm, sweetened with water and have linseedwater added at rate of one ounce per pint. An orphan foal should be fed a half pint or so once an hour at first and gradually the amount of milk may be increased and the feeding times made further apart. By the time this reaches you the foal should be feeding six times a day and taking about all the milk it cares for. Also allow it to lick oatmeal and after a time add wheat bran. When foal is six weeks old you may begin substituting some sweet skim-milk for the whole milk and when it is three months old it may be taking straight skim-milk, besides feed and grass.

SHOCK SOW.—I have a Poland China sow in a serious condition. She brought pigs six weeks ago and did very well for the first two weeks. She seemed to have chills. Eight or ten days ago she would eat a little and vomit. I have been giving her corn, and bread and milk and a little spirits of turpentine, but for the last few days she won't eat anything. J. S. P.

A.—Do not feed corn to a nursing sow; feed light, lardine rations and make sow take plenty of exercise, then she will be able to stand the strain and drain of nursing. If she is alive when this reaches you wean the pigs at once and feed her milk and mid-dlings in form of slop. Chances of recovery are poor.

TUBERCULOUS.—I have a cat that was two years old last April. Some time ago he appeared to have a very bad cold and wheezed a great deal. He got a little better and now we can hear him when in another room. It sounds like a snore or a groan, and he does it sleeping or awake.

A.—The cat probably is tuberculous and should be destroyed. The glands of the throat are affected. It is unsafe to have such an animal around.

FISTULA.—I have a three-year-old mare which has a running sore underneath her jaw bone. She came up from the pasture with her jaw swollen (that was over a year and a half ago) and I thought it might be a snake bite. In a few days it broke and ran and left a running sore. It seems to heal up for a little while but it breaks and runs again. I had a veterinarian and he said her jaw bone had been cracked and his medicine didn't help it any. She is in good shape and I am working her.

A.—If I am discharged the fistula probably connects with the root of a diseased tooth and that should be extracted. If the discharge is clear liquid it is a fistula of the salivary duct (Steno's) and operation by

a graduate veterinarian would be necessary. Meanwhile inject a little of a two per cent. solution of protargol twice daily. This medicine is very expensive but wonderfully effective in some cases of fistula.

SLOBBERING.—I have a five-year-old mare that will take spells and slobber for four or five days at the time when I feed her dry feed. S. W. B.

A.—Her teeth need attention from a veterinarian as a sharp point or split or diseased molar tooth is interfering with mastication or sharp points may be causing lacerations.

RINGBONE.—My horse has ringbone on one of her hind feet down by the hoof. It was burned two years ago but now it grows out on the other side. Would you please tell me what to blister it with? We live so far from a doctor so would be glad for your advice. Mrs. C. J. N.

A.—Clip the hair from the hoof-head and ringbone and the her up short in stall for a six weeks' rest. During that time blister the hoof-head three times with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury and two ounces of cerate of cantharides. Rub the blister in for fifteen minutes. Wash it off in forty-eight hours and then apply a little lard once daily.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

are doing is a blessing to us all. I want to ask a question. Do you think by us having a change of Presidents, it will change and better our conditions at all? I think it is time for something to change this old world of ours. But whether we will be helped any I don't know.

I am nineteen years old, five feet three inches tall, weigh about one hundred and eight pounds, have dark hair and gray eyes and dark complexion. Would like to hear from all the cousins. Will try and answer all.

Your niece and cousin,
MABEL IRELAND. (League No. 34,854.)

Yes, Mabel, I have seen the Indians dance. Have been all alone in a crowd of three hundred of them, and though they didn't take my scalp, they took all the tobacco I had. I also attended one of their dog banquets, and saw them do the sun dance. It was the big band of Cree Indians who used to roam Montana, that held me up for my tobacco. I'm sorry farming has not been more remunerative for you and yours. The trusts and the middle men have got the farmer in most instances, by the neck. You have also I believe, had a succession of dry seasons in your state, so altogether you've been up against a pretty tough proposition. Yes, I suppose you do wonder that I can see life as I do, and remain cheerful when harassed by a thousand pains and a million cares. Well, my dear, God has been very good to me. He has put enough sunshine in my heart to last me through a hundred worlds and for a billion years. Everything to me has a funny side, and even when the folks gather around my bedside and think I am going to hop the twig—and they have done that pretty often of late—I crack a joke and tell them I'm going to live a little longer, and gloom goes out of the window and smiling hope comes in at the door. Cultivate cheerfulness and a sense of humor, if you can possibly do it, and most of you can if you try, and you can be happy in the electric chair with the current turned on.

You see, and that is the important point in your letter whether a change in Presidents will change conditions. No, my dear, things won't alter in this country materially for a number of years yet. If conditions don't change, don't however, blame the President, but blame the people. I have often told you that a nation gets just the kind of government it deserves.

If the government is bad it is because the people have not sense enough to insist on having something better. There is plenty of good individual thought in this country, but the individual can go off in a corner and think himself black in the face and it will not do good to either society or himself for it's not individual but collective thought that counts, and there is very little collective thought in this land of ours. People who do think don't get together, and unless they do get together little can be accomplished. Eighteen years ago the Supreme Court—you ought to love that Supreme Court, it's always doing such beautiful things for you, I don't think—declared the income tax, which Congress had passed, to be unconstitutional. It has taken just eighteen years for the eighty or ninety millions of people in this country to upset the opinion of that court. I don't suppose one in a hundred of you even know it has been upset, and if you saw it in the paper, so little interest do most of you take in national affairs, that you would pass the item by, not knowing or even caring what it was about. But oh! if there was an account in the next column of a spicy scandal, telling how Mrs. Vanderbilt Jones had deserted her husband, how you would devour every unsavory detail of that domestic tragedy. Now there's the trouble with the American people today, the frivolous American people, as many foreigners call us—we get excited about things that amount to nothing, and scarcely pay any attention at all to those matters of public policy which vitally concern our interests.

The politicians know about this, and they go about their business as if you didn't exist. It's a long hike to Washington, and most of you don't know what is going on there, and don't care. That's the trouble with our system of government. To get good results you've got to keep your eye on both state and Federal legislatures, one eye at home and one in Washington, and finding this a tedious process and being engrossed in your own affairs, you pay no attention to either one or the other. It takes from ten to thirty years of action to work up sufficient national sentiment in this country to bring about any great reform. The only national body that comes anywhere near representing the people is the House of Representatives, but beyond that body there is the lordly Senate, members of which you don't elect, and beyond that the Supreme Court, the members of which also you don't elect. So the will of the people as expressed through its representatives, can at any time be scoffed at by the Senate and bludgeoned by the Supreme Court. The people of England make their will known to their Parliamentary representatives, and Parliament, a body ten times more democratic than the most progressive of our legislatures, immediately commences to carry out the people's instructions. There is no Senate and there are no courts that can dictate to Parliament. The House of Lords has no more say in the government of the country than the king has. If Parliament fails to do what it set out to do, it immediately dissolves and the people at once elect another body of men to carry out their orders. That's representative government that represents, and the head of it is not holding down an easy chair in the White House all day as the head of our government is. The President, or Prime Minister of Great Britain, has to take his seat daily in Parliament and answer a thousand and one questions that are put to him concerning the affairs of the empire over which he presides, before the regular business of the day is proceeded with. The heads of the British government are on the rack every day. They are called over the coals and hot shot is fired into them without mercy. They have no skulking lobbyists buying votes and influencing legislation over there. All is fair, square and above board, and the nation with eagle eye watches everything that takes place. Now that's representative government, the kind of government we ought to have, quick and instant in its response to the will of the people. They also have a Department of Labor conducted by a working man, an ex-mechanic,—John Burns, who is a member of the Cabinet, one of the greatest of government officials. There you see is a republican form of government. Our government is bure-

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have made their backs. They pay for the upkeep of government. They pay for their incomes. They soak them. And when they are dead they soak them all, and that is how it should be in our "republic." Under a democratic form of government, but, alas, it isn't! We, loving the rich and having little use for the penurious masses, change the poor wretch who is earning a dollar a day as much for the upkeep of government as we charge Rockefeller who has millions a year. You will say: "But I have never paid any Federal taxes." Oh, yes you have, and do. There is scarcely an article that you eat, wear or use, that you do not pay indirect taxation on. That sugar bowl of yours for instance is mercilessly taxed. When the income tax is in operation you are promised free sugar, and millions that now are wrung from the poor by the sugar tax will remain in their pockets. But remember it took eighteen years before two thirds of our State Legislatures voted to have the constitution amended that all incomes above a certain sum, could be taxed. Then too remember, it took us thirty years to get this contemptible apology for a parcel post. It took us the same length of time to get postal savings banks and other reforms, and so you will see that anything you want, you must wait an interminable time before you get it, and then instead of getting what you want, you will be handed the rankest kind of lemon, made to look like the real thing. In proof of this remember that President Taft and the Republican party were sent to Washington for the one purpose of lowering the tariff, and instead of lowering the tariff they boosted it. Now if the people thought collectively and acted collectively, this farcical state of things could never be. That President Wilson will be able to do much for the people I doubt, because the people have not arrived at that stage

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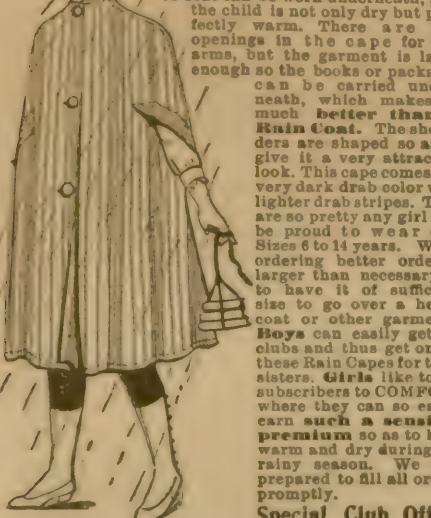
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

peared in October number of COMFORT and all the pleasure I have had has been my mail. My dear, noble friends, how I bless you for all your kindness to me, you can never know how much real sunshine and happiness you have brought into my lonely, narrow life. Let me tell you how I manage your letters so as not to be partial. I have your letters in two four sacks and I just take out the first letter I see and read and answer it, so you see I do not select the letter to answer, and if your letter has not been answered it is because you are down among the other unanswered letters. But if my strength holds out I shall answer you righter if you are in the bottom of the sack and it takes a year. Dear hearts, I thank you a thousand times from the depth of my heart for your kindness to me. I thank you seems so little to say when compared to the gratitude that swells my heart.

I beg H. A. to send me full address. Now my friends do not stop writing to me for letters are more pleasant to me than anything else in all this world. Now I must close for this time and I want you to write to me and pray for me for I need your prayers so much. May God bless and reward you all is my prayer. Your little shut-in sister,
MATTIE BEUBRAGE, Daleney, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT ever since the days when we paid but ten cents for a year's subscription. It has grown and improved until I think it is wonderful paper and almost like a member of the family.

I am alone and a widow. I do laundry work for my support.

Can someone tell me a remedy for eye strain. I have read and crocheted by lamplight too much, thus straining my eyes.

I pray God's blessings on COMFORT readers.
MRS. EMILY BAILLY, 410 N. St., Mayfield, Ky.

Mrs. Bailey. I give you a simple remedy for eye strain which is used by eye doctors. Three times a day, on arising in the morning, at noon and just before going to bed, hold hot water compresses to the eyes for five minutes. An easy way to do this is to fold a wash cloth several times, long enough to lay across both eyes and dip in hot water and apply and when it begins to cool, dip again in hot water. Repeat for five minutes. After the morning application, use cold water on the closed lids for half a minute by lightly applying with fingers. This only for a minute to get a reaction. Afternoon application. Instead of cold water close eyes for four minutes. I hope this will relieve you. Of course you sit with light shining over your left shoulder.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years and think it the best magazine in publication. We get more reading matter and the right kind of reading matter in COMFORT than any other similar publication and that is what counts, so here is our hearty "Vive La COMFORT."

In rummaging around in the attic we found among other odds and ends an old paper printed nearly a score of years ago containing the following poem entitled "The Long Ago." We think it almost matches in beauty. The name of the author is not given.

Will be pleased to hear from as many of the sisters as may care to write.

MARY A. K. MOTTER, Jefferson, R. B. 1, Md.

The Long Ago

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go,
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a Magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing,
There's a cloudless sky and tropical climate,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the June with the roses are straying.

And the name of this Isle is "The Long Ago."
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and locks of snow,
There are heaps of dust—oh! we love them so—
And there are trinkets and treasures of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswung and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our dead used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh! remembered for age be that blessed Isle,
All the day of life until night;
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumber's white,
May the greenwood of soul be in sight.
—B. F. Taylor.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I have often wanted to write to the Sisters' Corner, but feared the waste basket the contents of which I suppose are sent to Uncle Charlie's goat anyway, so perhaps it will help all a pore if it does no more.

I am five feet five inches tall, weigh about one hundred and forty-five pounds, fair complexion, brown hair, grayish brown eyes. I have never married, a snake with beauty but I admire a pretty disposition more than a pretty face and strive harder each day to learn beauty of soul.

Following is a short piece of poetry about children which expresses my opinion on equality of boy and girl better than I can. Prescher Lyons, our great Evangelist, said that a girl who had done wrong was no more ruined than a boy who has done wrong. I think we should impress that on the minds of our boys.

Sin is Sin

Don't send my boy
Where you girl can't go,
And say, "There's no danger
For boys you know,
Because they all have
Their wild oats to sow."
There's no more excuse
For my boy to be low,
Than your girl, so
Please don't tell him so.

Don't send my boy
Where your girl can't go,
For a boy or a girl
Sin is sin you know,
And my baby boy's hands,
Are as clean and white,
And his heart as pure
As your girl's tonight.

How many sisters know the value of brown sugar in sweetening gooseberries, rhubarb, fried apples and sweet pickles. I learned these experimenting.

Rinse your milk vessels in strong soda water and see how much longer they will keep sweet in summer.

Could you Mrs. Wilkinson, or some of the sisters, give me the oil cure for constipation? My mother, who is an old subscriber to COMFORT would like to get it; also the mode of living called Fletcherism.

I want the women to get the ballot to vote out the whiskey demon, as I don't believe there are many if any women, who have to go down into the gates of death to bring a child into this world, could go to the poles and vote for something that would ruin it. The men throw the old slur at women about the devil tempting Eve, which fact alone shows that women are harder to tempt and slower to yield to temptation. I know some good men, but I know a dozen good women to every good man. I once heard an old gray-haired preacher say, "If it were not for the good women in this world it wouldn't have stood this long."

I enjoy the talks about rearing children more than any other. I wouldn't live without COMFORT unless I was compelled to by poverty or something similar. I think Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie are doing a noble work. Long live COMFORT's staff of workers.
MRS. BERTHA COLLINS, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Mrs. Collins. Since the oil treatment for constipation first appeared in our corner, I have, whenever opportunity offered, gathered what information I could on the subject. Cottonseed or olive oil are used; the former much less ex-

98 cents

6 YEAR GUARANTEE

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Railroad Watch

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our catalogue of Elgin Watches we will send this elegant Railroad watch by mail post-paid for ONLY 98 CENTS. Gentleman's size, full metal silver plated case, locomotive on dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 6 years. Send this advertisement to us with 98 CENTS and watch will be sent by return mail post-paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98c today. Address: R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

Younge, thirty years old, who was last heard of in Alabama. Mrs. Major Younge, 815 North Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Wanted.—To know the whereabouts of Charlie Burnett. Black hair and eyes. About five feet, four inches tall, weight one hundred and sixty. Last heard of in Cedar Town, Ga. Fannie Burnett, 1036 Lee Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Frances Pondergraph, 510 Gattis St., Durham, N. C. John Fitzpatrick, 1420 S. Cleveland Ave., Canton, Ohio. Carl Ponder, Lillie, Box 34, La. Louise Bredfeldt, 1912 Rockingham Road, Davenport, Iowa. Miss Mattie Wall, Council Bluffs, R. R. 1, Iowa. (Views and scenery.) Mr. Gary, Evans, Eudora, Okla. C. L. Waldron,

BOYS Let Brown teach you How to Pitch FREE

Boys, grab this chance to become the "find" of the season—the star pitcher of your team—the boy wonder who easily fans every batter with sensational big league curves and torridly shoots with burning speed—and never a sore arm. Now, for the first time, you can learn—from the greatest professional pitcher in the world—how to turn over those deadly hook-curves—jumping spitballs—vicious fade aways—etc. Every curve fully explained—any boy can understand. And it—

Doesn't Cost You One Cent

To learn how to be a second Brown, Mathewson, Johnson or Walsh. Think how the town will be about you—how they will cheer. They'll want you to be captain. You'll be picked out on the streets—your name will strike terror in the hearts of rival nines. For Brown will tell you everything. All the tricks of his craft and cunning—that make him the scourge of hitting curves—all this is yours for the asking—FREE.

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If you like baseball just let us know where you are and the first lesson comes to you by return mail. You can't buy it—you must accept it—FREE. Let Brown start teaching you all these inside "secrets" and "fine points" at once. Yes, this is the great Brown who won 4 championships and two world series for the Chicago Cubs. You can't have better teacher. Delivering a lesson in spare time, earns this costly, complete, personal instruction—by mail—no matter where you live—the whole course FREE—doesn't cost you a cent. To send no money. Send your name and address on a postal—NOW. Don't delay—address like this,

Y. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. 144, CHICAGO

This Beautiful 20 Year Watch \$3.75

Elegantly engraved TWIN MODEL, GOLD FINISHED double hunting case, 17 jewel American lever movement, steel case and steel set. 30 year guarantee with each watch. Long gold finished chain for Ladies, for or vest chain for Gentlemen.

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30 Year Guarantee. EXAMINATION FREE. Let us send it O. D. in your express office, after you examine it, if you think it is a bargain, send us \$3.75. If not, return it. No charge. Please send your name and address to: HUNTER WATCH CO., DEPT. 738, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE SEAL GRAIN LEATHER HAND BAG

Guest ends, velvet lined, containing large purse, 9 inch, French gray finish, fancy ornamented frame, leather strap handle, also 10 inch. Send for it. It is yours. Please send your name and address to: Pearl Dental Cream Co., Dept. 14, Joliet, Ill.

Get valuable premiums or Cash Commissions until you try Pearl Dental Cream.

THE WOMAN'S MUTUAL BENEFIT CO., DEPT. 14, JOLIET, ILL.

SPECIAL BARGAIN!

To introduce our new goods we send beautiful Stone Set Garnet or Topaz Ring gold plate, also 50 Choice Silk Pieces, 1 Fancy Band Bracelet, 1 yard Silk Ribbon, 1 pretty Shell Necklace, 10 Vignette Pictures, and our big bargain price list all postpaid only 10c.

BUCHANAN & CO., Dept. A, P.O. Box 1528, New York

FREE

350 Shot Hammerless

Easy break down action, loads automatically, polished Nickel Steel, walnut stock, peep sights, length 31 inches, weight 28 ounces. Free for selling 24 fine Mexican drawn work Handkerchiefs at 10c each. No money required. R. W. ELDRIDGE, 102 Eldridge Bldg., OMAHA, NEB.

CROWN YOUR TEETH

With our gold finished shells and foil your friends. Great fact: resembles dentists' work. Slips over the teeth; easily adjusted; removed at will. Over two million sold. Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each; 4 for 35c or 10 for \$1.00. C.B. FARGO, Dept. Y, FARMINGTON, N.H.

I WILL START YOU

earning \$4 daily at home in spare time silvering mirrors; no capital; free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dept. AA, Boston, Mass.

Free to Stomach Sufferers

Get relief at once. Write for my big, free ten day treatment. Dr. W. F. Waggoner, Suite 12, Bank Bldg., Carrollton, Ill.

WANTED

Investigators and detectives; good salary. U. S. SECRET SERVICE SCHOOL, Dept. A-10, Milwaukee, Wis.

Money \$ \$

FOR LIVE MEN \$ \$ KEY FREE. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

30

Comic Postals, 500 Games, Jokes, Tricks, etc. (Barrels of Fun) Magnus A. Hess, 637 Ashland Bldg., Chicago

MONEY

Made quickly by smart men. T. A. Knight, 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

STEM WATCH AND COWBOY FOR SET

FREE. This American made, stem wind, 17 jewel watch, with beautiful engraved case, guaranteed 5 years, and this new Cowboy Watch Bob, gives you for disposing of only 8 of our Art Pictures at 25c each, or 40c instead of 50c. Send your name and address to: M.O. BEITZ, 2-A-5 CHICAGO

A Physician Cures His Wife Of Consumption

With A Simple Home Treatment. Book Fully Describing The Treatment Sent Absolutely Free To Any Lung Sufferer.

DR. W. H. KNIGHT of East Saugus, Mass., writes:

"My wife was down with Consumption, when I ordered the Lloyd treatment. I was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. The Lloyd Treatment kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventive as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that for the cure and prevention of Consumption, it is the most wonderful treatment of the present age."

This is only one of hundreds of letters received from physicians and others reporting cases of consumption and lung trouble restored to health in all sections of the United States. We want to send every lung sufferer absolutely free the startling statements of Dr. W. H. Knight of Dayton, Ohio, Dr. C. G. Finkner of Kansas City, Mo., Dr. J. H. Ward of Troy, Mo., and many others who report results almost beyond belief, together with a valuable booklet on the cause, prevention and treatment of consumption and lung trouble.

If you are suffering from weakness, blood-spitting, run-down sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, loss of flesh, painful lungs, distressing cough, wasted body, loss of strength—write me today and I'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE the sworn testimony of many who, after suffering with just such distressing symptoms, now state that they ARE CURED, strong, able to work, without ache or pain, happy, full of praise, after a few months' use of this simple home treatment. Send your name and address TODAY. JUDD Q. LLOYD, 631 Lloyd Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of *Etiquette* and *Personal Appearance*, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to *Etiquette* Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Cowboy, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.—Four or five weeks is not long enough to know a girl so well that you should tell her your love, but having written to her for a year and she acts favorable and sweet, we think you might let her know your feelings. But don't be reckless about it. (2) The man is introduced to the lady, but don't say: "Miss B. meet Mr. C." The correct form is: "Miss B., let me introduce (or present) Mr. C." Sometimes it is enough to say: "Miss B., this is Mr. C."

May Rose, Ceredo, W. Va.—The duties of a bride-maid are to assist the bride in preparing her toilet for the ceremony, to see that everything is in place and right in her appearance and to go in with her and stand near her until the ceremony is over. The duties of the best man are about the same for a bridegroom.

Buttercup, Boise, Idaho.—A fourteen-year-old girl is safest in letting her mother see all the letters she writes, even to her girl friends. Thirteen-year-old girls do not wear head-dresses if they have mothers who know how to dress them properly. They may wear a ribbon band or bow, or a flower in their hair, but nothing elaborate.

Sally, Butler, Mo.—At a formal "At Home" afternoon or evening, you should leave cards on the hostess, or each one, if the invitations are in the name of more than one. As you were prevented by illness from making party calls, your mother and sister should have made calls and left your card. When you return in September will be rather late to call though you have good excuses to make in explanation, though that will not explain why your mother and sister did not call. In the smaller towns rules are not quite so rigorous and social formalities are not so closely observed as in the larger places.

Uncertain, Ettrick, Wis.—When you declined to kiss him good night after he had taken you home from church and he did not urge you to do so because he is a gentleman, as you said, what has happened that you now inquire if it is proper for you to kiss him when he goes away on a trip? Unless you have become engaged, it is improper.

A. L. C., Thompson, O.—The lady with whom you are to stop when you go to your sweetheart's town to see him, should be with him to meet you at the train. You are making an unconventional visit, but as he cannot come to see you, it will be all right if you are properly chaperoned. But be careful how you conduct yourself and don't make any silly talk about the visit.

Miss F. A., Ferry, Wash.—Silver is laid on the table according to the courses of the dinner, the last course being next to the plate. (2) At an afternoon tea the tea is served from a table. The buffet is better for stronger drinks than tea, if you must have them, though it is far better to do without the strong drinks.

Anxious, Hortonville, Wis.—Social luminaries cannot expect to dazzle always. You had your turn, now that another has shone forth, you must be gracious to the other and keep your light burning for the friends that will always love it. (2) By all means get an explanation from the young man before you let your former friendship be wrecked for lack of it. Write and ask him to call.

Two Ladies, Wheeler, Ill.—The etiquette powers have not yet fully decided whether or not it is proper for a lady to slap a man who attempts to kiss her against her will, though they rather incline to the opinion that she should. Neither have they determined that she should return the kiss of the man she wants to kiss her, though they rather think she should not, as that is overdoing it. In the meantime the ladies are doing as they please.

M. and J., Danville, Ga.—There is no harm in the old style social dances, if they are danced properly. The Turkey Trot and other new dances are generally denounced as indecent and should not be permitted. It is wise, also, for young ladies to dance only with men they know. If they are to be invited to a dance, they should be in charge of a chaperon, though moonlight strolls are not usually so accompanied.

Jolly Girl, Stoutland, Mo.—It is not etiquette for a gentleman to take his girl to a ball and dance the first set with another girl and also flirt with her. The best way to "avoid him doing so again," is to accept no further attentions from him. (2) You should improve your spelling, but you are not "silly" in refusing to let a man kiss you.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

where they know what they want done, and have not by concerted action, impressed on their "representatives" that the things they want done, must be done and done quickly. In other words our lawmakers are not the servants of the people, but their masters, and anything you get from them you'll have to fight for. To give you an idea how utterly indifferent the majority of our Congressmen are to the welfare of the nation, Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of one of the most dramatic incidents in American history, tried to get the House of Representatives, composed chiefly of good (?) democrats, to pass a bill appropriating twenty thousand dollars for a council of national defense that would greatly add to the effectiveness of our army and navy. The noble members of the House, at once turned down this proposition and immediately set about passing a pork barrel bill of twenty-five million dollars, for building tremendously expensive post-offices and public buildings in small towns, where they will not be needed for at least twenty years, and some of them not needed at all. This twenty-five million dollars for pork is to be spent to catch votes from poor, ignorant dupes, the class of voters that can be bought for two dollars and a drink of whiskey any time. Twenty-five million dollars for pork, remember, and not one cent for defense of the nation. These are the same pin-heads (nearly all democ-

FITS

I have cured cases of 20 years standing. Trial package free by mail. DR. S. PERRY, Box 1860, Los Angeles, Cal.

Ladies to Sew

at home for a large Philadelphia firm; good money; send stamped envelope for prices paid. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 28, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Prompt relief. Remedy

Guaranteed. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. K. H. M. Box 618, Augusta, Me.

Asthma

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moles, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. WARRANTED absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1822, Boston, Mass.

crats by the way) who are trying to cripple our navy and make it useless junk by giving us only one battleship a year, instead of two, an open invitation to Japan or any other nation that chooses to attack us, to come and blow up the Panama Canal and raid our coasts. A President can't do much with a bunch of dough-heads at the back of him, and it's dough-heads generally that you send to Congress, and if you didn't send them remember they would not be there. Just one more word in answer to your question. While President Wilson was campaigning before his election, he admonished the people to "break into your house and take possession of your own." That meant that you were to let those floods of wealth that have been gathered by a few at the cost of frightful poverty to the many, and end conditions that have made these few men masters of our government and of this republic. It sounds almost revolutionary doesn't it? When however, President Wilson knew his election was sure, in addressing the students of Princeton he said: "I know what you want and we will not accomplish it through a single session of the house of Congress, but by long processes running through the next generation." His last remark is the sober second thought, the truth. His first remark probably was just campaign exuberance. You've got to wait and wait for another twenty-two years before there will be any great change for the better in the condition of the masses of this country, and when that change comes and you do begin to come into your own, that change will not be brought about by either the republican or democratic parties, so do not look to either of them for any great or speedy relief from conditions that are well-nigh intolerable, for if you do you are doomed to sad and bitter disappointment. F. S. Keep your eye on the tariff cutting that is expected to do so much for the people. Just as soon as prices are slashed, and manufacturers have to lower the prices of their wickedly expensive products, down will go wages for the big robbers of business never intend to let go of their plunder. So the last state of the suffering public will be worse than the first.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers, and primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but these of more mature years clamored for admittance as persistently that it was deemed advisable to have no limit, thus all are eligible for admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine. With your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, send a recent photograph of the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 12 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed for an extra year for so little. Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 12-month subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 12 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

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All the League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal order on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for July

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from a doctor or postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Miss Etta McCann (35), Jacktown, Ky. Shut-in from infancy. Parents dead. Is feeble minded and unable to work. Sister has to stay with her and care for her. The state allows them six dollars a month. This pitiful sum does not go very far. Do what you can for them. The leading citizens of their town vouch for them. Barbara Graff, Carthage, R. R. 3, Ind. Invalid. Old and feeble. Unable to work. Her physician says she is worthy in every respect. Martha Carter (60), Clinchport, Va. Confined to bed for thirty-five years. Sadly afflicted. Poor and needy. Will be grateful for any help. Very worthy. Henry G. Johnson, Litchfield, R. R. 6 Box 21, Minn. Care of Mrs. Anderson. Helpless invalid for seven years. Incurable. His poor, sickly widowed old mother is his only support. Grateful for any assistance. Mrs. Lily Knight, 1410 N. Elm St., Centralia, Ill. Invalid. Confined to bed for three years. Would be very grateful for clothes for a boy of twelve and a girl of ten, also material for fancy work. Highly recommended. Mrs. Alice Terry, De Queen, R. R. 1, Box 71, Ark. Is suffering from a tumor. An immediate operation is necessary. Her doctor who is a good soul will operate if she can pay ten dollars to cover expense of dressings, etc. and the service of another physician. In his letter, he says if Mrs. Terry can't pay him for his services it will be all right. I shall esteem it a personal favor if you will give this poor soul a chance for her life. Mrs. E. B. Welch, Lake Side, Neb. This poor old soul is seventy-seven years of age. She lives alone in a hay shanty. She broke her hip some years ago, and has to crawl. Very poor and grateful for any help. Highly recommended. John H. Keaton, Dallas, R. R. 5, Ga. Invalid. Sick and needy. Send him the sympathy that buys bread. Highly recommended. James L. Dobbs, Walling, R. R. 1, Box 34, Tenn. Victim of rheumatism and general debility. Daughter twenty-seven years old is feeble minded. Wife also semi-invalid. Who will help this sick and afflicted family with money and clothing. First-class references. Mrs. Pearl McNeill, Raeford, N. C. Prostrated with that terrible disease consumption. She is greatly in need of both medical and financial aid. Give her a chance for her life. Highly recommended. Mrs. J. Towery, Spencerville, Okla. Would be grateful for quilt pieces, fabric by five inches square. Alvah P. Redd, Gray, Okla. Has five acres of land near Moffitt, Colo., and would allow any unfortunate the free use of same to make a home and raise poultry or anything else they desired. Miss N. J.

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

WELL, my dears, did the June roses bloom brightly for you and did you all get a good start as summer girls? I hope everything is delightful for July will not be as pleasant as June, at least, in its weather, and you may become so warm that your tempers will be ruffled now and then. Anyway, you will have the Glorious Fourth to think about and that is and always will be a great day and don't any of you girls ever marry a man who can't share with you the highest regard for that day of days. But I mustn't make a Fourth of July speech with your letters waiting to be answered. So here goes for the letters:

The first I take from the pile is Cousin E. M. of Clarksville, Texas, and she tells me in red ink of a young man who lied to her about writing to her then told lies on her, then lied when he said he didn't lie, and she told him she hated and despised him and forbade him ever to speak to her again and she says she loves him anyhow and wants to know if she should forgive him. Sure she ought. If she can love that kind of a man she should be able to do anything. But, say, cousins, aren't some girls just too silly?

Brown Eyes, Longview, Texas.—If he keeps on postponing the wedding, though you have been engaged a year, I think you should break the engagement. He doesn't want to marry you, that's plain and is using the engagement just to flirt with you. Plenty of young men are like that with silly girls.

Anxious, Gardiner, Ore.—If you know he can't possibly get along without liquor don't you know enough to know that his promise that he will quit and make a happy home for you if you will marry him is worthless? Drunkards don't make happy homes for their wives.

Broken-hearted, Patoka, Ill.—My dear, instead of wearing your life out because the man has deserted you for another why don't you feel thankful to heaven that he deserted you before he married you and let you find out what he was like before it was too late. Forget such a man and be happy that you are free. Women should break their hearts over the loss of good men, but not of bad ones.

White Rose, Houston, Mo.—Why be in such a hurry to have him say something about marriage? Can't you write to a young man and be friends with him without wanting to rush him into marriage? If he is too slow, throw him over and get a fast one. I don't think it is nice for a girl to have no other use for a young man than to marry him.

G. C. M., Lansing, Mich.—We live in an age of speed, I suppose is why the young men neglect you nice, quiet girls for the fast and loud ones. But the best young men like best the quiet, nice girls and you should not worry because that kind of young men who like fast girls are not attentive to you. Indeed, you should consider it the highest compliment they could pay you.

Little Girl, Washburn, Maine.—You at sixteen are at least five years older than he at sixteen and you ought to know that he is only flirting with you. Sixteen-year-old boys are mere children and all sensible girls treat them so.

Doubtful, Webb, Okla.—Treat the man exactly as you would treat any other married man and he gets his divorce. After that it will be for you to decide whether you accept his attentions or not. Be very careful not to give ground for suspicion that you are the cause of his divorce. One of the cousins writes me that she thinks it a sin for a divorced person to marry. So do a good many other people, but many do not and the law makes no objection. (2) Young men may meet young ladies at the station when they have been visiting.

Twins, Oil City, Pa.—Don't be too hard on him because he was polite to a girl you didn't like and he didn't. Rudeness is almost as bad as jealousy and you shouldn't want him to be rude to anybody. (2) The young man who has any respect for himself or for any lady will not drink whiskey when he is with her—unless she is the kind who likes to take a drink herself, which I hope you are not. (3) Other company may be accepted in the absence of you. "Steady" with his consent. But he is not your "steady" unless he is engaged to you.

Beatrice, Granada, Mo.—If he is respected by everybody now except your family and was respected by them until you fell in love, I think you can take a chance on their respecting him again if you marry him. Anyway, you can try it and see. But don't marry him just because he is poor. Don't marry him until he can provide for you suitably.

Broken Heart, Lebanon, Ky.—I think, my dear, you had better be an old man's darling than live an old maid with your heart all smashed to pieces as you tell me it is because of the unfaithful Leon who has deserted you for a wealthy girl. Don't hurry about marrying anybody. You think you are a terrible wreck now, but you'll be laughing over it this time next June. Wait and see.

Blue Eyes, Wilcox, Wash.—Better marry the one younger than you, my dear, if you love him more and he is of better character than the older. But I wouldn't marry at all, if I had to ask somebody which one to marry.

Worried, Carrollton, Ill.—Stop worrying and make up your mind not to choose the one who is very nice to you but not so nice that you can get the other one out of your mind who wants to come back. He is the one and he should come back.

There, my dears, I have answered your questions. I didn't have to pass on to other departments, and though some of you are unusually silly—maybe it is the effect of summer—I haven't scolded any more than was necessary. Now you have my permission to play summer girls until we meet again. By, by, and be happy.

Cousin Marion.

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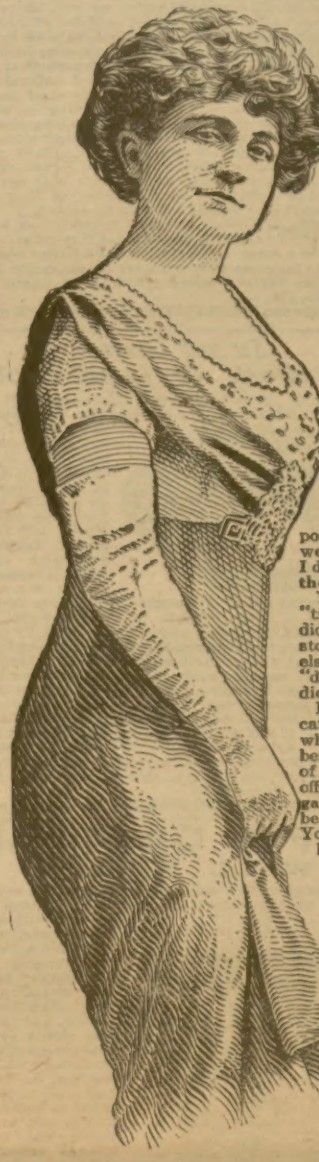
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I, Lucile Kimball, a married woman past middle-age, attacked by obesity for years, finally conquered the fat monster. Everything you ever tried, I tried. I went through exercises, rolled on the floor, cut down my food, gave up sweets, fats and starches, wore elastic clothing, tried electricity, massage, osteopathy, vibration, hot and vapor baths, swallowed pellets, capsules and teas—gained as rapidly as I lost—and so would you with those so-called treatments.

For years, my friends have asked me to tell them how I got rid of fat and kept rid of it. They know that I eat what I want—go through no exercise other than I get around the house and office; that I am FREE from obesity, happy, healthy, supple—and look younger by fifteen years than I actually am!

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You have figured fat by the pound. Your "methods" and "treatments" have attacked living tissues more than fat. What did you gain? Nothing! Your fat came back the moment you stopped your exercise or diet. It did not go if you tried anything else. But my Home Treatment is not exercise or diet. I say "diet" in its broadest sense—not "starvation diet," not "excessive diet," but diet of any kind.

Eat any kind of meat, vegetables, salads, pastry, fish, fowl, nuts, candy that you want—when you want it. Drink what you want when you want it. I don't interfere with your food or drink. No bending over, rolling, playing golf, horseback riding, doing exercise of any kind. Sit in your chair at home, or in your chair at your office—and the fat will vanish from you by the pint, quart and gallon. It goes away rapidly. It melts from your cells. You feel better—stronger. Beauty returns to women; strength to men. You never heard of anything of the kind before in your life. Everybody says, "How wonderful!" It is marvelous beyond description, and it is absolutely harmless. It is so simple, you need devote only three or four minutes each twenty-four hours to its use.

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To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIEN REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

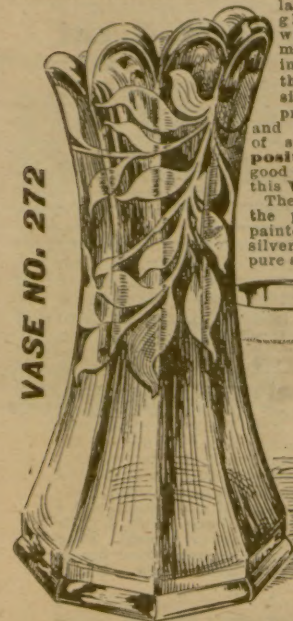
We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

SILVER DEPOSIT CRYSTAL GLASSWARE

Here is something entirely new which will be of great value to you and you can get any article Free for only a little effort.

Something that is all the rage. Perhaps you are not acquainted and are thus unaware of the great popularity of this new style of glassware interwoven with silver. The bright man with the wonderful inventive mind conceived the idea of combining silver with glass and thus produced this marvelous and beautiful combination of so-called silver deposit crystal ware, a good sample being shown in this Vase No. 272.



The way it is worked out the pretty design is first painted on the glass with a silver paint composed of pure silver ground so fine it is moistened and made into a paste and then the entire article is put into an oven or kiln and fired at such an intense heat that this silver design is burned into the body of the glass. This lays the foundation for the full thickness of silver deposit which is added by taking sheets of pure silver and placing the different articles in tanks in which are copper wires attached to electric batteries; the circuit thus formed reinforces and adds to the silver deposit. After remaining in this electric battery about 24 hours the goods are then washed and polished with rapid revolving felt-covered wheels and additional silvered composition is applied to bring this up to the standard. When the goods finally receive this extra touch of silver polishing a beautiful luster is added and the finished goods have thus set the country wide over this magnificent product. COMFORT has arranged with the manufacturers for a supply of some of the prettiest and most practical designs, and while we cannot illustrate or give you any idea of their nice appearance we can by your getting up clubs of just a few subscribers to COMFORT send you some of the goods and then you can see for yourself and reorder other articles.

VASE NO. 273

The vase shown in the illustration has a Silver Deposit line intersected with a distinctive floral design. This vase would be very nice to use for all medium-sized wild flowers while violets, sweet peas and all cultivated blossoms of that sort are made very attractive when displayed.



SUGAR AND CREAMER NO. 274

These goods are made of extra heavy glass, well deposited with silver in a fancy scroll design. The illustration gives a general idea of the shape of the beautiful Sugar and Creamer, but cannot convey the gentle effect produced by the design being worked into glass with silver. This style of glassware is fast superseding the regular cut glass that was formerly so popular as it is a much more serviceable article and is far superior for every practical use from an artistic or decorative standpoint.

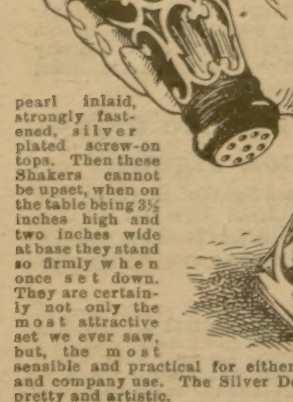
Vinegar Cruet No. 275

This bottle has the fancy Crossbar design with the Silver Deposit inlaid in a most striking manner. The stopper also has the Silver Deposit on the top which makes the whole affair a great addition to any dining table.



OIL OR COLOGNE Bottle No. 276

This bottle in silver deposit design is very neat and the round glass stopper also has the silver deposit on the top. It is so pretty it makes the table, dresser or sideboard attractive looking. All kinds of toilet water, oil or other liquids may be kept in it.



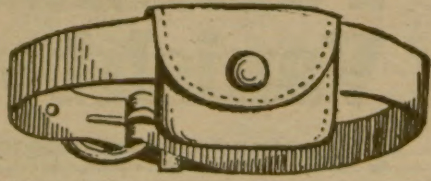
Salt and Peppers No. 277

Notice their sensible shape and broad base and graceful curved sides and you realize at once how easily and firmly the hand clasps them and the comfort that comes when one shakes the Salt or Pepper so freely through the pretty white mother-of-pearl inlaid, strongly fastened, silver-plated screw-on tops. Then these Shakers cannot be upset, when on the table being 3 1/2 inches high and two inches wide at base they stand so firmly when once set down. They are certainly not only the most attractive set we ever saw, but, the most sensible and practical for either every day or dress up and company use. The Silver Deposit design is unique, pretty and artistic.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15 months' subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you, by Parcel Post prepaid, this Salt and Pepper Set, No. 277, or your choice of any one of the above described articles with the exception of Vase No. 272. Or, we will send you Vase No. 272 for a club of only three 15 months' subscribers at 25 cents each. This Vase stands 6 inches high and has a handsome silver deposit floral design as shown in illustration.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Wrist Pocketbook They Are All the Rage



This is one of the most attractive as well as practical premiums we have ever offered. Made of handsome soft russet leather with nickel silver buckle and celluloid fastener. Will hold coin, bills, car tickets, etc. Where it is worn on the wrist it is the handiest change holder made. It is used extensively by women and girls, is the latest fad and greatest and most useful novelty of the season. When going to town to shop, or car riding to parties, and attending church, it will be found very handy. Many times when women and girls are going to fairs or among crowds, they will be found indispensable as when worn on the wrist under the sleeve it cannot be seen, and pickpockets will not notice it. Can also be worn with short sleeves as they are so attractive looking. Do not delay in accepting.

Our Offer: For a club of only four 15 months' subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months (it must positively be a new subscription, not your own), or send 35 cents for your own renewal or extension for one year, for this Wrist Pocketbook free by Parcel Post. Premium No. 374.

Sweet Grass

Card, Work or Jewel Holder

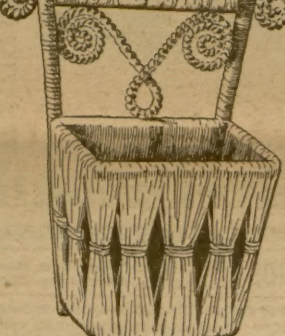
With strong, pretty birch-bark, porcupine quill decorated bottom. This is truly a Canadian Indian idea and a very fragrant and useful one it is, too. The famous sweet grass is found in great quantities on the Canadian border as well as in Maine, and the different tribes of Indians are always in search of it for basket-making purposes. Through a dull season they made up so many of these baskets that we bought a big quantity at a bargain and are thus able to offer in basket form some of this real, fragrant sweet grass, which constantly gives forth such a delightful perfume. They measure over six inches across the top and two inches down the sides, sewed in a very strong and substantial manner, are pretty enough for the center table or chamber and will be a lasting delight to anyone.

Club Offer. If you will secure one bona-fide new 25-cent subscriber to COMFORT for 15 months, or send 35 cents for your own subscription, renewal or extension for one year, we will send this Sweet Grass Holder No. 265 Free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

RAFFIA CATCHALL WALL POCKET

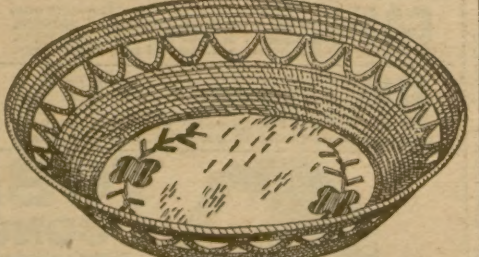
This handy piece of wall furniture is very useful as well as ornamental. It has a long rattan frame covered with artistically wound, natural color raffia, then has wire brass and a decorative hanging ring wound in raffia in the attractive rope design. The illustration shows the general design of the entire article which has a strong wooden bottom, and is just the thing to hold a brush and comb; or as a receptacle for small articles it will be found very useful to place on the wall of any room in the house. Although imported from Germany we send this attractive premium, No. 249 free for two new 25-cent subscribers to COMFORT for 15 months, or for 35c your own renewal subscription for one year.



This is certainly a rare bargain offer and we know you will be delighted with this catchall.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FRAGRANT SWEET GRASS BASKET

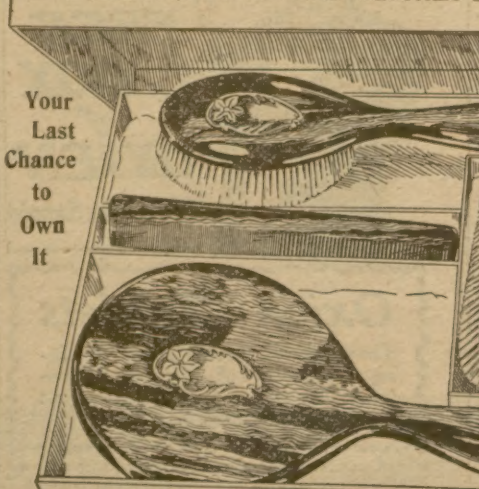


This famous Sweet Grass which is largely gathered from the meadows of Maine by the Indians and made into such attractive and handy baskets gives forth a very dainty, delightful and lasting perfume which sweetens the entire room. The design of the basket, as shown in our illustration in reduced form, is twenty-eight inches in circumference at top and six inches in diameter at bottom, which is of attractive and strong inner bark peeled from the stately white birch tree by the Penobscot tribe Indians. It is artistically decorated with fine, bright colored porcupine quills. These baskets are not only handy to hold your knitting, crochet and other fancy work but they are wonderful souvenirs from the great Northern wilds and woods. They will last a lifetime and are just the thing to give as a present to mother, sister or lady friend.

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25c, we will send one of these baskets, No. 250 free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMB, BRUSH, MIRROR AND CLOTHES BRUSH SET.



MALACHITE GREEN FINISH.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pair of Straw Cuffs

Always Keep Your Coat or Shirt Sleeves Clean
No matter what kind of work you are doing, in house, barn, shop, office or store, these large, roomy, well-made Straw Cuffs will protect your shirt or coat sleeves from becoming soiled and keep them fresh and clean. The Cuffs offered here are 6 inches long, strongly made of closely braided straw reinforced at both ends with an extra band of straw interwoven in such a manner that it makes a double thickness. Many women use a single cuff for a foundation to make a catchall or knitting work bag. It is very easy to sew on a top and bottom by using odd pieces of cloth running tape or string through to draw up the top into a regular bag. These Straw Cuffs, although a very common article, are really so useful, in fact indispensable to the housewife in performing her household duties, the man of the house in doing chores around stable or barn, the merchant or clerk, that we have decided to add them to COMFORT's large list of premiums and offer one or more pair absolutely free to anyone who will accept the following:

SPECIAL OFFER: For one new, bona-fide subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or for 30 cents to pay for your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription, we will send you one pair of these large, strong well-made Straw Cuffs, Premium No. 353, free by Parcel Post prepaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Deposit CANDLESTICK

Everybody is using candlesticks again—in country, towns and cities, people have them in nearly every room in the house, not merely as ornaments but as a means of securing that pleasant, soft, subdued light which only the good old-fashioned candle is capable of producing.

In this beautiful Silver Deposit Candlestick we offer a new design which selling like wild fire all over the country. As shown in illustration the handsome, silver deposit decoration is patterned after a combination scroll and floral design which extends the entire length of the candlestick, and around the top there is a silver deposit band which further enhances its beauty. The base of this candlestick is oval in shape, measuring 4 1/2 inches across the widest part while the top measures 2 inches in diameter and it stands over 6 1/2 inches high. We also have this new, handsome, unique silver deposit ware in other forms such as Vases, Cologne bottles, salt and pepper sets, etc., and we know that if you send for this beautiful Candlestick you will be delighted with it that you will be glad to avail yourself of our other different offers of this ware.

Club Offer: For a club of only four 15-months' subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this handsome Silver Deposit Candlestick, Premium No. 358, free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Handsome Shirt-waist

Transfer Pattern.
No. S 492



Every lady wishes to have at least one embroidered lingerie shirt-waist and this season when everything is so attractive in its simplicity, the art of embroidery is all that is needed to give it a dainty finish. So why not obtain this transfer pattern of one of our best selling shirt-waist designs and stamp it yourself. Any material would be suitable and the stamping the simplest thing in the world. Just lay the pattern wax side down, on the goods and press on the back with a mallet or iron. The design comes off distinctly with no trouble at all, and you will surely say that they are the best transfer patterns on the market. Try one.

Club Offer: We will send you the material all stamped ready to embroider if you will send two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, or we will send the transfer pattern for one new subscription at 25 cents for 15 months or your own renewal for one year and 30 cents, or if you cannot secure a subscription send ten cents in stamps for the transfer pattern.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

All Encased in Fitted Box

Silverine Shield for Monogram

Though the price of these beautiful Sets are constantly advancing and are now over 25 per cent, we are forced to offer a large Elegant Set once more in justice to our thousands of friends and COMFORT workers who have not received one. The beautiful dark green of this new Malachite finish with its wavy grain mottling gives this Entire Set of four pieces a rich appearance whether in the fitted box or on the dresser or table and when given to a friend with their initial or monogram engraved on the silverine shields, you may rest assured that they will be pleased.

Hair Brush is 9 1/2 inches long, about 2 inches wide with close well retained white bristles. **Mirror** is ten inches long 5 1/2 inches wide with 4 1/2 inch beveled mirror with fitted rim. **Comb** is seven inches long one & one fourth inch wide with fine and coarse teeth made to match the set in mottled rich Malachite Green Colorings. The **Clothes** or **Hat brush** is 6 1/2 inches long 2 inches wide and 1 1/2 inches deep with nine rows of closely made long white bristles that will stand up under good service for years.

Take This Chance For a club of only eight 15 months' subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will, while they last, send this Premium Set No. 251 all Free by Parcel Post. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Bowl-shaped Work Basket

We know this cute, little Fancy Work Basket will delight the eye of every woman or girl who reads this offer. It is one of the daintiest yet most useful articles we have ever offered as a premium being made of very closely woven buff colored willow with two very handy and convenient rings, or handles, on opposite sides. It is bowl shaped, very strongly made and measures 5 inches in diameter at the top and 4 1/2 at the bottom. It can be used as a work basket in which to keep all kinds of fancy work fixings, scissors, thread, thimble, needles, etc., or it may be used as a jardiniere for small plants, ferns, etc. We will send you this dainty and useful article free as a premium if you will accept the following:

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months' subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this handsome Basket, Premium No. 365, free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Basket Weave FRENCH IVORY HOLDER

**—AND—
Fine Corn Broom**

The Brush is made of excellent quality corn and has a good durable handle of French Ivory.

We want to call your attention to the unique design of the holder which is woven in and out like a basket, and the top and bottom has a dainty and attractive border made of the same FRENCH IVORY in a woven rope design. This holder which has a nice silk ribbon attached is very strongly made and will outwear many whisk brooms, although this one is of such good quality it will last a long time.

Club Offer: Send only four 15 months' subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each and we will send this complete outfit Premium No. 283 free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girl's Dress

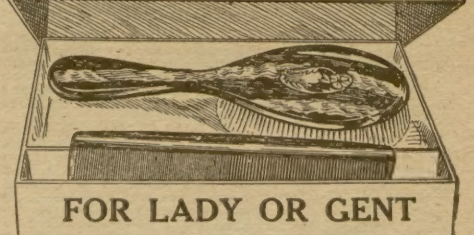
No. 114

The material for this dress is stamped on Brown Holland Cloth which has the appearance of pure brown Linen and has great wearing qualities. The cloth is almost a yard wide and three yards are sent in each piece. The design is already stamped for embroidering, and the illustration will give you an idea of how simple the pattern is. After the design is embroidered the little dress may be made up and trimmed in any desired style. If one wished more than one piece two outfits may be sent for as the stamped design is very easily washed out, and two pieces would make a dress for an adult, and the design would be most suitable for a waist front. Send your order early so as to be the first in your town to have a serviceable dress like this.

Club Offer: For a club of only 3 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these stamped dress pieces free by parcel post, or two patterns sent for a club of 5.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMB AND BRUSH SET



FOR LADY OR GENT

Malachite Green Finish all Boxed in Fitted Green Case Safely Delivered Free by Parcel Post for a Club of Two

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new Comb and Brush Set. The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back with the SILVERINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is nine inches long over 2 1/2 inches wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. The Comb is black, seven inches long and one half inch wide with coarse and fine teeth.

A Remarkable Offer: For a club of only two 15 months' subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send this Set No. 263 Free as a Premium for your work.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Clothes Basket



WILL HOLD NEARLY A BUSHEL

This neat, attractive Clothes Basket will hold nearly a full bushel and yet weighs actually less than 1 1/2 pounds—the lightest weight yet strongest basket of its size manufactured. It is made of woven split white willow, has two strong 6-inch wide handles at either end which positively cannot work loose or pull out from the body of the basket. In size this basket is fully 15 inches wide and 26 inches long across the top from handle to handle. It has a depth of 9 inches and the firm, closely woven willow bottom is 16 inches long and 10 inches wide. We take pleasure in recommending this new premium to lady readers of COMFORT because we know it will surely give the best satisfaction. There probably is nothing so indispensable around the house as a good clothes basket, in fact, most women find use for three or four; therefore, we feel sure that hundreds of COMFORT's readers will be glad to take advantage of this liberal offer.

Club Offer. Send a club of only four 15-months' subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each and we will send you this large, strong, light-weight, serviceable Clothes Basket Premium No. 283, Free by Parcel Post, all charges prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pennant Collecting the Latest Craze

No more popular fad has struck the people of this country than this latest Banner or Pennant Idea and it bids fair to over-shadow the post-card collections, as it is based on decorative purposes and patriotic sentiment. We illustrate two of the best Pennants now in demand and can arrange for you to easily secure others of the various states.



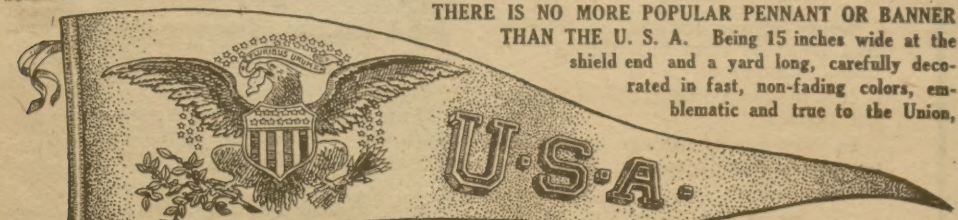
From the Grand Old State of Maine

With its motto of "Dirigo" to the remote boundaries of the U. S. A., yes, all over this broad land

THE WAVE OF THE PENNANT IS FELT and the love of Home and Country is inspired at the sight of one of these decorative, yard long, Felt Pennants.

It is the great fad now to display your pennant on all occasions, and knowing there are so many State of Maine people scattered all over the Union, we have had a lot of these Felt Pennants made up of the best material and workmanship possible. The pennants are a yard long and 15 inches wide at the largest part, having the State Seal reproduced and embellished in many colors which are accurate and are the true colors accepted by the different states. The beautiful shadings of yellow, brown, green, blue, white, with their various blendings on the finest quality State of Maine blue, add greatly to the decorative scheme of any room where they are either hung or draped; or they can be shown for patriotic purposes in place of pictures or may be displayed outside of the home or attached to any vehicle when out for a ride.

After securing this State of Maine pennant, you may wish others of different states of the Union or you may wish the seal of another state to begin your collection; if so, say which one and we will send whichever you call for first and thus start this collection for you. Remember that these various state pennants come in the true colors and seals of each state represented.



THERE IS NO MORE POPULAR PENNANT OR BANNER THAN THE U. S. A. Being 15 inches wide at the shield end and a yard long, carefully decorated in fast, non-fading colors, emblematic and true to the Union,

and should hold the place of honor in your collection of pennants.

To purchase these at retail would require a big price, but we buy in such large quantities, and as we want you to be up-to-date and a little ahead of your neighbors as readers of COMFORT, we are able to make you this special offer:

Our Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of a State Pennant or the U. S. A. For three subscriptions we will send two, or if you will send us four new subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send your choice of any three Pennants you select. Be sure and say which State you desire when sending your club.

Special: renewal of your own subscription and 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, and we will send any Pennant you select.

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE BIG MONEY, do not fail to order U. S. A. Pennant illustrated above at once and we will send you Pennant free and our new plan whereby you can make money easier and faster than you ever did before in your life. Do not overlook this offer. It is the chance of a lifetime.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Queen Stamping Outfit



Over One Hundred New Up-to-date Popular Designs on Ten Large Sheets Bond Paper, One Tablet Stamping Preparation, Poncette, Full Directions and Book of Embroidery Stitches—All Yours FREE On This Wonderful Offer.

We have searched the market over for the more than one hundred latest, best, most popular designs included in this big stamping outfit and absolutely guarantee that you cannot secure these patterns elsewhere as they have been made up exclusively for COMFORT by one of the largest manufacturers in New York City. We have not the space to name all of the new pretty things you get in this splendid outfit but here is a partial list:

1 Corset Cover design for eyelet embroidery, 1 Waist for punch work, 1 Corner for handkerchief, 1 Design for panel of baby's dress, 1 Baby Cap for punch work, 1 Design for baby pillow or carriage robe, 1 Jabot for punch work, 1 Centerpiece, size 21x21, for French and eyelet embroidery, 1 single blossom, 1 Tray Cloth design, size 11x19, for eyelet embroidery, 1 Pincushion, size 6x12, for punch work, 1 Bow Tie, 1 Design for hemstitched scarf, 1 Design for pillow case, 1 Design for belt or carriage strap for punch work, 1 Repeating scallop border design, 1 Complete set of initials one inch high, 1 Large Collar, 1 Pretty Design for sofa pillow, 1 Design for hair receiver, 1 Design for lingerie hat, 5 Repeating borders, 1 Handkerchief or glove case, 2 Small doilies, 1 Design for towel end, 1 Dutch Collar and eyelet embroidery, 1 Napkin Holder, 1 Oval Doily for bread tray, 1 Design of two flags for boy's suits, 1 Set of Collars and Cuffs for child's coat.

Remember, the above list does not begin to represent all of the new, up-to-date designs that come in this wonderful stamping outfit. There are over one hundred of them, perforated on ten large 14x22 sheets highest quality white bond paper. The perforations are clean cut and very distinct so that you are sure of securing a clear working pattern on any kind of material which you desire to use. In addition to the more than one hundred designs we also send you absolutely free, a tablet of French stamping preparation, one Poncette, full directions for stamping and as an extra gift, a copy of Madame Du Parquet's book of embroidery stitches which clearly and fully explains eyelet, filet, shadow, wallachian, herringbone, long and short stitch, solid Kensington, stem, overlaid, couching, satin, French laid, solid buttonhole, brier, French knot, chain and many other stitches, everything being so plainly illustrated and described that you can become an expert and experienced embroiderer with no other teaching or assistance. Remember, as we said before, this is an entirely new outfit of latest, up-to-date designs which you never saw before and which you cannot obtain anywhere except from us, as they are made up expressly for us to be given away as a COMFORT premium. We know that you will be delighted with this big outfit of all new designs and we will send it to you as above described, absolutely free, if you will accept one of the following

Special Offers: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or for one new bona-fide 15-months subscription (not your own) and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), or for your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this Queen Stamping Outfit of over one hundred designs, complete as described above, Premium No. 36, free by Parcel Post, prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pet Animal and Floral Pattern Oriental Design Rugs

When You Get Out of Bed You Can Walk On Velvet

We offer you these beautiful velvety rugs in a variety of bright Oriental colors. The rugs are of very suitable and convenient size to fit many places in your home. Perhaps there is a little niche or unsightly place you wish to cover on some floor and if so the small size, which is a yard long and eighteen inches wide, or the large 27x34 inch rug, will just fill the place for both sizes are not only artistic but very serviceable and give a homelike and cheerful effect to any room and lend charm to the surroundings.

The Velvet appearance makes them appropriate for parlor, living-room, dining-room, den, chamber or hall. The patterns being animals as well as flowers nothing will please the children any more than to have a rug alongside the bed with a pet dog, cat and kittens, pony or sheep on it. Perhaps you have read about or seen this style of rug, and wanted one or more for a long time but did not have the money handy to buy one, but now is your opportunity to get one free as a premium for a little work. If floral pattern is not desired give us a general idea of your preference in pets or animals and we will supply the special one suggested if in stock at time of order. We can only here illustrate in a small way three styles, which come in both sizes. The sheep or lambs come only on large size rugs.

Club Offers: For six subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, or if you prefer a large special one suggested if in stock at time of order. We can only here illustrate in a small way three styles, which come in both sizes. The sheep or lambs come only on large size rugs.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We will send you one of these very handsome velvet-finished Rugs, 18x36 inches, or if you prefer a large rug for a club of ten subscribers at 25 cents each we will send one 27x34 inches, in Oriental design or animal pattern of the same velvety texture. It is the nicest feeling thing to step out on when you get out of bed in the morning, and the most beautiful and decorative article to place in any room in the house. You get the same bright warm coloring and elegant effect in either sized rug.

KITTENS AT PLAY

PET PONY

RUG FREE FOR Club of 6

Club Offers: For six subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, or if you prefer a large special one suggested if in stock at time of order. We can only here illustrate in a small way three styles, which come in both sizes. The sheep or lambs come only on large size rugs.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Hammock Free for Everybody THE COMFORT HAMMOCK

as a free gift for a small club
Read all about it

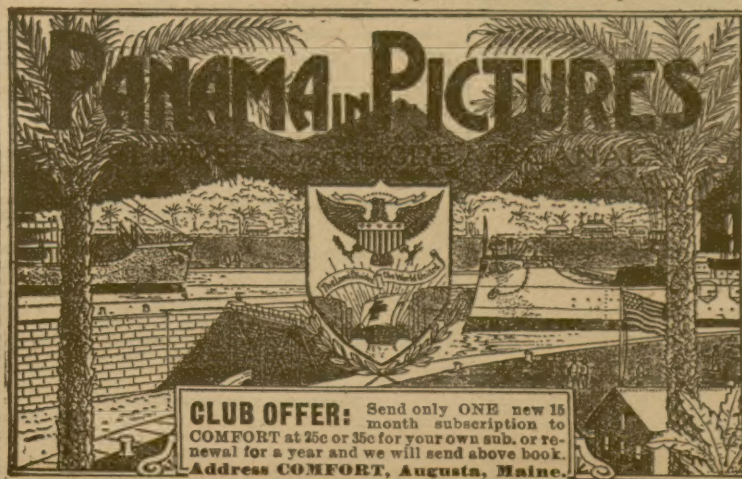


The fashions in Hammocks are ever changing. This year we offer you something entirely different from the usual premium hammock, a fine quality, fancy pattern, fish-net cotton, same as is used by fishermen; something substantial and is tested to hold 500 pounds, dead weight, is 10 feet long, over 32 inches wide. Highly colored in red, black, yellow and white. Each Hammock is fitted with strong wood stretchers at either end, so attached that they are a part of the hammock and are never out of place, but always in place to give the hammock suitable spread for comfort, also add much to the appearance of the Hammock when not occupied, giving an inviting finish. For hot summer days you can have nothing that will afford more pleasure than a quiet hour in a hammock in some shady nook. Now to everyone who will get up a club of 6 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send one of these Hammocks, FREE, we paying all express and mailing charges. Prem. No. 391. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Glimpses of the GREAT CANAL Now Nearing Completion

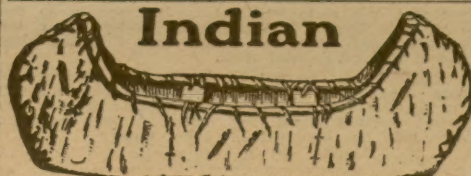
Premium No. 421.

More than sixty authentic photographs of recent scenes along the line of the Canal are presented, including many interesting views of the mammoth locks, showing the principal features of their construction and the machinery by which the enormous Gates will be operated. There are also splendid views of the Atlantic and Pacific Terminals of the Canal and of the excavation work in the immense Culebra Cut, where American ingenuity has triumphed over every obstacle; also of the system of lighthouses and breakwaters, and of the social conditions under which the Canal officials and laborers live.



As the water will soon be turned into the Canal and the first ocean-going vessel will pass through the new waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific within a few months, every citizen of the United States should know what has been accomplished on the Isthmus and will thrill with patriotic pride at the sight of these photographs. The descriptive matter is condensed but comprehensive. All the important facts regarding the Canal are clearly given.

CLUB OFFER: Send only ONE new 15 month subscription to COMFORT at 25c or 35c for your own sub. or renewal for a year and we will send above book. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



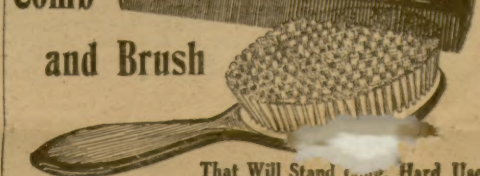
Indian Canoe Catchall

Here is the latest hit—the newest "fad"—a real, true-to-life Indian birch bark canoe in miniature form. It is a beautiful ornament as well as a handy catchall for center-table, dresser or, if desired, may be hung upon the wall with fancy colored ribbons where it will present a very handsome appearance. This cute novelty is made by the Indians of Maine and is fashioned entirely of genuine birch bark decorated with genuine beautifully colored porcupine quills and sewed with strong red raffia. It is of good size, being one foot long and nearly four inches wide at its widest part. It is fitted with two seats exactly like the real Indian canoe, the seats being fastened to the sides in true canoe style. We know that this handsome article is going to make a great hit with COMFORT's readers, so we are prepared to do a rushing business by purchasing a large supply of them.

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this handsome genuine Indian Birch Bark Canoe Catchall, Premium No. 346, free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comb and Brush



That Will Stand Long, Hard Use

The bristles of this brush are strongly embedded in aluminum-like, bright metal which has a silver luster, so they will stand no end of water without falling out or the back of the brush cracking.

We offer this special premium with confidence, knowing the most exacting people will be pleased to own a good brush and comb that will last for years and keep sweet and clean. The brush is nine inches long and two and one half inches wide of rich, black, chiseled finish, pure white, well filled, rows of the bristles firmly in place by the metal which prevents dust and germs from collecting around the bristles. Wet the brush and it cannot spoil or sour like ordinary ones. The comb, seven and one half inches long and one and one half inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth, and being made of special black secret process material, is well named Bull Dog or Unbreakable.

This Premium No. 263 safely packed and sent by Parcel Post for a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Great Japanese Rug about Six Feet Long Given for a Club of Only Four

This unusual offering was gotten of a large importing house who make a specialty in dealing in big quantities of these **Botan or Matting Rugs**. It is closely woven of fine Japanese matting and is thus strong and durable. It has an elaborate Oriental design, which is brought out by the bright colors being interwoven with the finely shaded texture of the matting itself, of which our illustration gives but a faint idea. The colors are of such a blend and are so harmonious in the variegated shades of red, blue and green that it is appropriate to use in any room in the house, especially for the chambers or living-room. It will lay closely to the floor or fit nicely over a defaced carpet. They are of such good size, about seventy inches long and thirty-six inches wide, that two of them make a good covering for the floor of a fair sized room. They are a very serviceable rug to use as they do not easily soil and can be readily cleaned with a damp cloth and the color design thus be kept fresh and bright. It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction and if you once have one of these rugs come into your home you will almost be compelled to get up another club and secure more of them, they are given on such easy terms and are so entirely wearable and give such a fine appearance.

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only four 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver one of these Rugs by Parcel Post. Prem. No. 420. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A PAIR OF Nottingham Lace Curtains Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has Just Been Added for Selection to All Who Send a

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SPECIAL OFFERS: If you will send us a club of only 5 subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send one pair of Curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only nine 25-cent fifteen month subscriptions secures two pairs and we send three pairs for only 14 subscriptions at 25c. each. COMFORT goes to each subscriber 15 months and Curtains to you. Premium No. 409. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

How About that Tired Feeling?

It is at this season of the year, when summer sports and pleasures, plus summer work, are apt to fill up our days a bit too generously, that the girl who wishes to be really pretty must pause a moment and see if she is not making some rather serious mistakes.

For, not one sweet-faced girl in our big and friendly club can possibly stay pretty, if she keeps herself constantly at a high nervous pitch, and, when she has had an unusually full and busy day, gives no consideration to the repairs needed by her body, but goes right on adding another day to the score, equally as crowded and fully as taxing.

Are you the guilty person? I thought so!

Suppose we start today to institute a reform. I am sure you do not want to make permanent that tired droop to the corners of your mouth, or the tenseness which is evident all through your body, or that difficulty in getting to sleep when you finally do go to bed.

Not can you be particularly pleased at the fact that tiny hollows are beginning to show at the base of your throat, once so smooth and pretty to look upon, that your cheeks are a little thin, and your arms not quite so rounded, and your bust losing all its pretty curves! Of course you aren't!

Then, heed what I have to say.

You must give your body rest—not just an extra hour's sleep tonight, though that is not to be despised, but rest the moment you feel a sense of tension or strain.

Tomorrow, about the middle of the morning, I want you to stop what you are doing and slip up-stairs to your bed where you may lie perfectly flat and still. Look at the clock first, so that you may know afterwards, whether you have shirked any of the fifteen minutes' relaxation I want you to take. Then, fixing your mind on some calming thought, such as the way the wind is sounding in the trees outside, or how cool it must be in the distant shady woods, draw in a deep full breath, at the same time stiffening slightly each muscle of the body, in turn, beginning with the neck, then the shoulders, arms, back, trunk and so on, until you reach the toes. Pause; then exhale slowly, at the same time letting every muscle relax and lie loose, just like so many strings let fall. Rest a moment, and repeat. Continue this for fifteen minutes, and you will have so equalized the circulation and relieved the nervous tension as to feel like a new woman. If you can follow this exercise with a little nap, all the better. Probably this will be impossible in the busy morning, but you can practice this exercise again in the afternoon, and you can surely steal an extra half hour.

Go this exercise, always, when you first go to bed, at night and you will find it will leave you in excellent condition for sound slumber.

If, perchance, habits of insomnia have so fixed themselves upon you that you need still further help to cross the bridge which leads to the City of Sleep, try lying very still indeed with all the muscles relaxed, so that you sink into the bed instead of resting on it, and then turn the eyes up as though looking at a spot on the ceiling somewhere just back of your head. Hold them steadfastly in this way, and you will find that it is impossible for you to continue the thoughts which have been racing through your brain. Gradually drowsiness will steal over you, and you will soon be fast asleep.

A funny old doctor of my acquaintance, speaking of hours of sleep, used to say: "Seven for a man, eight for a woman, nine for a fool!" I don't quite agree with that classification, but even if it were true, then, please be content to come under the head of "fool," for I want you to have fully nine hours of sleep every night. Suppose you do have to go to bed a bit earlier for a while? You'll be much nicer to look at when you are awake, I can assure you, and those hollows will soon begin to fill up, especially if you give a little attention, as well, to the digestive and eliminative functions of the body.

When you keep yourself on such a tense strain, the organs of your body get just as irregular and undependable as you do. Your liver is too tired to do its duty, your stomach revolts, and you soon have constipation and hundred other undesirable conditions to combat. Try eating some Constipation Bread every night before you go to bed, and drinking eight to ten glasses of water each day—two glasses an hour before each meal, and two glasses an hour before retiring.

Constipation Bread

Two cups milk, four cups bran, two cups gluten or white flour, one cup molasses, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, a little melted butter.

Mix well and bake in muffin or layer cake tins



MASSAGING OUT THE NERVE TANGLE.

In a hot oven for twenty minutes. Eat what will be equivalent to two good-sized slices of bread every night before going to bed.

When you are having a tiring day, resolutely take time for a moment's rest at intervals. Do not take refuge in a rocker, for you are sure to expend, in rocking, all the vitality the moment's rest might otherwise give you. Choose, instead, a Morris or high-backed chair. Never try to rest in a low-backed chair, for your spine fails to get its share of relief from tension.

When the veins at the temples seem to have tied themselves up in bowknots, turn up the corners of the mouth, exactly as if smiling. You will find the tenseness is loosened and what might have developed into a nervous headache can thus be nipped in the bud.

Massaging the forehead and temples with the finger-tips while closing the eyes will also relieve the nervous strain which is so frequently productive of headaches. Massages about the

eyes, in circles, pressing firmly just below the line of the brow and lightly beneath the eye, as your finger-tips go round and round, is another fine exercise. If you use a good massage cream on your finger-tips, you will be killing two birds with one stone, for your skin will benefit wonderfully by the process.

Massage Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from the fire and add the benzoin and orange-flower water, beating with egg beater until cold.

There is one thing you can always do to rest yourself, even when busy, and that is to take a few moments' deep breathing. You can do this when sewing, stirring up a cake, ironing, walking to the store, straightening up in the mornings, or performing any other of the thousand and one duties of a day. To get the best results, you must draw in through the nose every atom of air the lungs can hold, being careful that you expand at the waist and diaphragm. Hold for a second, and then let the breath escape slowly. Do not open the mouth.

Well, are you going to be nice, obedient club members and have a good report for me when next month rolls around? That's right, I knew you would!

Questions and Answers

Bessie B., Billy, Elsie, Mrs. D. M. and others.—Your nose may be red because of some internal trouble and it would be well to discover the cause. Many times this defect is due to tight collars, cuffs, corsets, etc. I am giving below an excellent lotion for local application.

Bleach for Flaming Nose

Zinc oxide, one dram; glycerine, one dram; powdered calamine, two drams; cherry laurel water, eight ounces.

Before applying this lotion to the nose night and morning, be sure to give the bottle a vigorous shaking. Results will come slowly, but surely.

Trixie and Patty.—At bedtime, when the face has had its bath, spread the following paste over the skin and don a cheese-cloth face mask, cutting holes in it for the eyes, nose and mouth. When morning comes, remove mask and bathe face in warm, soapy water, then dry skin gently and dust it over with some pure powder. Take this treatment for several nights in succession, when the ugly skin tints will take to their heels, metaphorically speaking.

Tan and Sunburn Bleach

Fifteen drops of tincture of benzoin, one ounce strained honey, the white of one egg, enough oatmeal to make a spreadable paste.

Zephyr.—If you wish your nails to be longer, keep the cuticle at the base of the nail pressed back so that the half moon will show. In order to do this soak your fingers in warm soapy water for a few minutes, then press the cuticle back with the blunt end of the orange-wood stick.

Fickleness.—I do not think you have been persistent enough with the exercise you speak of. A simple freckle bleach is as follows: Ammonium chloride, one dram; distilled water, four ounces. Apply at night after face has been bathed in hot water.

Southern Belle, T. L., Catherine and others.—Please read my reply to Trixie in these columns. Constant daily massage with a good skin food will help to efface the smallpox scars. Yes, the olive oil will help the eyelashes to grow as well as the brows.

Gwendoline, Mrs. George, Farmer's Wife and others.—What your skin needs is an astringent lotion to firm the flabby flesh. I am giving one below which I believe you will like:

Astringent Lotion

Rose-water, six ounces; almond milk (thick), one and one half ounces; alum, eighty grains.

See my replies to Fickleness and Trixie. Mrs. Cora M., A. C. R., Brown Eyes, Terre Haute, Ind., Troubled Girl, Kitty and E. M.—Thick lips are sometimes reduced by rubbing them with the following astringent lotion: Melt an ounce of any good cold cream; add one gram each of pulverized tannin and alkanet chips; let macerate for five hours, then strain through cheese-cloth.

Anna A., A Friend, K. M. and S. A.—Yes, olive oil would make the scalp very greasy. However, when rubbing any oil into the scalp you must always be careful to part the hair as you go over the scalp so as not to get the grease on the hair. An excellent hair grower, one for which I have had many words of praise from my readers, is as follows: White vaseline, three ounces, Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces, gallic acid, one and three quarters drams, oil of lavender, thirty drops.

Timid.—See my reply to Fickleness. Buttermilk is a good bleach for a tanned face. Let it remain on all night and wash off in the morning.

Mrs. Isola.—I am very sorry but I do not send out any samples of the formulas I recommend. You will have to have your druggist put up the recipes for you.

Busy Bee.—Try massaging your scalp as you have been doing but substitute the hair grower given Anna A. for the vaseline. You will obtain quicker results. For your height you should weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Why not try the epsom salt reduction treatment spoken of so frequently in these columns?

L. McK. L.—The beauty talks you speak of are merely advertisements. I am sorry but I cannot, for obvious reasons, pass any opinion on proprietary articles.

Marcelle and Edith.—I am sorry but I cannot tell you of any way to stop growing. There are plenty of girls of sixteen or seventeen years who are five feet seven inches tall. The carrots should be washed thoroughly and eaten raw, chewing very fine before swallowing.

Milly W.—I would not advise you to meddle with the moles as they are apt to cause a cancerous growth. It is best to have them removed by an experienced electrolysis operator. A simple remedy for warts is the following: One dram of salicylic acid and one ounce of collodion. Have your druggist put this up in a bottle which has a tiny brush run through the cork. Apply this mixture to the warts twice a day and they will disappear.

Golden Rod.—Any cream that contains animal oil is liable to cause a growth of hair. Yes, the cotton-seed cream would be a good cream to use apart from the Southern Face Bleach.

Lottie G.—I am not familiar with the bust developer you speak of.

Miss E. P., Miss L. D., Emma, F. D. L. and Esther.—A good way to whiten the teeth is to rub them off every few days with a bicarbonate of soda solution. This is made by dissolving one sixth teaspoonful of the soda in a half a glassful of quite hot water.

R. S., Boulder.—In making the wrinkle cream, melt all of the oil and fats in a double-boiler, or in an earthen bowl placed in a basin of boiling water until they are smoothly mingled or "creamed," then remove from stove. Dissolve the powder in the perfumed water and add to the fatty base drop by drop, beating steadily with a spoon or fork. Add the tincture last. Beat until cream is cold.

Miss Mabel A., V. D. and Mary.—I am giving below formula for which you asked:

Vanishing Cream

Russian gelatine, one half ounce; glycerine, one half ounce; rose-water, one ounce; tincture benzoin, one dram; perfumed oil, ten drops.

Put the gelatine and rose-water in a cup set in a pan of boiling water to soften the gelatine; when blended remove from the hot water, add the glycerine and stir till cold when the benzoin and perfume can be added. If it hardens too quickly, set in hot water for a moment to soften it. If perfumed creams make you sick, omit the perfumed oil.

Daisy, Miss Laura B., Jennie and others.—The reason your nose is so oily and shiny is that the pores are



The War on Flies

Meet the Fly Invasion With Tanglefoot

Every summer ten million families find freedom from flies through the use of Tanglefoot.

It is the most effective fly destroyer yet devised.

In thirty years nothing has proved so sure, so cleanly, so safe to use.

Kills the Germ

When a fly alights on Tanglefoot it is coated over with a varnish that destroys the germ as well as the fly.

Thus it puts an end to the greatest menace of the fly. Your household is doubly protected by Tanglefoot.

Poisons Are Dangerous

Every summer fatalities are reported from their use. In several states the sale of poison is forbidden except by registered pharmacists.

The poison does not kill the germ on the fly. Poisoned flies drop into your food, into baby's milk, are ground to dust in the carpet.

Fly-traps, too, are unsanitary and disgusting to care for.

Made Only by THE O. & W. THUM CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A little gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.

(13)

too open. Spray the astringent lotion given Gwendoline over your nose five or six times a day. Yes, buttermilk is a good bleach for the complexion. Apply to the face with a bit of soft cotton cloth and let remain all night. Wash off in the morning with warm water. You can obtain the buttermilk at most dairies. I am giving below formula for a simple bandoline.

French Bandoline

Tragacanth, three quarters of an ounce; rose-water, one pint; oil of almonds, one half dram.

Crush the tragacanth and put it in the rose-water; let it stand in a warm place, stirring occasionally, till the gum is swollen and softened; strain it twice, through a coarse cloth, and then a fine one; and finish by adding the almond oil and a little carmine or saffron to tint it. The hair should be moistened with this bandoline before rolling on kid curls.

Lina W., Susie, Mabel, Mrs. S. D. and Constance.—Dust the following perspiration powder frequently over affected parts: Oleate of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third dram.

Miss L. L. H., Two Sisters, Alice, Harry's Sweetheart and others.—I am giving below directions for massaging and it would be a good idea for you all to cut out these paragraphs and pin them up beside your mirrors.

Complete Set of Directions for Massaging

Before commencing any massage, the face and neck should be washed in hot soapy water, rinsed, dried and the skin coated thickly with the following massage cream:

Massage Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the fats and the oils in a porcelain kettle, take from the fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, beating with an egg beater until cold.

When ready to manipulate the flesh, run fingers lightly across forehead lines, using a circular motion. Crow's feet must be treated carefully as the skin around the eyes is so delicate that it is an easy matter to rub in more wrinkles than you can ever rub out. Put the first and second fingers on the nose—just above the eyes—and massage out beyond the eye corners, then sweep in underneath the eye toward the nose. Press down very lightly indeed. The cheeks should be massaged up from the point of the chin with the palms. This will keep them from sagging. Laughing wrinkles should be effaced thus: Put first and second fingers underneath the center of lower lip, then massage out around corner of mouth and up to nostril. Hollows under the chin and behind the ears should be massaged with a delicate rotary movement of the fingers. When massage is completed, wipe off surplus cream, spray face with the astringent given Gwendoline in these columns and lie you to bed. The entire treatment should not consume more than fifteen minutes if the face is badly wrinkled—or five minutes—if there are only two or three tiny lines.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

FLOODED

Anchor Mfg. Co. of Dayton, Ohio, one of the victims of the recent flood, are now in position to take care of orders and are doing business in the same old stand in the usual manner. They will be glad to hear from all former customers and new business is solicited and will be taken care of in the best manner possible.—Adv.



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Cleanse and beautify the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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Put a sheet of Tanglefoot where you see the first fly and prevent myriads of unborn flies this season.

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